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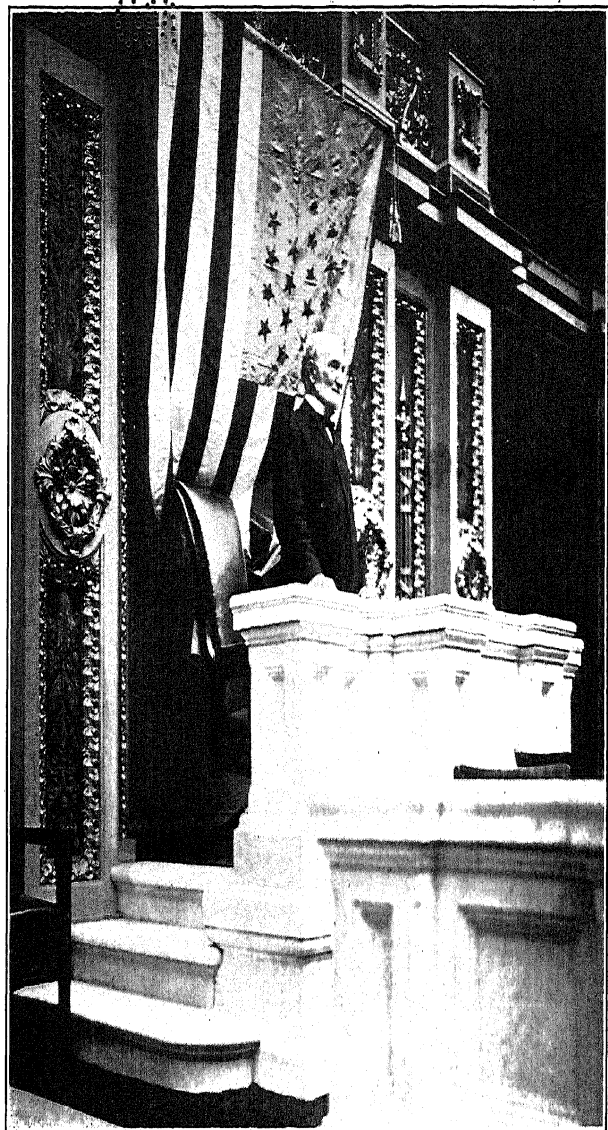
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UNCLE JOE CANNON



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JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON
Speaker of the House of Representatives

Uncle Joe Cannon

The Story of a Pioneer American

as told to

L. WHITE BUSBEY

for 20 years his private secretary



NEW YORK

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

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BY
KATHERINE GRAVES BUSBEY

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MR. CANNON'S FOREWORD

I am one of the great army of mediocrity which constitutes the majority. I have made little effort to separate myself from that majority, and it has not been difficult for me to keep in sympathy with the average citizen, for I have always belonged to that class, if it is a class. All my experiences have been as an average man.

Many of my friends have urged me to write a book, but aside from a great respect for the caution of Job when he said, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book," I have never in my discussion of public affairs conformed to a literary style. I have followed the methods adopted when riding a western circuit, a sort of catch-as-catch-can argument. To write is foreign to all my tastes and inclinations. I never wrote a speech and held it in respect long enough to deliver it.

If my experiences in public life, and my associations with the men who have accomplished much in legislation in the last fifty years, are of value to the present generation, the story must be written by some one else. I have gone over the record of my span of life with Mr. Busbey in a reminiscent way, and he has sifted the grain from the chaff. It is my story, but his book.

J. G. CANNON

EDITOR'S NOTE

My husband, L. White Busbey, who died in October, 1925, was, during Mr. Cannon's Speakership, his private secretary. How he came to receive that appointment he tells in a diary entry made at the time:

" 'DEAR BUSBEY:

" 'Please call at the Speaker's Room before 11:30 or after the House adjourns today.

" 'J. G. CANNON.'

"In response to the above note, dated November 10, 1903, I called at the Speaker's Room on my way to the Press Gallery. Mr. Cannon had been elected Speaker the day before, and his room was crowded with members. His greeting to me was, 'I'm glad you have come. I want you to take that desk. You are Secretary to the Speaker.'

"I was taken by surprise as I had never sought public office, had never done any secretarial work and had no desire or intention to give up my work as the Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Inter Ocean*. I so told the Speaker.

" 'Oh, that's all fixed,' responded the Speaker.

'I stopped in Chicago on my way east and Hinman, the Editor of the *Inter Ocean*, agreed to loan you to the House when I explained we needed you. You are not to be a secretary, for I never had one, but I need an assistant who knows men and measures, has political sense and the confidence of the Press Gallery. You are to be Speaker in this room and stand between me and the outside world that thinks it has business with the Speaker. You are also to be the man responsible if there is any news in this place and the boys in the gallery do not get it.'

"I had known Mr. Cannon as I had known other public men in Illinois and the West, not more intimately. There was nothing personal about the selection. Mr. Cannon wanted a man of my training, and I seemed to fit in. The editor of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* wired me that he had consented to Mr. Cannon's request because it was of a character that could not be refused—a draft on the office for government service.

"'You will,' the Speaker went on, 'find your hands full, for so far as I have looked into the matter the Speaker has control of the south half of the capitol, manages the police, runs the restaurant, settles the contests over committee rooms and is a general Poo Bah. That's you. So take the oath.'

"Thus began my more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Cannon which continued for twenty years."

Many of Mr. Cannon's friends in Congress and his other admirers in public life had repeatedly urged him to write the story of his career, believing that it would be a valuable contribution to American political history. That he could never be persuaded to do. It was then suggested to Mr. Busbey that he, with Mr. Cannon's consent, should be his biographer. To this Mr. Cannon offered no objection, but he indicated that whatever was written about him should preferably be not in the conventional form of biography but rather as a narrative of his life and times and such observations upon them as seemed pertinent. Mr. Busbey describes the circumstances under which the material—which is practically Mr. Cannon's autobiography—was secured. Mr. Cannon was asked to write a foreword to the book, which it was hoped would be, in effect, his own estimate of himself and the history of his country which he had in part made. He could not be induced to do this, all he would do was to write the brief letter of approval.

Various things, illness among others, forced Mr. Busbey to delay publication. At the time of his death a large part of the manuscript had been

revised, and his notes, diaries and drafts made it comparatively easy to complete the work in conformity with the plan designed by him and approved by Mr. Cannon. He requested I would, if possible, take up the pleasant task and finish what he had begun. This I have endeavored to do.

KATHERINE GRAVES BUSBEY

Washington, D. C.
December, 1926.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

To the world Mr. Cannon was "Uncle Joe." It was the world's tribute of affection. It betokened both respect and intimacy. There have been few men in public life who have been so universally liked; even his opponents liked him after their broken heads were mended and that horrible moment when the club laid them low was forgotten. Men disagreed with him, but they admired him for his honesty, his integrity, his adherence to a code from which he never swerved. They brought many accusations against him; he was a "czar," autocratic in his rule of the House, in the hands of a small group of favorites, narrow, parsimonious in the expenditure of the public funds; but no one, even when passion ran highest, ever accused him of being governed by an unworthy motive or using public position to advance his private interests. He was stubborn, it was often said, but it was the stubbornness of honesty guided by principle.

The men who knew him were legion; but few knew the real man. There was in him a vein of emotion (it was the drop of French blood in his

makeup), an exquisite sentiment, a softness that seldom revealed itself to the public. Like most men of strong will, of courage, of fixed principles, he had the timidity and shyness of an unformed youth; like the youth stirred by noble passions he seemed to think it disgraceful to lay bare his soul. The least vain of all men, it was difficult to induce him to talk about himself. If he was approached directly the result was nearly always disappointing; he either conveniently forgot or jerked out a few words that meant nothing. It was only when something unloosed the flood of memory that he talked. An incident would recall his boyhood days, a speech in the House would bring back a great Congressional figure of the past, the death of a public man would open the long closed door of recollection. Even then he was not fluent, he merely sketched an episode instead of painting a picture.

I could do only one thing, and that was to be content with the sketch for the moment and wait for a more favorable moment for the gaps to be filled in; to say to him a week later, sometimes after a lapse of many weeks: "You remember you told me about so and so. What I want to know is what happened after this or that." Whereupon Mr. Cannon would furnish the *lacunae*, not always at once but eventually.

Mr. Cannon had another peculiarity. When he talked, even when he talked in the first person and told about his early life and experiences, it was with an air of detachment, giving me the feeling that he was relating things he had seen and heard rather than those which so intimately concerned himself. That came from his modesty, I think; an impression fortified by his only criticism of my work.

After he told me of the death of his father, I asked him to read over the rough draft of my manuscript. He did so and handed it back to me saying he did not like it at all. I told him it was precisely as he had described it, but if I had misunderstood him I would of course make the necessary corrections. I had correctly quoted him, he said, but he objected to all "this damned 'I' business," as he expressed it. He then suggested that instead of putting the narrative in the first person it should be made impersonal. Naturally I told him I would do nothing of the kind, and explained that the public would not be interested in what I thought Mr. Cannon had said or done, but did care to read in his own words the story of his life. It took me some time to argue this and finally to convince him that I was right, and the discussion ended by Mr. Cannon saying grudgingly and evidently still certain that he was foolishly allowing himself to be persuaded against his sounder judgment:

"Oh, do what you like. I don't care, but there's too much 'I' business these days. Everybody says what 'I' did, as if there was nobody else in the world to do anything. It doesn't seem right to me."

In public life Mr. Cannon was vehement, often violent, disliking his opponents with a hearty detestation, and yet there was seldom if ever anything personal about his dislike, and never any malice. He had a contempt for a Democrat, a free trader, a professional agitator, a demagogue or a hypocrite. I doubt if he ever reasoned about it; he accepted these aversions as natural; they were as much a part of the man as his religion; like his religion they were inborn. How could any sensible man be a free trader, how could any one but a knave be an agitator, was it not proof that a demagogue must be a liar?

He was always a fighter, and a fighter does not exhibit his softer side to the public. When he went into a fray he was a man of frenzied gesticulation, fists thumping his desk or one clenched hand smiting his open palm with resounding thwacks; his waistcoat unbuttoned, very often his collar, his necktie disarranged, his coat sleeves, by some peculiar trick, riding high up on his arms and showing a greater expanse of shirt sleeve than was conventional. Nor was he over nice in the choice of

his language when he led an assault, or considerate of the feelings of his opponents. He was a hard hitter, and he stood up to punishment manfully.

Mr. Cannon was an evolutionist. Perhaps even he would today be classified as a Modernist, although creed and dogma were subjects we seldom discussed; but I do know that he profoundly believed in the ascent of man, that his faith taught him the world never stands still but is always going forward, that life was slow but nevertheless sure progress, that civilization had brought man to his present high spiritual plane and would eventually lead him to greater heights.

He was always an optimist. As a man advances in years it is natural for him to look back on his youth, to think of it as the golden age, and unconsciously he takes his revenge on time by contrasting the simplicity and ease of the past with the harshness and complexities of the present. That Mr. Cannon never did. He held memory in affectionate recollection; as a boy his ignorance made him see the world through the fancy of vivid imagination; but as he grew to man's estate, as he left youth behind and came to maturity, as he advanced and developed with the years, his philosophy deepened and broadened, he became more tolerant, he realized that the world was a better place than it had been in his boyhood.

The greatest episode of Mr. Cannon's career was the revolution in his own party which has its place in American history as "Insurgency." He was not responsible for it. He inherited it. The Speaker was not merely the presiding officer of the House. He was the party chief, and all Speakers had always recognized the duty they owed to their party.

Mr. Cannon was always a stout party man. "Parties rise and fall,—principles are immutable," he once observed. The rule of the majority was his cardinal article of political faith. He believed that parties were necessary in the American form of government; that power must be entrusted to the party having the support of the majority of the voters of the country, and that without parties a democratic form of government can not exist. He had an utter contempt for the so-called Independent—later to be known as the "Insurgent"—who refused to submit to party discipline and considered his conscience a safer guide than the judgment of his associates. To Mr. Cannon this was arrant hypocrisy nor was he ever able to understand why the Independents believed they alone had a conscience and boasted of their superiority. What he felt he expressed in an address on Grant before the Middlesex Club of Boston, on April 30, 1910, a month after the battle of Insurgency had been fought in the House of Representatives. "When

somebody forsakes the concrete wisdom of all the ages, as developed in the experience of a people who are competent, and says, 'I am wiser and better than all the rest of you,' and flocks by himself and proclaims, as I have frequently heard them, that 'God and one are a majority,' I always feel like saying, 'My poor, simple friend, did you ever stop to think that God is a majority without one?' "

For some years before Mr. Cannon was elected Speaker there had been a spirit of revolt in the Republican Party; it was the real or imaginary grievance of the West against the East; it was fostered and encouraged by Mr. Roosevelt and culminated in the organization of the Progressive Party which defeated Mr. Taft, elected Mr. Wilson and ended Mr. Roosevelt's political career. It is another of those sardonic little jokes of history that Mr. Roosevelt, who more than any other man made the inarticulate Insurgency articulate, should have been strangled by his own creation.

But Mr. Roosevelt had been President. The Insurgency destroyed whatever chance Mr. Cannon might have had to be nominated for the presidency; and that, it must not be forgotten, was his great ambition. He took his defeat manfully and with the philosophy that was part of his nature, but he felt the injustice of which he was the victim, and it left its scar. It was a thing about which he

could say little. He was wise enough to know that a man with a grievance, who is continually parading it, makes himself ridiculous and becomes a nuisance to his friends.

My relations with Mr. Cannon naturally brought me very close to him, but there were certain topics he never broached, and it would have been an impropriety for me to have suggested their discussion. In what I am about to say Mr. Cannon is not my authority nor have I thought it advisable to consult any of his close friends, yet I believe I interpret his feelings correctly and reveal the man. As I have said elsewhere, thousands thought they knew "Uncle Joe," but in my belief only a few really knew Joseph G. Cannon.

Mr. Cannon never admitted that his ambition was to be president of the United States; in fact, when his name was mentioned in connection with the presidency, which was not infrequently, he deprecated the suggestion. Before his first election as Speaker he did not deny that the Speakership was his ambition, he made no concealment of his hope that his party would continue to show its confidence in him by a re-election, but the presidency,—that was another matter. This was neither hypocrisy nor mock modesty. In Mr. Cannon's composition there was little of either. Few men in public life were more direct or less in-

clined to soften speech by eupheism. There was little conceit in Mr. Cannon, and he had no exaggerated estimate of his abilities but I am sure he did not consider himself intellectually unfit to be President. He had come in contact with the leaders in public life; he was able correctly and justly to appraise them. He had a penetrating shrewdness. He knew how many of the men written about in the newspapers as great were only near great.

In our peculiar system of politics one thing is taboo. No man may be an avowed candidate for the presidency. For almost every other office, with the exception of the Supreme Court and perhaps one or two other high and important offices, it is permitted a man to be a candidate and campaign, but not for the presidency. The office must seek the man, not the man the office. Hence, unconsciously almost, there has arisen a code of etiquette. A man's friends may secure the nomination for him, if they can; his own attitude must be that of the modest young maiden who, with downcast eyes, chastely waits to be wooed. He must not reject what has not been offered him, for that would be intolerable presumption; he must appreciate the high honor that has been conferred upon him by the mere mention of his name. That is as far as he may go. Consequently it was not

surprising that when it was suggested to Mr. Cannon by his well wishers, by sycophants, by the parasites who thought there was profit to themselves in Mr. Cannon's elevation, he should have dismissed it as the expression of friendship or the motive of selfishness and treated it lightly.

And then there was Lincoln.

Almost every public man from the Middle West, from Illinois especially, who was contemporaneous with Lincoln, was inspired and exalted by him. The relation Lincoln held to those men from Illinois was entirely different to that of the men of the rest of the country. They had known him as a boy, they had seen him grow up, he had been one of them; they came to respect and admire and revere him, but there was nothing mysterious about him. To the men who belonged to the generation that came after Lincoln, and Mr. Cannon was of them, the stories told about Lincoln divested him of anything superhuman or as a man set apart from his fellows. On the contrary, he was intensely human; a man merely, and nothing more. Here were men who had worked and played with him on the farm when they were barefooted boys; who had wrestled him and taken part in the rough sports of the pioneer country; who had served in his company in the Blackhawk campaign; who had bought whiskey and groceries from him; who had known

him as a failure with debts he was unable to pay; who had seen him the struggling lawyer content with meagre fees. There were men, a few, who were able to see in him the seed of his future greatness, but to most, except for his size and superior physical strength, there was nothing to distinguish him from his compeers.

It was after Lincoln had become President, it was especially after his death made him the heritage of the ages, that every young man beginning his public career looked to Lincoln as his exemplar; some deliberately prepared themselves to follow in his footsteps and to be rewarded even as he was, others in their vanity believed, given the same opportunity, for the second time there would be a Lincoln to save the Union.

Mr. Cannon was of the land of Lincoln. Like Lincoln he had come from the South; like Lincoln he had been brought up in that pioneer western country. Both men had lived the life common to the youth of that day. It was the hard, rough life of the clearing and the farm; the settlement hewn out of the wilderness. As their tasks were similar, so were their recreations, except that Lincoln, because of his extraordinary sinews and thews, enjoyed the boisterous contests of strength, while Cannon, of slighter physique, delighted more in dancing, for which he had a natural sense of

rhythm, and singing, having an uncultivated but good voice. Both men left the farm to go into the store and learn something of trade, both turned to the law, and with both the law naturally led to politics. Up to a certain point their lives ran on parallel lines.

Mr. Cannon never considered himself a Lincoln; but I think it is not at all improbable that he may have thought to himself, as men will in the privacy of their own communing, that, given the opportunity, he might leave his impress upon the country. Mr. Cannon, in my opinion, apart from all prejudice, was a greater man than the country imagined. A man of unconquerable intrepidity and of incorruptible integrity, as was said of John Adams. Combined with courage, honesty and fixed principles, he had political sense and a deep understanding of human nature. He knew men, because all his life he had been mixing with men and stacking his wits against theirs. People said that he was uncouth, but had they not said the same about Lincoln? He was accused of indulging in profanity, but was not the same charge brought against Grant and Sheridan? The truth is, these men from the West, who belonged to that era, who had been brought up on the prairie and experienced the rugged life of the

pioneer, brought with them to Washington the flavor of the soil and the tang of the farm, and their speech was racy of the land. It is a good thing they had these qualities. The Civil War and the era that followed needed men with iron in their blood and a certain roughness of manner and expression.

In an address at Pittsburgh on Lincoln's Birthday, 1910, Mr. Cannon said:

"Lincoln was always a politician, always a partisan . . ."

What he said of Lincoln he could have said of himself. He was always a politician, always a partisan, and he felt no shame in being either, or deemed that it required apology. It was the Lincolns and Cannons and thousands like them who were taming the forest and subduing the wilderness, content to call themselves Americans without qualifying adjectives for their greater glorification.

At the time of his first election to the Speakership, a position in dignity and importance second only to the Presidency, no man was more highly regarded by the country or held in greater affection by his associates than Mr. Cannon. If he then hoped that the Presidency was not beyond his reach, he must have known that the Insurgency

revolution ended his aspirations. With Insurgency in Mr. Cannon's mind was always closely connected the unfairness with which he believed he had been treated by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association and the press generally.

When Mr. Cannon first came to Washington, he was thirty-six years old, an unknown country member with only a local reputation, but shrewd, far-seeing and ambitious. Either because he had foresight enough to appreciate that nothing could help him more than the friendship of the newspaper men, or because it just happened and was not deliberate—and I am unable to say which—he soon established friendly relations with the Washington corps. He was always a picturesque picture. He smacked of what then to the effete East was the wild and wooly West. His expressions were quaint; he was good for a story. He made copy. He was a perfect subject for cartoons. As he grew in service his relations with the press grew. There sprang up a mutual liking. But I have an idea that long before his active political life was approaching its close, Mr. Cannon was not so sure that the attentions of his newspaper friends had put the score in his favor. Through his own unaided efforts he had reached a commanding position in politics. He was one of the leaders in the House. He was one of the few great na-

tional figures. Yet the papers still treated him jocularly, and long ago he had taken himself seriously. Not too seriously, not so seriously that he wearied himself and bored his friends, for he retained his sense of humor and his philosophy was his balance wheel. That he was "Uncle Joe" to his friends and the country at large—"Uncle Sam's Uncle Joe" as a newspaper writer wittily wrote—naturally pleased him. It was a tribute of affection and esteem. It was the same tribute the country paid Lincoln when they called him "Honest Abe."

But in politics nothing is more injurious to a man's success than to establish a reputation for humor. In Congress he will always be listened to, on the platform he will draw a large audience, for men like to be amused and made to laugh, but for some mysterious reason we distrust them. We like our statesmen to be solemn; we like them, to put it bluntly, to be rather dull and not excessively brilliant. Mr. Cannon's well meaning newspaper friends, who believe they were doing him a service, continued to use him as the peg on which to hang their amusing stories, and Mr. Cannon could do nothing. The man who was known throughout the length and breadth of the land for his drolleries, his peculiarities, his originality, was "Uncle Joe," and "Uncle Joe," he must remain to the end.

Mr. Cannon, as I have already said, had in him

a deep vein of sentiment, yet no one knew it or even suspected he owned that priceless possession. In all the columns written about him there was never a hint of this, and he was under the daily observation of the keenest and most alert members of the newspaper profession. It remained for a woman, who was not a Washington correspondent, who met Mr. Cannon for the first time, to make the discovery. A reporter for the *New York World*, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Kate Carew" came to Washington in 1904 and asked me if I could arrange for her to have a talk with Mr. Cannon. She, like all the rest of the world, had read much about Mr. Cannon's distinguishing characteristics, but she wrote:

"They [the tobacco chewing and profanity] don't typify him because they are non-essentials in the composition of a very punctilious and debonair gentleman of middle age, with a great deal of natural dignity, very vital, very much in love with the world and sunshine and people; gallant, gay, with graceful social gifts and a store of old-fashioned chivalry, unaffected, keen, clean, American, masculine, and, though renowned for his humor, not a bit more remarkable for that quality than for a deep and strong fibre of sentiment, which I make bold to proclaim the most essential of his attributes."

I agree further with Kate Carew in what she wrote about Mr. Cannon's humor. He was celebrated for it and it made him a great reputation, but curiously enough he was not a humorous man. What men called humor was really a native philosophy and the power to put in a sentence the essence of life or a complex problem in the words of an epigram. He never did this deliberately nor was pleased by the music of his own phrase. These things came naturally, unpremeditated and spontaneous, and having been said and served their purpose, were forgotten. It was characteristic of him that when Kate Carew asked whether men in public life could be impartial, his reply was "the only thoroughly impartial man is a dead man."

She described him as "lean, erect, elastic, and in no hurry to sit down. In his dress and department there is a jauntiness which belies the Methodist cut of his grey beard and the Presbyterian length of his upper lip. . . . He leaned forward and looked at me with an honest, benevolent twinkle in the forget-me-not eyes. They are very direct eyes. They insist upon being met squarely by some other pair of human eyes. Always the gaze is free and fearless and natural, and very human and pleasant to encounter. There is style in his conversation, style in the literary sense—and I am afraid it is losing its flavor in the reporting. An extra adjective or

two would ruin it. It belongs to the golden time of English before adjectives were made to do duty for phrases—the time when the Bible was translated and the Pilgrim's Progress written. I think the Elizabethans talked something like Joseph Cannon, of Danville, Illinois."

The relations between President Roosevelt and Speaker Cannon were widely discussed, both before and after their most intimate association. No two men were more unlike. Except that they were both Republicans and believed in their Republicanism as an article of faith, they had little in common.

Roosevelt was that curious anomaly, a natural conservative with progressive tendencies; a Federalist of the Hamiltonian school who believed in a strong centralized government and who more than once stoutly maintained that what the law did not absolutely prohibit the government might do, and to him "Government" was merely a polite euphemism for the President. Cannon was equally a conservative but accused of being a reactionary; he scorned the imputation of having any sympathy with Democratic political principles, so passionate was his devotion to the Republican Party and all that it stood for. But at heart he was a Jeffersonian, who believed in the rule of the people.

Unlike Roosevelt, he was a strict constructionist of the law and the Constitution; the Government,

which to him was not the President alone, but the President *and* the Congress, might do nothing except that which the law, in pursuance of the Constitution, had put in precise terms. Beyond that the Government might not go by a hair's breadth.

There was another reason Washington thought it could count with reasonable certainty upon a clash between the President and the Speaker. Those inconvenient persons with good memories and the faculty for using them at embarrassing times recalled that when Roosevelt was a Civil Service Commissioner and later Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Cannon was Chairman of the Appropriations Committee. Both as Commissioner and Assistant Secretary, Roosevelt had gone before the Committee to defend his estimates and ask for more money than the current appropriation, only to encounter the stern opposition of the Chairman. Here again this antithesis which marked the two men was sharply disclosed. Roosevelt believed in the civil service system, a permanent secretariat and a life tenure for the minor employees of the Government. To Cannon all those things were foolish. It was more in consonance with his principles to reward the man who worked than the man whose only claim was his superior knowledge. Mr. Cannon believed the harvest of victory was to be garnered in the Federal offices; the soft and com-

paratively well paid life of a Government employee he thought demoralizing to a young man; life tenure would create an aristocratic and privileged class, which was naturally contrary to the beliefs of a Jeffersonian political philosopher. Roosevelt was always careless about money matters and looked upon the Government as holding a bottomless purse. As Civil Service Commissioner he wanted more clerks, more money, and he seemed rather annoyed, and not a little surprised, that his modest requests should not be instantly granted. In the Navy Department he was always asking for more, for no matter how large the Navy was, it would never have been quite large enough for him.

Cannon felt it was his duty to draw the purse strings tight. For years he had sat at the head of the table across which passed the estimates of the Governments. For years he had listened to the pleas for money, and more money, and still more money, hearing explanations which did not convince him, discussions that failed to move him. He knew in advance almost every argument that could be presented. In the end the knife sank deep and the estimates were cut.

In those earlier days there were some lively passages between the youthful Civil Service Commissioner and the young Assistant Secretary of the

Navy, breezy, impetuous in the certitude of his own inerrancy, and the older, more deliberate and experienced Chairman, having no private ends to serve but with his eye always on the balance sheet. Between the two men there was nothing personal. Neither cut across the orbit of the other. Neither had ambitions that the other could thwart. Neither could have the imagination to picture the time when the one was to be President and the other Speaker, both, within their respective spheres, to wield enormous influence. It was simply the clash of two temperaments, and especially of two antagonistic schools of thought.

McKinley and Cannon had been long and close friends. It was an intimacy that had grown and deepened with the passing of the years; until the day of McKinley's death Cannon remained his friend and companion, his political adviser and confidant. Between Roosevelt and Cannon there had never been any intimacy, and outside of official intercourse no association or companionship. Socially they met on no common ground. The disparity of age and tastes precluded frequent meeting. There were many people to predict that the door of the White House, which always swung open to Cannon during the McKinley régime, would now seldom be open to him. As Speaker,

the President would have to receive him officially, but both would contrive that these occasions should be as infrequent as possible.

These prophets who predicted woe so jubilantly were wrong. For a long time, for nearly six long years, they waited expectant. There were many opportunities for friction, but both men were perverse enough not to take advantage of their opportunities. It was only in the last year of Roosevelt's Administration that the break came. Mr. Cannon went constantly to the White House and a steady stream of letters, personal as well as official, flowed between the White House and the Speaker's Room. The personal correspondence between two of the most original men in American public life covered seven years of most interesting political history. The hundred or more letters in Mr. Cannon's private files embrace all sorts of subjects, some almost trivial, as the President thought of a story or experience that might interest the Speaker. Some were short notes requesting the Speaker to come and have a talk, and others discussed proposed legislation in more or less detail.

In some of the letters the President repeated the views of Senators, Representatives, business men, college men, labor men and ministers, who had poured suggestions into his ear, all so earnest and so conflicting that he felt the need to unload them on

the Speaker. He rarely proffered a specific request; he would suggest legislation and ask the Speaker to talk it over with "Payne, Dalzell, Foss, Tawney, Hepburn, Hull and others who would have to do the work in Committee." He addressed his correspondent as "Mr. Speaker," "Mr. Cannon," "Dear Friend," "Uncle Joe" or "Czar Joe," according to his mood and the seriousness or the humor of his communication.

This interesting collection of letters Mr. Cannon hoped would not be made public because he regarded the letters as purely personal communications which did not belong to the public; but he permitted me to read them and tell the story of the relations between the President and the Speaker of that day.

Mr. Cannon had a longer service in the House of Representatives than any other man. The men who voted for him when for the first time he appealed for their suffrage died, and their sons maintained the family tradition by keeping him in Congress. The young man now became the veteran, old in years, enriched by experience, the last of a great line, still sitting in the House, defying opposition, indifferent to the ambitions of younger rivals. Twenty-three times—46 years—the citizens of his District gave him their confidence, their votes and the majority. Eight years he held

the Speaker's Chair, a longer continuous service than any other Speaker. Taking these facts at their face value one would be inclined to think that Mr. Cannon was the master politician of his time, perhaps the most adroit and astute politician of any time. He must have known all the tricks of all the politicians, and knowing them have practised them. Many of his colleagues often asked him to tell them how he managed to survive while they fell.

The truth is that although Mr. Cannon knew the theoretical requirements of his profession he rarely employed them. In the ordinary sense of the word he was not a politician. In his later years, he showed how little he cared for the art of politics by antagonizing the three most powerful forces in our complex social system; and any one has at times been sufficient to destroy a politician. In one election, he remarked with grim humor, he had to withstand the combined assault of the press, labor and the Church. Yet he weathered through. A more yielding politician would have compromised, temporized, reached some sort of *modus vivendi*. Not Joe Cannon. He fought back, asked for no terms and gave no quarter. He could not be a politician because he had in him that Quaker characteristic which the world calls obstinacy, but is really conscience.

He was an obstinate man; there is no doubt about that. He was an intense individualist, and his political training and heredity strengthened his political philosophy. A man of the people, hard work his portion in his younger days, there was nothing in his environment or associations that should have made him the opponent of labor. Nor was he, but it was against his principles that labor, or for that matter any class, should be given special privileges, or that labor should arrogate to itself the right to say under what conditions men should work.

Mr. Cannon's earliest recollections were of the men who hewed their way through the wilderness. He had seen and been a part of the greatest of all epics in American history. He had known the injustice and degradation of slave labor. Everything was abhorrent to him that restricted man from exercising his unhampered rights. When by cunning or the indifference of legislators any group secured monopolistic control it was detestable. This, to him, was only another form of slavery. Hence he opposed the labor union when it came to Congress demanding special legislation. With equal firmness he opposed the press when it asked for legislation for its own profit. Although personally he was extremely temperate, he denounced prohibition because it abridged individual liberty.

The late Samuel Gompers was the President of the American Federation of Labor when Mr. Cannon was speaker. On Mr. Gompers, as the representative of organized labor, devolved the duty of securing legislation which labor demanded and which Mr. Cannon believed, in the interest of the whole people, should be prevented. Both men were strong willed, both were firmly convinced of the justice of their respective causes. Had Gompers been less stubborn, had Cannon been less obstinate and more conciliatory, they might have worked out a compromise that would have been fairly satisfactory, but neither was willing to surrender. It was a long and bitter contest. Mr. Cannon, I think, fairly detested Gompers and could find nothing good in him; I have no doubt Mr. Gompers fully reciprocated this feeling. It was unfortunate this conflict existed. It disturbed Mr. Cannon's serenity, it distorted his views in regard to labor, it gave the public a false and somewhat unfair opinion of him. These assaults wounded him. He was sensitive to criticism—despite the general belief that he cared nothing for it—and he felt the injustice of the attacks made upon him.

Mr. Cannon had little affection for President Wilson. That was natural. Mr. Cannon was a Republican and high protection was his faith;

Mr. Wilson was a Democrat and high protection was his abomination. Mr. Cannon honestly believed the Democratic Party was unfit to govern, and that because of its incapacity misfortune always followed the accession of the Democrats to power. This was not prejudice but a sincere conviction.

In an address on Lincoln when the Wilson Administration was still serving its novitiate, Mr. Cannon showed his contempt for Mr. Wilson and all his works. "I do not intend," he said, "to prophesy concerning the present Administration. Mr. Wilson is our President for the time being and the Democratic Congress is our Congress, making laws under which we all must live, and we will obey the law and grin and bear whatever ills may come. President Wilson is engaged in smashing precedents. Some one has said that a precedent embodies a principle, and the human race has been living under precedents since the days of Moses. Some of them may have led to the ways of error, but the Devil was the first smasher of precedents and the Devil has been busy through several thousand years trying to smash good precedents. I would not intimate that the Devil could get into the White House grounds with a strict Presbyterian on guard, but some of the precedents he is smashing had good origin and have lived in good

repute through a hundred years. They are Democratic too. He has delivered his messages from the throne of the Speaker of the House. In that he has smashed a precedent of a hundred years and followed one of the thousand years of autocratic government before the days of Washington and Jefferson."

The League of Nations always excited Mr. Cannon's scorn, and he missed no opportunity to ridicule it and point the moral of his tale. One day when there was a discussion of revenues and appropriations he asked: "I wonder if it would not soon become a League of Appropriations?" and went on to say: "That is the principal danger in a League of Nations. It would extend the scope of the aspirations of the men and women who devote a large part of their time and energies to searching for something somewhere in the world calling for an appropriation by Congress."

At the termination of the Sixty-seventh Congress, on March 4, 1923, Mr. Cannon, then at the age of eighty-seven, retired from Congress and public life, and passed the few remaining years of his life, removed from politics or party strife, in the serenity of Danville, by common consent its First Citizen. He was now an old man. The years had robbed him of that extraordinary vitality and spirit of youth that had kept him young and had

made him defy time long after he had passed the allotted age of man. Mr. Cannon was sixty-seven years old when he was elected Speaker for the first time, he was seventy-seven when he was defeated for re-election to the Sixty-third Congress which met in April, 1913. Everybody believed his race was run, and had he followed his own inclinations and good judgment and not allowed himself to be overpersuaded, I believe he would have made no further attempt to re-enter the political arena, but at the next election, two years later, he offered himself as a candidate and was elected. It was a great tribute to the veteran. It was a token of affection and esteem. Following his return to Congress he remained in Congress for eight more years.

In his eighty-sixth year he announced to his constituents that he would not be a candidate for re-election. He wrote: "It has been said that all that grow, grow old; and while I hope I have grown in wisdom, I realize that I have grown old in years and passed four score and five, more than half those years in the House as your representative. This is the golden anniversary of my first nomination and election to the House, and 'silence is golden.' It is an appropriate time for old heads to give way to young hearts, alert and active minds, and vigorous bodies."

It was on March 4, 1923, that the place that had

known him for so long was no more to know him. On that day, for the last time he entered the House as a member. His term had expired and his Congressional career was at an end. Before the hour of final adjournment arrived the House bade their venerable colleague Godspeed. A paragraph from two speeches, one made by a Republican and the other a Democrat, were representative of all. Mr. Hicks, the Republican said: "I want to say to Uncle Joe that he takes with him to his home in Danville, Ill., not only the respect and veneration of this House, but he takes with him also the affection and the love of every member of this body."

Mr. Sisson, of Mississippi, asked his political associates to express "our very deep appreciation for the goodness and greatness of Mr. Cannon, who has been longer in this House than any other man ever served in the House of Representatives. God bless you, Uncle Joe; you go with our love, you go with our admiration, you go with our best wishes."

That year Danville celebrated Mr. Cannon's eighty-seventh birthday by a great parade and other festivities; "the largest demonstration of the kind ever staged in the Middle West, perhaps the greatest birthday party ever given in the history of the United States," the *Danville Commercial-News* said.

The principal address was made by Mr. James J. Davis, the Secretary of Labor, who asserted: "In the hearts of the American people, that same reverence that claimed Lincoln as 'Honest Abe' has made Joseph Gurney Cannon, 'Uncle Joe' to America and all the world."

Mr. Cannon returned his thanks to his neighbors and friends in these words:

"Friends, this demonstration of your affection is in itself compensation for my half century of public service. The extent of my gratitude cannot be weighed or measured. To all, my heart goes out in thankfulness.

"It is good to have lived and worked with you. You are my neighbors. You are the people I have served in Congress through two generations. You are the people with whom I intend to pass the remainder of my days.

"To you, to all the people of America, from my observations of half a century, I bring this message: Have faith. Often you feel that you detect a great uneasiness, an unrest, a threatening undercurrent in this Government. This is neither new nor unusual. I have learned that America will rise to meet her problems. I have learned that good will triumph over evil.

“Have faith in the Government of your fathers.

“Show your faith by works to support that Government.

“Have faith that right will prevail.”

Mr. Cannon died in Danville on November 12, 1926, in his ninety-first year.

L. WHITE BUSBEY.

UNCLE JOE CANNON

CHAPTER I

A QUAKER HERITAGE

QUAKER and Huguenot, God-fearing and man-loving people, hunted from the haunts of Christian civilization; nonconformists in religion and noncombatants in war—these were my ancestors.

The Cannons were Huguenots in the days when Huguenots were massacred for their faith and their insurgency. The family came through England, Ireland, Canada and New England until it found a welcome from the Quakers in the hills of North Carolina. My mother was a Hollingsworth and her lineage went back to George Fox. The Hollingsworths were Quakers and came from England to North Carolina by the way of Holland and New England. So I am Quaker and Huguenot, with French, English, Irish, Scotch and Dutch blood mixed to some extent, and possibly related to all the parent stocks of the country. So if there be peculiarities in my make-up it may be due in part to heredity, in part to early environment, and in part to the result of early teachings and the respect, if not veneration, which we all have for our forebears. I have noticed that this is one of the

big elements in our civilization and in a measure responsible for some of our greatest conflicts. We like to believe in the wisdom of our fathers, and we are as ready to fight to defend their convictions as we are for our own. But I am not much of a Quaker, I fancy, for I am too fond of a fight, and instead of turning the other cheek I put up my fists when necessary. However, New Garden, North Carolina, was my beginning, and there are the graves of more of my ancestors there than can be found anywhere else.

The experiences and simple faith of my ancestors are rather stubbornly exemplified in their movements. I can trace them back to old Nantucket in New England and on back to old England, and they seem always to have been peacefully but persistently refusing to sacrifice their convictions for their comfort in dwelling in harmony and undisturbed with those among whom their lot was cast for the time being. That was the way of the Friends from their earliest history down to the present. In the old graveyard at Nantucket I have seen the headstones bearing the names of Hollingsworths and Coffins and Folgers, and they are testimony of this pioneer instinct to move on when they found the restrictions of civilization, and the customs and laws of men, in conflict with their faith. The Puritans were a splendid people. Ma-

caulay tells us they had long hair and talked through their noses. However that may be, we do know that they were stern evangelists, carrying their piety at the end of a club, and otherwise giving virtue a heartless and odious aspect. The Hollingsworths, the Folgers, the Coffins and the other Friends in Nantucket found they could not live in New England and be free; so they emigrated to the South, where there was greater freedom in religious thought and practice. They went to North Carolina which, in its beginning, held out the promise of freedom of conscience; in fact, so much freedom did it offer that it was known as the Botany Bay of the New World; for there debts contracted prior to coming to the State could not be collected, and the natives asked few inconvenient questions. So my ancestors left New England and went to North Carolina to escape persecution for religious independence. Whether it was conscience or the spirit of the pioneer that made them dissatisfied with their lot I shall not undertake to say. Probably something of both. There in the hill country of North Carolina they settled, where they were free to live their lives according to their own peculiar faith. The village of New Garden was peculiarly Quaker. They lived in peace and had their share of prosperity such as was known in that day. They were

progressive and had an academy, and there my father was a teacher before I was born. At last it seemed they had entered the promised land. Undisturbed they could enjoy the liberty of worship and live without going to war or contesting in the courts. It was the most congenial place in all Christendom for Quakers and Huguenots two hundred years ago, and New Garden is known all over the United States where there are Quaker settlements.

My grandfather, Samuel Cannon, was born in the north of Ireland and came to New England with his parents. He is said to have been a stubborn man who believed in every man attending to his own business. Growing weary of Puritan supervision he moved to Guilford county where other hectored people had preceded him, for he had heard that North Carolina was a land of liberty, where men were free to follow their religion and politics and the Puritan was not held up as a model to imitate. There my father was born—left an orphan and an infant. Two maiden Quaker sisters then came to the village and asked for him. They brought him up in the Quaker way, sent him to the Quaker Academy, and helped him to a medical education. He married into a Quaker family, taught the Quaker school and practiced

medicine. He became a Quaker by adoption and so I had a birthright in the Quaker Society.

But into that perfect Eden too came the serpent, and those restless wanderers came in contact with a social system with which they were not in harmony. They had been taught to believe in the equality of man in the sight of God, and to them slavery was abhorrent. As the institution spread from the coast to the hill country and came closer and always closer to the Friends at New Garden they became dissatisfied; once again the pioneer spirit took possession of many of them and once more they made the trek across the mountains to a new country where their consciences would not be hurt by their neighbors and their customs. As they had set out from Massachusetts to the South in search of a place where they could find freedom of religion, so it seemed desirable to them to leave North Carolina and look for a new land where the law of their God would not be violated. So they moved on, and I, as a child, became a part of that migration.

Some of those Quakers who emigrated from the South to the West became leaders in the Underground Railroad movement which aided slaves to escape to Canada. They were honorable, conscientious and peace-loving people, but their convictions against slavery were so strong that they

were willing to ignore the law and assume grave risks to aid other human beings of another race and color to secure the same freedom they claimed for themselves. The Quakers also had scruples against bearing arms, but in the cause of freeing the slaves they forgot, or set aside, their beliefs and it is said that the per cent. of Quakers which went into the Union Army was greater than that from any other religious denomination. The Quakers of that day were a "peculiar people" and did some inconsistent things, but these were generally along lines for the betterment of humanity. They recognized the law, and when they disobeyed it and were convicted they accepted the verdict without complaint, and continued to adhere to their principles regardless of law.

That emigration of Quakers from the Carolinas in the thirties and forties was not an ordinary migration inspired by adventure, wanderlust, or the hope of material advantage. More than eighteen thousand Quakers left the South for the Northwest in about ten years and the real force behind the movement was not economic, or the hope of an asylum for the men and women who were a part of it. They were leaving old established homes in a beautiful country with fertile soil and congenial climate where they had enjoyed prosperity, and they were going to a new country

where they knew from reports of pioneers they would confront many hardships, with sickness, and years of toil before they could make new homes. Those gentle Quakers were leaving the sunny and rich Southland, which they loved as home, for one great purpose, the freedom of their children from competition with slave labor. They could not, in accord with their faith, own any human chattel, and in the South they knew the coming generations would have to compete with slave labor. For the sake of their children who were to be brought up free, in fact as well as in thought, they could not live where those conditions prevailed. They carried the Declaration of Independence to its logical conclusion. I doubt whether there is a parallel in all history to this Quaker emigration from the slave states to the Northwest that had been forever dedicated to freedom by the Ordinance of 1787.

Abraham left Mesopotamia to find a land in which he could found a race of his own. Moses led the Children of Israel out of Egypt to a land where they might escape slavery for themselves. The Pilgrim Fathers sought the shores of America to escape the punishments of an intolerant Old World. William Penn undertook his holy experiment that the Friends might escape London Tower. The Quakers left New England and went to the

South to prevent having their ears cut off for refusal to obey the religious laws of the Puritans. All these migrations had personal sufferings to leave behind and personal aspirations to realize. But the Quakers who left the Southland in the forties had only the welfare of the coming generation for their inspiration and guide. They chose to surrender established homes and wander halfway across the continent to give an equal opportunity to their children in a land consecrated to liberty. Their whole thought was for the men and women who were to follow; that they might work out their economic salvation without competing with servile labor in a country where logically all labor should be free and on an equality. It was the most unselfish and practical hegira in all history.

There were several families in the little emigrant train which started out of New Garden. The wagons came, stopped in front of the house, the family goods were loaded, and with my mother and aunt I was placed on top and we started for the West. My mother's face was sad, I could see that she had been crying, and as we moved away I wondered why she cried out: "Good-by, North Carolina; good-by, civilization." I did not understand what she meant. I understand it now. She was leaving civilization to go into the unknown terrors of the Western wilds, as she pictured them.

We stopped at Greensboro to take on some supplies we should need on the journey. I remember one of the purchases, a box of matches, was placed in the care of my aunt. That box of matches was one of the most precious possessions of the party. It cost a shilling or twenty-five cents, and it was carefully protected so that we could be sure of it in case of an emergency. We borrowed fire from houses and settlers' cabins along the road when we could, but when far from the settlements the matches were the only means of starting a fire for the camp at night. When our emigrant train left Greensboro it was made up of fifteen Quaker families from Guilford county, but as it moved north into Virginia other Quaker families joined until we had quite a respectable number. We crossed the Dan River near Danville, Virginia, and to me it was a great river, as great as the Wabash or the Mississippi, of which the people constantly spoke, for we were going to the Wabash country where other Friends from North Carolina had already settled. One night we stopped at a place where there were springs. I afterwards learned that it was White Sulphur Springs, then one of the most famous resorts in the country. It was gay with holiday people, and there was music, and there for the first time I heard a band. I don't remember much more of that part of the journey. I knew

my mother was unhappy. Even a young child knows when its mother is unhappy. I think I tried to comfort her, and I remember she kissed me, but it was not like the way she kissed me in North Carolina.

The lonesome part of our journey was in what is now West Virginia, which was sparsely settled and, in the mountainous part, rough for travel. There were few roads and those mere trails along the river banks. It was a very dreary and trying journey with few settlements and the only people we met were mountaineers. White Sulphur Springs gave us the last glimpse of social life which we had until we crossed the Ohio River at Marietta, the first settlement in Ohio and the first in the Northwest Territory. With few roads and none of them macadamized our natural movement was to the North to some point on the National Road, so from Marietta we followed the old road along the Muskingum River to Zanesville where we struck the National Pike.

That National Pike in 1840 was the most crowded thoroughfare in the country, with more life as compared to the rest of the country than the Great White Way in New York now, and more typical of Americanism than any place I know of at the present time. It had been begun in the administration of President Monroe and gradually ex-

tended from Washington westward toward St. Louis. It was the great connecting link between the East and West, projected to hold the Mississippi Valley and country beyond in the Union. There were no railroads in the West, not even to Pittsburgh, and the National Pike was the great highway along which the emigrant traveled as did government agents, the mails, and the stage coaches. There were brought together the East and the West, the North and the South, and they all recognized that the National Pike was the common highway of the Nation, the common meeting place of the people regardless of section, class, or condition. Every man from everywhere could travel the National Pike in his own way and feel that he had a part ownership.

) The scene shifted and I entered the big world when we struck the National Pike, for, to me, it seemed to be centered or stretched along that great highway. We were never out of sight, and almost in intimate company, with people from all parts of the country. There were Senators and Representatives, Governors and Judges, prominent business men and lawyers, traveling in gayly painted coaches drawn by fine horses with handsome trappings as for a county fair; and they traveled rapidly over the smooth highway with the drivers cracking whips and blowing horns as they ap-

proached the stage stations. There were also big Conestago freight wagons with six horses driven with a single rein on the leaders, the driver astride the wheel horse. There were mail coaches and dispatch riders of the Pony Express. The express riders excited my envy as they rode at full gallop and at the stage stations sprang from the saddle of one horse to that of another and continued their galloping. The news of the world was carried by those boys, and then and there I determined that I would be a dispatch rider of the Pony Express and ride from St. Louis with dispatches for the President of the United States. Such was my first dream of going to Washington. But few boyish dreams are realized, and many years later I entered the capital as a mere Congressman and by the railroad which had superseded the old National Pike as the highway of travel.

The Appian Way, that most celebrated highway of history which I read of in after years, and along which the Emperors of Rome traveled in state, seems insignificant as compared to the National Pike as it appeared to a boy in 1840. The Appian Way was twenty feet wide, but the National Pike was sixty feet; wide enough to permit eight coaches to move abreast, to let the private coach of Senator Thomas H. Benton on his way home to St. Louis, the regular passenger coach filled with

travellers from England and New England touring the West, the mail coach, the Conestoga freighter, the "movers" in their covered wagons, and the dispatch riders, travel side by side, and still leave room for emigrant trains, droves of cattle, or even slaves, and no one was compelled to turn out to give the more aristocratic or faster travelers the right of way. There was room for all and with it there was good cheer, hospitality, true democracy and a free life. To the people seeking new homes in the West, as they drifted down from New York and New England and up from the Southland, making their march into the land of promise, it was the American highway of progress. That mingling of the people from the two sections of the country, even then holding to diverse ideals, did much to soften antagonisms and make a united people in the West. The brilliant Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, long years afterwards suggested that the marriage of the Puritan and the Cavalier took place in Illinois. That may be true, but the courtship certainly began on the old National Pike.

It was along this National highway that a considerable part of the campaign of 1840 was fought out with overwhelming odds for Old Tippecanoe, log cabins, and hard cider, all of them typically American at that time, though all have disappeared

in the progress and prosperity of America in these past four score years. "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" is the first political battle cry I can remember. It tripped lightly on the tongue and even a child could shout it without knowing its meaning. As our covered wagons passed through cities, towns and villages and along the highways, we came in contact with the most remarkable political demonstrations that have ever been seen in this country. It was the presidential campaign in which General William Henry Harrison was the Whig candidate and President Martin Van Buren the Democratic candidate for reelection. It took its place in history as the Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign. General Harrison, as the hero of the battle of Tippecanoe, was the idol of the West, especially of Ohio and Indiana, where he had been Governor of the Indiana Territory and defeated the British and Indians at Tippecanoe in 1811; and had represented Ohio in both House and Senate. He was the great Commoner to the people of that section, while President Van Buren appeared to them as the representative of aristocracy. Those Western Whigs believed that President Van Buren was in league with Europe and drank only French champagne and lived in luxury typical of the East and foreign to the necessities and the ideals of the West, where log cabins were the houses of the people and hard

cider the popular beverage for merry making, and it had almost as much kick as the President's champagne. Oh, yes, they had whiskey which they made from their corn, but hard cider was the "wine of the country" and as closely associated with the log cabin as corn pone and wild game for food. As our little Quaker emigration train moved into the West it met this Whig Enthusiasm for General Harrison, which took new and strange shape with processions of log cabins on wagons surrounded with all the trappings of the frontier, rifles and coon skins at the doors, and cider barrels with young women serving hard cider to old and young without a prophecy of the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead Law. Quaker that I was, I learned and was permitted to sing:

Should good old cider be despised,
And ne'er regarded more?
Should plain log cabins be despised,
Our fathers built of yore?

Come, ye, whatever betide her,
To freedom have sworn to be true,
Prime up with a cup of hard cider,
And drink to Old Tippecanoe.

Strict temperance people as those Quakers were and very serious in their views of life, they caught the infection of this Western political enthusiasm

and soon became a part of it as they emerged from the South into the Northwest across the Ohio River at Marietta. For many years this place was the first landmark of my recollection. I could not go back beyond that trip through Ohio and Indiana. It appeared to me that I had my beginning there on the old National Pike in the hurly burly of the Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign.

There were many taverns—not inns or hotels—but big taverns along the Old Pike for the accommodation of man and beast. They were located not more than ten or twelve miles apart and they were centres of hospitality, from the big stable yard at night filled with stages and freighters, their horses and drivers, to the cheerful tap room, the most popular place in the tavern, where whiskey was sold for three cents a glass without any exhibition of drunkenness, for whiskey was as common as cider in the West in those days and many of the taverns were required by their licenses to keep whiskey as a necessary part of the accommodations for the traveling public. A Volstead law in 1840 would have produced another Whiskey Rebellion.

Our Quaker colony did not patronize the taverns except in emergency, for we were economical and preferred our camp fire, and also because the Quakers were strict temperance people and saw more harm in the tap rooms than good in the din-

ing room. But to the younger members of the colony the taverns were places of great attraction because there was life, bustle, excitement, hospitality, and they were representative of the big world so new to the boys and girls from the Quaker settlement in North Carolina.

We passed through Richmond, Indiana, and tarried a day or two to visit other Quakers who had preceded them from the Carolinas. It was the first Quaker settlement in the West and we had friends there who could give advice to those who decided to go on to the Wabash country. Indianapolis was then a small country town with the National Pike as the only connection with the East. We did some shopping there and then left the Pike and trekked due west into the wilderness. The homestead laws had not been dreamed of and the settlers bought their land from the Government land agents or from other settlers who had the wanderlust and wanted to penetrate further into the great West.

The big prairies in Illinois lay just beyond with millions of acres ready for the plow, but the settlers sought the timber, even those who went on into the frontier following the timber lines into southern Illinois and Missouri. It is said that when Thomas Jefferson stood on the border of the prairies he gravely predicted they would not be

settled in a thousand years. The early settlers of the West held to that view and, seeking homes in the timber, slaved for years clearing the land to make room to plant corn while the prairies looked like a great sea on which no one dare venture except to hunt prairie chickens. They were land hungry, perhaps an instinct handed down from our progenitors who lived in the trees, Mr. Bryan to the contrary notwithstanding. Indiana was a state in 1840 and so were Illinois and Missouri, but the settlements were all along the rivers and in the timber belt. The prairies were given over to wild game. True, the prairies were wet and regarded as swamp land, but that was not the main reason they were slow in settlement. The people sought the timber belts because they had never known any other way of making a farm but by hewing it out of the woods. No one dreamed in 1840 that the great prairies of Illinois would within half a century become the granary of the world and also produce more warmth and power from the coal that lay under the rich black soil than any other state in the Union.

The North Carolina Quakers stopped in the timber belt along the Wabash River, built their frontier settlement and spent years in preparing the land for the plow. They soon realized that they had made a great sacrifice in giving up their homes

in North Carolina to carry out the principles of their faith, but they did not complain or weaken. They made their new settlement in the woods and put behind them the comforts of the past believing it was according to the Divine Plan, and I think it was.

After the close of the long session of Congress, in 1922, with railroad strikes tying up transportation, I concluded again to trek to the West along the old National Pike. As we whirled over a splendid road in a big touring car I confessed my disappointment. It was not the picturesque highway of 1840 and the scenes I held in memory could not be reproduced. The wide sweep of the road with its green swards bordering it and the big sycamore trees that shaded it were gone, as were the turreted culverts which then rose like castles at every stream. The taverns had disappeared and with them the tap rooms and their hospitality. A garage is more serviceable than a stable yard in these days, but not so quaint. The land owners had encroached on the right of way, building their fences up to the pavements, destroying some of the impression of roominess and opportunity for resting by the side of the road to watch the panorama of travel as it moved in opposite directions—one of the most pleasant diversions of men. I do not complain, but first impressions of the National Pike do not

harmonize with present day realities of a flying trip from Washington to Danville, in an automobile. I got more fun out of the slow movements of an emigrant train which traveled four months along the way than I did four days in an automobile. The old Pike is for quick travel now and I drove nine hundred miles without seeing much save other autos whizzing by in the opposite direction; like most automobilists we did not permit any one to pass us going the same way. I was told afterwards that I met old friends on the Pike, but who could recognize friend or enemy in this mode of travel of touch and go? I am under the impression that I saw more people in a mile in 1840 than I did in one hundred miles in 1922, and my father had time to stop and talk and get acquainted with hundreds of people in 1840 where I could not stop for anything but to take in gas for the machine instead of for myself. I like to retain the pictures of the National Pike in 1840 for they were more national than those along the road today, more democratic and more cosmopolitan.

From Old Tippecanoe to Harding has been the greatest transformation ever wrought in the world in four score years, surpassing the dreams of the most lively imagination, and that transformation has been produced largely by those and their descendants who traveled West in covered wagons.

CHAPTER II

LIFE ON THE WABASH

IT is a long journey from North Carolina to the Wabash even now with the fast express trains, but it was a longer journey when I first travelled the road into the West. Thousands and thousands of people from the East and the South made the journey over that long road, inspired by the sentiment expressed in an old song, one verse of which I remember:—

“To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
Where a man is a man if he’s willing to toil,
Where the humblest may gather the fruits of the
soil.”

The rivers and the Great Lakes were nature’s highways and the Wabash was a part of the highway to the South and the Gulf of Mexico. It is not surprising that the Wabash became famous in history, story and song. There is no river in all the Mississippi Valley whose name is more familiar to the country than that of the Wabash, which today is a quiet stream without much commerce and with

little claim to a prominent place in the Rivers and Harbors bills, but was a part of the old highway from the frontier to the centers of civilization and the outside world before the railroads were built.

The Wabash was then frontier country with Illinois and Missouri the only two States beyond. All the remainder of the West in 1840 was territory, and a good part of it still belonged to Mexico, while the Oregon country was so little known that statesmen in Washington were willing to trade it off to Great Britain for fishing rights in Newfoundland waters. Indiana and Illinois were farther in time and effort from New York than Chicago is now from the Philippines. Chicago was then a town of five thousand population; St. Louis sixteen thousand; Indianapolis two thousand five hundred and Cincinnati, the metropolis of the West, had fifty thousand people. The Queen City seemed destined to remain the metropolis of the West with the highway to the sea flowing by its door; and the Wabash was a branch line of that highway. My first excursion into the world from the West was on a flatboat down the Wabash, the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans, with farm products for that market. It was a common experience in that day.

The Wabash country was in a free State, but

there were many people who had come from the South and were not opposed to slavery. Some like the Friends had come to Indiana because they detested slavery, and others had come because they were too poor to own slaves or land in the slave country. The slave-holding immigrants went on across Indiana and Illinois into Missouri where they could take their slaves with them and have them recognized as property. As these well-to-do emigrants passed through Indiana and Illinois with their horses and cattle, their slaves and their household goods, travelling in rich caravans, they were the envy of the poor settlers who regretted that the laws of Indiana and Illinois did not offer inducement for them to settle in those States but compelled them to pass on to Missouri where a man could take *all* his property and find security for it under the law.

The Wabash country was forest covered and agriculture had to wait on the axe and the mattock. The land must be cleared before it could be planted and there was as hard work ahead of those pioneers as any ever faced in this country, with the prairies, the richest soil on the American continent, lying just beyond unoccupied and no purchasers for them. Whole generations wore out their lives clearing the land while the prairies remained public land which the Government could not sell at any

price. These North Carolina Quakers were like many other immigrants from the South who sought the timber and shunned the prairies because they had been accustomed to consider timber lands the best farm lands, and they looked upon the prairies as they had upon the swamp lands in the South. So they went into the timber, and by herculean labor chopped and grubbed out their own civilization in the sweat of their faces.

A great newspaper of the East, a few years ago, criticised me for saying that Lincoln made fence rails from walnut trees. Why, walnut was the principal hard wood timber of the Wabash valley. I have seen thousands and thousands of walnut logs split into fence rails, and I have seen millions of feet of walnut timber burned to get rid of it. The early settlers were looking for a place to plant corn and wheat, oats and rye, potatoes and turnips, and they burned as fine walnut timber as ever grew anywhere, to clear the ground and make farms. It is all very well to bewail this sacrifice now when walnut is rare and valuable, but those people seventy years ago were making the country fit for civilization and the walnut and butternut trees were in the way of civilization. They were a part of the wilderness.

The last of the walnut forests of the Wabash was a few miles from Danville. It was preserved

for many years and was the most valuable piece of walnut timber to be found in this country. It was sold recently for half a million dollars to be cut and sent to market. It may represent one idea of conservation, but I doubt if it added anything to that part of the country, even in its present great commercial value. The surrounding sections were cleared half a century ago, and they have been producing valuable crops and helping to develop a great agricultural State. They have produced enough from the soil to pay for the walnut timber even at the present price several times over. The man who saved that section of walnut timber merely buried his talent and his heirs have dug it up to put it on the market.

The new settlement of the Quakers was in Park County, Indiana, at a place now called Annapolis. There my father located on an eighty acre tract of land and with his sons began to chop out a farm, build a log cabin and begin the life of a pioneer. There I spent my childhood and early youth. That pioneer life, so different from anything in this country today, was a life of work in the open and it called for energy, enterprise and cooperation of the frankest sort. There was no surplus or hired labor, no slave labor. The work of building up a community had to be done by the settlers themselves, their wives and children. We had no eight

hour law, no child labor law, no maternity law, no compulsory school law in that settlement. We all worked from morning till night in the woods and fields and then did the chores afterwards. There were no distinctions in the pioneer settlement except one, and that was between the worker and the drone. The latter could not long remain in any one place. He was given his walking papers, deported by his own means of locomotion. It was as much a part of our social system that the children should work and aid the parents as it is now that the parents should protect the child and give it the opportunity for schooling to qualify it for citizenship. From the time I was able to ride a horse or hold a hoe or swing an axe or grasp the handles of a plow, I went into the woods and the fields to take my share of the work in making a farm and cultivating it. Some of those experiences were trying, and if I have been accused in later years of using the language of emphasis that is not considered appropriate for the Sunday School, I hope it may be set down to force of habit of speaking out where none were to hear save myself and the horses that pulled the plow that caught in the root of a sapling and then let it loose to fly back against my shins, or make the handles of the plow swing into my ribs with enough force to break half of them. Such experiences provoked strong language or lan-

guage not common in a Quaker meeting, and what in later years has sounded like profanity was simply the echoes of days on the Wabash nearly four score years ago.

In those days work was not considered hardship; no set of young people, youths and children, ever had a better time or got more enjoyment out of life than we did, and none ever had better health, except for the ague. We did not have the public library or the college, or the theatre and opera; but we had a few good books, and these formed the nucleus of a circulating library, and the weekly newspaper from New York or Cincinnati—Horace Greeley's *Tribune* was the favorite—which were read and cared for until they were literally worn out. We worked and we played, and we played just as hard as we worked. We had our log school house with its puncheon floor, its split logs for benches, and one writing desk at which we took turns. We had our spelling schools, our debating societies, our singing schools, our dances, and our sleighrides, and we did not long for the life of the city, nor did we envy other young people their pleasures of another sort. We were entirely satisfied with our own.

Youth was just as buoyant, just as hopeful, just as ambitious then as now, and I sometimes think it was even more irrepressible, because we had our

everyday tasks on the farm or about the house to take up the serious side of life, and school was as much of a recreation as is the theatre now. We went to school with enthusiasm when the opportunity came, and we seized on a book, no matter if it was rather dull, with spirit, because it was a change from the routine of the ordinary workday. There is nothing like complete change to add spice to life, and the boys and the girls in the frontier settlements had this opportunity for change every day in the year, the change from work to play, and the necessity of making play out of work when they were in the fields and clearings.

A log-rolling was a frolic though it was the hardest and most difficult work before the frontiersman. He and his boys might chop down the trees, burn the brush and grub up the saplings, but when it came to getting together the logs for burning there was needed the combination of effort, and the whole community turned out to help. The men with their teams, and the boys to drive, came to help snake these logs together for burning, and the women and the girls came to assist the women of that particular household to prepare the dinner and the supper for the workers in the clearing. It would be impossible to find work calling for greater physical effort and endurance than that of log-rolling, and yet it was work done on that

neighborly plan of helping your fellowman without money and without price, in the spirit of fun with as much jollity as was ever seen at a German picnic. There was danger, too, in the work, but no one cared for the danger. And when the work was finished or the night called a halt, those men and women, boys and girls, who had put in more hours and more effort than on any task at home, went away singing or laughing and chatting over the day's outing, as though they had been to the circus or to a picnic. Harvest time brought about the same combination of effort. The farmers joined in the fields if they ripened a few days apart, and with sickle and scythe and cradle they made music to accompany their work, and while they would sweat under the hot sun they were merry, and the man who would growl or complain in the harvest field was as near an "undesirable citizen" as we had in those days.

I often read by the firelight. I would not say I studied, for that would imply effort to prepare myself for some better life in a contest with adverse circumstances. I was not conscious of any unusual self-denial or extraordinary effort. Reading to me was a recreation, and I indulged in it whenever I had a chance. The firelight was the best light I had. It was better than the lard dip, or even the tallow candle. Nobody had gas, and

we did not have the kerosene lamp on the Wabash. Firelight was as good a light as we had, and I think it has not been much improved on for the individual blessed with good eyes and youthful enthusiasm, for there was comfort as well as convenience in lying on your stomach on the floor with a book open under your nose in front of a bright open fire. Yes, it was sometimes warm, but no boy ever minded the heat any more than he did the cold. He would forget both in his interest in other things that opened up a new world to him.

It might be the Bible, or Josephus, or Rollin's *Ancient Rome*, or Shakespeare, or Bunyan, or Ben Franklin, or Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, it was all new to the boy who lived on the Wabash and whose world was the frontier clearing. He did not study as a task; he devoured such reading as came to his hand as he would devour salt pork and hominy when his stomach was empty. His mind was ready to receive impressions from the outside world through books or newspapers, and it was recreation and not study. It was good fortune rather than good judgment that placed standard literature in the way of the boys on the frontier. We were better off for our constant companionship with books that have lived through the ages than we should have been with many of the modern Best Sellers.

Don't waste any sympathy on the boys who read by the firelight seventy years ago.

They were not conscious of any self-denial or any tedious study under great difficulties, any more than they were conscious of hardships in working from morning till night regardless of eight hour laws or school age. They had enough to eat, and their work made them ready to eat. They found a few good books and they devoured them remembering what they read, and that was education. It was not a collegiate course, but it was often better in that the teachers at hand were the books that had lived through many years, and are today considered as valuable as when first given to the world. I had to read the Bible through every year from the time I was nine years old until I was fifteen. I read and reread Shakespeare, and Rollin's *History*, *Aesop's Fables* and *Plutarch's Lives* and those old characters were very real to me when a boy and have been ever since. The Bible has all my life furnished me with texts and illustrations, as useful in political discussions as they are to men whose profession it is to preach the Gospel.

We did not have any Fifth Avenue palaces or Danville houses on the Wabash, and we were not troubled about the genuineness of imported rugs from India or old masters from Paris. We were never victimized in that way. But we had a roof

over our heads and a floor under our feet, though it might be only hard clay, with a big fireplace and a chimney of mud and sticks on the outside; and you know it is said that the chimney is the greatest evidence of civilization, for where the smoke ascends from a chimney there is proof of organized human effort and home. That makes civilization. The man who began life on the frontier, especially in the timber, first put up a square house of logs, and chinked the cracks with mud. He put on a roof of clapboards and he had a home. It might be that there was only one big room for parlor, dining room and kitchen, but that saved trouble in house-keeping and was large enough for the man and his wife and even for the small children. And as his family grew he put up a lean-to and then another log house with an open porch between that and the old house, and if necessary he continued in time his improvements until his log house extended into half a dozen rooms, with porches connecting them, and plenty of room to entertain his friends.

As a rule the floors were bare of carpets, but when a woman became "aristocratic" she cut and sewed rags enough to weave into a hit and miss carpet to cover the floor of the spare room, and there was more beauty in those old rag carpets, with their bright bits of color, in the warp or in the

woof, or in both, than can be found in some of the antique rugs. Our house in the new settlement became somewhat distinguished by reason of a carpet in the living room. That carpet was the product of my mother's enterprise and labor. She saved all the discarded clothing of every description, cut them into strips, sewed them together, colored some of them with natural dyes she made from shrubs and roots, and took them to a woman who had an old hand loom and wove them into a rag carpet. That carpet attracted general attention throughout the neighborhood; it created some jealousy and the suspicion that mother had "aristocratic" tendencies. It was, however, only a little transplantation of some of the civilization of North Carolina and the natural desire of a woman to make a house in the backwoods more attractive as a home, and it was a beginning in the way of making the frontier homes more homelike, and an education in work and thrift for the children as well. Rag carpets appeared in other homes, and those homes became domestic establishments where not only rag carpets, but homespun cloth and yarn for stockings were made by the mothers and the girls, who thus became a very important element in the industrial life on the frontier. The women did not go shopping every time they wanted a spool of thread, a pair of stockings or a piece of cloth for a dress or

even for a coat and trousers for their men. The women had their spinning wheels and their hand looms—always conspicuous features of the furniture—and they made merry as they made the greater part of their needs in the way of clothing and bedding.

We had no trouble about pure food laws or canned foods, for the meat came from the hog pen or the pasture where the cattle and sheep grew fat, the butter from the family churn, and the canned berries and preserves were homemade. The great fireplace served for cooking and baking, as well as the heating plant. With a roof over your head, a floor under your feet, and a fire to warm and to cook, there is no question about being in civilization, and we considered ourselves not only civilized but very comfortable in our frontier homes.

The home was the industrial center. We had no factories, and the products of cotton and woolen mills were luxuries for Sunday or holiday dress. The women on the frontier made much of the ordinary material for workday wear, as well as fashioned it into clothing. The spinning wheel and the hand loom were familiar articles in many homes and the girls were taught to use them in making linen and linsey-woolsey, while many of the men were fair cobblers and made the boots and shoes

for the family when there was a lull in outdoor work.

A spelling match was a spirited contest between rival day schools, and the contests were almost as lively and more effective than the college contest over football and base ball to the present generation: but then we had no need for athletic contests in school hours for we had those at the log rollings, the house raisings and harvest time, as well as in snowball battles, and the games of shinney. There was often great excitement as the rival champion spellers stood on opposite sides of the school room and the teacher, exhausting the old spelling book, took to the dictionary and began to hurl unusual and difficult words at them, and when the contest was ended the champion who had spelled down everybody else was a hero as well as the acknowledged best scholar in that neck of the woods. It was not necessary to introduce reformed spelling in those days, because we learned to spell according to the best authority and we did not forget. It was a disgrace not to spell well, and what a hubbub would have been created by any effort on the part of the Government to reform spelling by making it easy!

Then there was the singing master. The country has lost through his departure. He taught everybody to sing and where all could sing and

did sing there was not much use for church choir, and no conscious loss in the absence of the opera. The singing master was a unique and picturesque character. He belonged to the whole community, more even than did the school master or the circuit rider. He belonged to a day that has gone, and the boys and the girls of this generation have missed nothing more attractive in the old life than the singing school, and no more disinterested friend or picturesque character than the singing master. Following the admonition of St. Paul he insisted on serving the Lord with gladness and singing and making melody in the heart.

The singing master traveled about from one community to another, organized classes or subscription schools, and taught everybody to sing. He recognized no exceptions but insisted that every one could sing and that every one must sing. While the Quakers did not have music as a part of their religious services, the young Quakers went to singing school and we all learned to sing. I have not in recent years been able to impress my musical talent on either my children or my friends and colleagues in Congress, but I have never doubted my ability to sing and have got considerable comfort out of my efforts. I sometimes think it is as good as a faith cure, for no one can sing without feeling better for trying to make melody with the

lips which will also make melody in the heart. It might be a good idea to reincarnate the singing master and teach every man, woman and child to sing in a time of hysteria and confusion and conflict. It may be that the neglect of the gift of the Creator and the turning almost universally to mechanical invention for music has had something to do with unrest and dissatisfaction. We have the victrola in the home and in the theater and we sit silent listening to the grinding of the machine and looking at the moving pictures as though we were tongue tied. I would prefer to get back to the old custom of singing at home, in the congregation and in the concert hall, and have the singing master come back to give us confidence in ourselves by standing up with his command, "everybody, ready, sing!" I believe we would have a more hopeful view of life if he insisted we all should sing.

The debating society was another institution we had in the pioneer days that has been permitted to fall into disuse except in the colleges. Whatever success I have had in legislative life and in defending legislation on the floor, I owe largely to the debating society we had in the Quaker settlement on the Wabash. My father insisted on the boys discussing questions at home and often we assembled in the living room, took up some ques-

tion of the day and debated it, I on one side and one of my brothers on the other, while father acted as umpire. Then we had a debating society in the settlement and there took sides and debated questions that were beyond our intimate knowledge, but we learned to think on our feet, to think and to talk at the same time, something that is not always observed by members of Congress.

Some years ago Representative Landis had an old Hoosier constituent visit him and took him to the gallery of the House while I was having some difficulty with an appropriation bill. I suppose I was kept busy with questions and replying to them with some spirit. Mr. Landis' friend asked him who it was speaking, and when the Representative replied, "Mr. Cannon," he said, "I was sure I knew him. I have not met Mr. Cannon since he was elected to Congress many years ago but I was a member of the same debating society down on the Wabash, and he has the same manner of debating now he had then."

A house raising was a frolic, and a quilting bee was a social gathering in the same way that an afternoon tea is today. The ladies had an opportunity to gossip while they put in the stitches and there was better opportunity for real confidential gossip over a quilting frame than any other contrivance ever invented.

The circuit rider, the religious revival and the camp meeting were not identified with the Quaker community, but they were a conspicuous part of the pioneer life in the West. They ministered to the religious and the emotional side of man's nature, and they also helped along social intercourse by furnishing a place for general assemblage of the people without regard to sect or doctrine. We could all go to the revivals in winter and to the camp meetings in summer, whether we were Quakers or Presbyterians or Methodists, for the invitation was general and specific to all sinners. Some of the sermons and some of the practices at these gatherings might not appeal to the people now as sanely religious, or be recognized by the churches as contributing either to the spiritual or moral tone of the community; but the frontier had no more self-sacrificing men than the old circuit riders who rode through the woods and across the prairies winter and summer, preaching and exhorting the people to a better life and inspiring hope in a future. They were evangelists of the old type, devoting their lives to a labor of love, without money and without price. I have been reminded of the old camp meetings by some of the Chautauquas of today. This most popular assemblage, where the people come together for social enjoyment, to hear popular orators and to

be educated as to the developments of the Government, its shortcomings, and how to make it as perfect as Heaven, has come nearer to occupying the place held by the camp meeting in the old days than any other assemblage of modern times.

Several years ago I had a very flattering offer to go on the Chautauqua circuit for a season, and Secretary Leslie M. Shaw urged me to accept. I replied that it suggested the old camp meeting and that I would feel as though I were invading a field for which I was not fitted, as I could not put myself in the mental state of the circuit riders I had heard exhort the people to repentance. Mr. Shaw agreed that the Chautauqua suggested the camp meeting of other days, but he said, there was one material difference—there were gate receipts. "We have combined the camp meeting of your early days with the more modern vaudeville, and now while we call sinners to repentance we also entertain them. They pay their money and take their choice, and the box office is the vital as well as the profitable part of the machinery. The people go to be instructed, hope to be entertained and know from the prospectus that they will see and hear noted or notorious characters. You will appear in the latter class and you will draw because you are the best advertised man in America, as the greatest Czar that ever ruled an unwilling people.

They will listen to you, and I know that you will soak the grass with enough cold, practical common sense to prevent it catching fire when the next fervid orator comes along to tell them that the world is all upside down, and show them that revolution is the only plan of salvation."

Still the Chautauqua did not appeal to me, even with the alluring prospect of the box office receipts. There was a story told of one of the early circuit riders of Illinois, which came to my mind when the Secretary hinted at the profits. That old circuit rider loved hunting game as well as souls and he could not always forget his sport when engaged in the divine calling. One morning as he proceeded to the camp meeting he saw signs of a fox and set a trap where he could keep his eye on it during the sermon. While preaching he saw the trap fall; without changing the sing-song tone of his delivery, he said, "Brethren, keep your minds on the text while I go out and kill that fox."

We did not have the circus on the Wabash, but the great moral, natural-history show, which, according to the bills, presented an illustrated history of the world from the creation, with the wild beasts from the jungles of Africa and the mountains of Asia, and samples of the aboriginal man from the islands of the South Seas. Van Amberg's Great Moral Show was an institution of that day

which traveled over the country in a wagon train, with the elephants and camels and the giraffe driven along in the caravan so that they could be seen by the boys who got up early enough in the morning to get a glimpse as the show passed by. It came to Rockville, the county town, seven miles from my home, and old Ephraim, the colored man who worked for my father, offered to take me to see the show. Uncle Eph was as anxious as I to go, and we got permission on the theory that he would take care of me. Father gave us the money and we started before daylight to walk that seven miles to Rockville. When I got tired Uncle Eph took me on his back and "toted" me, as he expressed it. We reached the show grounds before the tent was up, and we watched the tent raisers with as much interest as we did later what was inside the tent. Van Amberg's was the first great show that I remember. I believe it was the first big traveling show in this country. It was not a four-ringed circus, but a menagerie with trained animals, and clowns, and a few bare-back riders. It was considered a part of one's education to go to Van Amberg's to study the wild animals of the world. When the performance opened Uncle Eph and I entered the tent. We looked at the elephant and the camels and the lions and tigers. These were all wonderful to me

and also to Uncle Eph, but what held our attention longest was the big baboon, who stood up in his cage, manlike, bigger than I was. Uncle Eph was greatly impressed with the animal that bore a resemblance to the human, and we stood a long while in front of the cage.

Uncle Eph was always respectful and sociable with everybody he met. When we stopped in front of the baboon's cage he took off his old hat and, with a nod of his head, said: "How is you?" The baboon stood holding to the bars of his cage and staring at us. Uncle Eph repeated this question, and getting no response he looked the animal over for a moment and said, "That's right: you keep your mouth shut or they'll have you out in the field hoeing corn like me," and we went away to continue our round of the cages. We saw all Van Amberg's Show that day, and Uncle Eph "toted" me a good part of the way home. I remember that first show better than any other, but I remembered as the chief event of the day the attempt of Uncle Eph to interview the big baboon, and the philosophy of the old negro. I have seen men make reputations for wisdom with their fellows just as the baboon did with Uncle Eph. It is not a bad rule.

My father was a country doctor, not a graduate from a medical school and licensed to practice

medicine. We did not have many doctors of that kind down on the Wabash in the Forties, though there was no place in the West where there was greater need for them. My father was just a man of some school education and more self-education who studied such medical books as he could get, and they were few, but who necessarily studied disease and such remedies as he could secure, and he gave his time to ministering to the sick in one of the worst malarial districts I ever knew. Somebody had to do this and he was better equipped than anybody else in the neighborhood; and years after we moved to Indiana, and he had given practically all his time to this work, the Cincinnati Medical College sent him a diploma. He had never been to that college or any other medical school, but he had made some reputation as a country doctor and the diploma was given him as a recognition of his work—something like the honorary degrees the universities and colleges today award to men who have gained some reputation. I have one or two of these and I am certain that my father deserved the diploma he received more than I deserved the degree of Doctor of Laws.

We had standard diseases and standard remedies on the Wabash. We had ague as a regular disease and it was not difficult to diagnose. You could feel it and you could see it with the naked eye.

Other people could also feel it when the patient had the chill for he shook the house. Our standard remedies for ague were calomel, castor oil and quinine, and they were not measured out on the apothecary's scales. Ten grains of calomel was a dose for a congestive chill, followed with a big dose of castor oil and then all the quinine that could be poured into the victim. We did not have capsules to protect the quinine until it got into the stomach. It was in powder and had to be swallowed raw or diluted in water and in either case it was medicine, patently so to the patient in trying to swallow it.

The Methodists abounded in the little crossroads town where my father practiced medicine. We would go to Methodist meetings and revivals. It gave a ten-year-old boy queer notions to see people fall and agonize at a camp meeting and to hear preaching that smelled of fire and brimstone and, oh! the unpardonable sin! I did not understand exactly what it was, but there was no forgiveness for it. I asked Brother Evans, a North Carolinian and a good Methodist, what it was. He was sort of stumped, but after swallowing a couple of times, he said, "It is the curse of God." Plowing in the clearing, where the roots broke loose and hit him on the shin, a boy had to think of something. One day I was plowing and got to think-

ing and thinking and thinking, and the first thing I knew out came the unpardonable sin. The rocks and mountains might have fallen on me the next minute and been welcome. It ran along a week and mother saw that something was the matter. She was a woman of great common sense. Taking me up on her lap she said: "Joseph, what's the matter with thee? Tell mother." I told my story. "Son," she asked, "why didn't thee tell mother before?" I replied that I was afraid. "But," she urged, "thee did not intend to curse thy Maker?" "No! No! mother." "Thee did not intend to curse thy Maker and He has already forgiven thee." Never did learned judge on the bench define crime better, and the peace which came to Christian when the rock fell off his back, as described by Bunyan, did not equal the peace which came to the ten-year-old boy when my mother kissed me and put me on the floor. Wonderful they were, those mothers of that great population which spread through the Middle West and to the Pacific coast.

I recall a great Methodist revival in Parke County, Indiana. About everybody was converted and amongst others little Jimmie Henshaw. He came into the small store where we sold everything from a quart of tar to a skein of silk. I was waiting on a customer but as soon as I could I

said: "Jimmie, did you join?" "Yes," he replied. "Why did you join?" I asked. "I want to go to heaven," he said. "Why do you want to go to heaven, Jimmie?" "So I will get all the gingerbread I can eat forever and ever." That was Jimmie's idea of heaven.

CHAPTER III

A RANK INJUSTICE

THE most painful incident in my early life was the taking of my father's horses by the Sheriff to pay a fine for employing a free negro to work on the farm. I suppose that incident made a greater impression on me as a boy in Indiana than did the tragic death of my father a few years later. It was a human tragedy and I could fix the responsibility and fight it. I've been fighting it for sixty years. It was the denial of the right to work and receive pay for voluntary labor. My father had given work and wages to a man whom he helped to freedom in a free State, but the laws of that free State punished him. If there is one conviction that has predominated over others to influence my actions as a private citizen and in public life, it is that every man of every condition has the right to earn his daily bread in the sweat of his face, and that no man nor group of men should be permitted under sanction of law to deny or abridge that right. The Quakers left their homes in North Carolina with all the traditions that hold men to a settled community life and emigrated to the West for one purpose—to es-

cape contact with servile labor; and yet the most trying incident of that new life in a free State was the punishment of my father for exercising the right to employ and pay a free man for his labor.

We lived in the Quaker settlement in Parke County, Indiana, and the settlement centered about Bloomington where the Friends' Meeting House was built. Those Quakers had all come from the South to get away from contact with slavery. Back in the forties the Woodward family in our settlement came into an inheritance through the death of a relative in Alabama. Their inheritance was in money and in slaves. The Quakers were no more averse to inheriting property than were other people, and the money would have been accepted without question or reference to anybody, but the slaves raised a serious question. The Quakers did not believe men, even black men, could be regarded as property, and the Woodwards were much troubled about their legacy. They took the question into the Quaker meeting where it was seriously and prayerfully considered in the men's meeting, then in the women's meeting, and later in solemn joint conference; and finally a formal minute was adopted and entered upon the records that the slaves in Alabama should be brought into Indiana, manumitted and provided with land to begin lives of independence. The money part of

the inheritance should be used to purchase land, build houses, provide such farm implements as were needed, and, in fact, the whole amount of the money inherited was to be expended for the benefit of the slaves. Not a dollar was to be retained by the heirs for their own use. As conscientious Quakers they accepted the judgment of that meeting, and the whole business in connection with the inheritance was to be conducted by those representing the Friends' Society. The end in view was not only to strike the bonds of slavery from half a hundred human beings but to give them a fair start in life as free men and women.

My father was chosen to go to Alabama, settle the estate, and bring the property North. With the proper legal documents he started on his journey. This was before the days of railroads in the West, and he embarked on a small steamboat on the Wabash, transferring to another boat when he reached the Ohio to proceed to New Orleans. He returned the same way, bringing with him the negroes and about \$50,000 in gold. When he arrived there were men who declared they would prevent the landing of the negroes. These men went to the river landing and when the boat tied up notified my father that he could not bring the negroes on shore. They threatened him with violence if he attempted it. You know the Quakers

from the days of George Fox have borne testimony against war and fighting, as they have against slavery, but for all that they have not hesitated to fight when necessary to support their beliefs. My father was a man of peace like all his neighbors in the Quaker settlement, but he did not carry his advocacy of peace to the point of surrendering his convictions or shirking a duty. He quietly said that he intended to bring the negroes ashore, and whoever opposed him must take the consequences. The captain of the boat slipped a pistol into his hand, and placing himself at the head of the negroes my father marched down the gangplank. There was no occasion for him to use his pistol. The sight of a Quaker with a gun in his hand, cocked and ready for use, was enough to convince the crowd he would shoot if necessary. He had an old-fashioned Quaker conscience and was not to be intimidated. I believe he would have accepted responsibility for the death of any man who by violence had stood in the way of his executing the trust given him by the Friends' Meeting, just as some of his forebears suffered death rather than surrender a religious conviction.

The negroes were landed and the terms of settlement decided upon by the Friends' Meeting were carried out to the letter. The money was used to purchase land and upon it the negroes were set-

tled. They were a high type of the American negro, in the main they were well equipped for supporting themselves; some were carpenters, one a bricklayer, one a tailor, one a blacksmith, two or three were house men and others were farmers. They became owners of small tracts of land, and I doubt if there ever was a more prosperous negro settlement made by manumitted slaves.

The so-called "Black Laws" were then in force in Indiana, and similar laws obtained in Illinois. Any one employing a negro, unless the negro prior to the employment had given bond and security that he would not become a charge on the State or County, was subject to indictment and penalty upon conviction. Some of these negroes were temporarily employed by farmers near the settlement. My father hired one of them as a field hand, and my brothers and myself worked with him on the little eighty acre farm that was being cleared and improved. While other men accepted service from the negroes as barbers or cooks, my father was selected for prosecution under the Black Laws because he employed a negro as a farm hand and paid him wages. That was the crime in the eyes of his opponents. It was not that any of these men wanted the work themselves or objected to the negro doing the work. Their objection was that he should be paid.

There were many men in that part of Indiana who resisted or refused to obey the Black Laws. Some of them were professed Abolitionists following the preachings of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, and some only desired to keep slavery out of the West and prohibit it in our National Territory. They were, however, all classed as "Black Abolitionists" by the supporters of slavery or those who did not have the courage to take any position. The Quakers were not Abolitionists and my teachings at home were not against the continuance of slavery in the South where it had existed from the beginning of the Republic. I was never tempted to raise a flaming sword against this institution in the South. I was taught to get away from it if possible. My father had made some sacrifice to escape its contact. The Quakers were between the two fires of conflicting ideas. They had brought these negroes into the State and given them their freedom, and they recognized that the former slaves must have work and wages to live. They had to become a part of the productive life of the community or become a burden.

The coming of the negroes caused great excitement in our county, especially among those, later to be Republicans, who had great admiration for Henry Clay. The cry was raised by the Democrats that the bringing of negroes into the Quaker

settlement endangered the peace and safety of the county, and the negroes and those who brought them into Indiana should be prosecuted if a law could be found to reach them. As the negro employed by my father had not given bond to indemnify the county if he should become a public charge, my father was indicted for giving him work, and the cry went up that the "damned Abolitionist Cannon would now get what he deserved."

The duty laid upon my father to bring those negroes into Indiana to give them their freedom placed him in a peculiarly embarrassing position toward the Black Laws of the State. He was the one person held responsible for the coming of the negroes, and drew upon himself the criticism and abuse of those who were opposed to having black men in that part of the country. He did not defy the law simply to show his contempt for it. He had to choose between the constitution of the State, which prohibited any man from being indentured to another or compelled to labor without pay except for crime, and the law of the State which prohibited any man from giving employment to a negro except where that negro had given bond that he would not become a public charge on the community. That requirement was a farce, for the Quakers were following the one plan by which these former slaves could earn a living and

give a guarantee that they would not come on the community as mendicants.

My father knew full well he would be prosecuted. Feeling ran high; he was certain to face a prejudiced jury and a hostile judge. He was convicted and heavily fined. A country physician, he owned a small farm fairly stocked. All his worldly possessions were not of value to exceed three thousand dollars. The Friends' Meeting and political friends offered to pay the fine. His reply was: "Nay, nay, the fine will not be paid. Let the law take its course, and the fine be collected under the law." The fine was collected, and a large part of his stock, horses and cattle, was levied upon by the sheriff and sold to the highest bidder, until the last cent of fine and cost was satisfied.

I recollect during the course of the trial hearing Thomas N. Nelson, of Terre Haute, my father's attorney, a courageous and able lawyer, say to the Judge: "Is it not true, your Honor, that the negro barber who shaved your Honor this morning, and who is occasionally employed as a useful servant at dinners given at your hospitable table, has not given the bond required by law, and is not your Honor as guilty as Dr. Cannon of violating the laws of the State, and is not every member of this jury who was shaved by this colored barber equally guilty with each member of the bar?"

It was true that the negro barber had not given the bond required by law. It was also true, being the only barber in the county town, that he shaved the presiding judge, the members of the bar and jury; and in God's chancery, if not under the letter of the law, each juror, each member of the bar, and the Judge himself, were as guilty of violating the law as was my father then on trial at the bar.

At that time the common law practice obtained in Indiana, and the judge had what was called the last speech; that is, after the case was closed, the Judge charged the jury, and on this occasion he reviewed the evidence and the law, and cautioned the jury to pay no attention to the address of the defendant counsel touching the services of the barber; for while it was true that the negro barber had not given the bond required by law, his work as a cook from time to time in the preparation of dinners and following his trade as barber was not "employment" to constitute a violation of the statute.

Governor Coles, the second Governor of Illinois, had a like experience. He was a man of means, had owned slaves in Virginia, had been private secretary to President Madison, was an educated Southern gentleman, but when he emigrated to the West and settled in Illinois he brought his slaves with him as free men, gave them land near his own

farm, and helped them in their new life. He entered into the politics of the Territory and became the second Governor of the State. During his administration a movement was started for a constitutional convention to repeal the clause prohibiting slavery in the State. The Governor took an active part in defeating the agitation and contributed his whole salary to the campaign. That angered his opponents who wanted to make Illinois a slave State like Missouri and Kentucky, and they took advantage of the Black Laws to annoy him. Governor Coles was indicted, tried, convicted and heavily fined for disobeying those laws in giving work to his former slaves who had not given bond not to come on the county for support. The Legislature remitted the fine, but the Circuit Court held that the Legislature exceeded its authority. Later the Supreme Court of the State overruled the lower court and reversed the decision. There was such a deep seated prejudice against giving the black men equality of opportunity in work and wages that the Governor of Illinois became one of the first victims of the law.

Much of the agitation of the slavery question at the time of my father's conviction centered in the West. There was the Dred Scott case in the courts in St. Louis and then in the Supreme Court of the United States, with the contention of the negro's

counsel that his residence in Illinois and Wisconsin Territory had made him a free man. There was also the repeal of the Missouri Compromise which prohibited slavery in all the territory north of the Missouri state line. These questions attracted general attention throughout the country, and they focused in Illinois and Indiana where there had been division and contention over slavery from the time the States were admitted into the Union. About one half the boundary of Illinois divided the State from slave territory. Kentucky on the southeast and Missouri on the West. There was more or less intimate communication between the people who recognized slavery as legal in Kentucky and Missouri and those who did not in Illinois. The southern half of Illinois projected like a wedge into slavery, and there were no people in the country who were subject to so much and such bitter agitation over this question as were the people who lived there. The southern part of Indiana had the same conditions and the same agitation.

Everybody in that section of the country read or talked about the Dred Scott case and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. It was easier to get up an argument and incite a quarrel about slavery than anything else that concerned the whole people. The early settlers were at war with each

other on this question, and prejudice guided. The Puritan and the Cavalier fought like Kilkenny cats through all the early years of the West, as they represented the extremes on this old issue of slavery. In the southern part of Indiana we had comparatively few New England people, and the average opinion of the Puritan was that expressed by Peter Cartright, the old Methodist circuit rider who once defeated Lincoln for the Illinois legislature. Cartright declared that all Yankees were imps of the devil who lived on oysters instead of honest cornbread and bacon.

I saw my father's horses and cattle sold to satisfy that judgment and the injustice of the whole affair made a lasting impression. My father did not complain when the Sheriff seized his property. I think I never saw him and my mother more serene under any trial than they were under that one. I never did quite adopt all the philosophy of the Quakers and I could not accept the views of my father and mother that we had not suffered a great wrong at the hands of the law. But our stock was taken and we were poorer than we had been because the law did not permit my father to employ a black man to work for him and pay him wages the same as he would to any other free man. I remembered every detail of that first personal contact with the slavery question. In recent years

some of my critics have accused me of accepting too much responsibility. Well, I had a good example, and I would have been unworthy the memory of that Quaker who sired me if I had tried to shirk responsibility when the test came and, put in the place of responsibility, did not stand up to be counted. I am rather glad that the criticism has not been the other way, for no one has ever accused me of looking for a goat.

CHAPTER IV

THE AWAKENING OF AMBITION

MY father was drowned in 1851. There was a freshet and Sugar Creek was high. The neighbors all considered it hazardous to attempt to ford the stream, but father had a patient on the other side and he refused to be influenced by anything except the man needing his care. He rode into the creek; the horse returned to the stable with an empty saddle. We knew what had happened and I started at once to try to find his body. I saw where the horse had entered the creek and I anticipated that he would again be carried by the current just as he had with my father. I climbed into the saddle and rode into the water. The neighbors said I was foolhardy and some wanted to prevent my making the venture. But I was a boy of fourteen and felt confident that I could stick to the back of the horse and go where he went. I thought in that way to locate the place where my father had gone down. I am satisfied that my theory was correct, but the swift current had swept him down stream. We never found the body. I became in reality the head of the family. My older brother was in school

and mother and I agreed that he must remain until he could graduate in medicine and take father's place. I went to work in a country store, received one hundred and fifty dollars a year and lived at home. We managed to get along and kept the little farm. So at fourteen I entered upon my business career.

I was satisfied with my life as a clerk and the possibility of some day becoming a partner in the business. I had five hundred dollars saved and felt independent. But we had a sensational law suit in Annapolis and I was called as a witness. I went to testify with fear and trembling, became fascinated with the legal battle and exultant over the success of the attorney for the prosecution. He secured a verdict against the slanderer of a young woman. I determined to be a lawyer, and I would have gone hungry and in rags to realize the ambition then awakened.

A young woman, who might now be called hoydenish but was then called a tomboy, became the victim of gossip, and her father took the matter into court. She was one of those girls who liked the boys and made no concealment of her liking. She was a good fellow, and all the young men of the town enjoyed being in her company. She was more popular with the men than she was with the women, and some of the women discussed her ac-

tions too freely. One woman, who constituted herself the moral censor of the village, allowed her criticism to go beyond what the apparent facts warranted. She talked about the girl's life and acts in a way to take from her all character. It was a very serious situation for the girl and her family. Her father brought suit against the woman for slander.

A good many witnesses were summoned to testify to the character of the girl. I was one of them. I had met her frequently at dances and parties, had been on sleigh rides with her and liked her. I knew no cause for suspicion against her except that she was full of life and enjoyed the company of young men and did not hesitate to say so. I believed her to be as good and pure as any girl in the community. While I felt I could and should say everything in her favor, I disliked the ordeal of a cross-examination upon my knowledge of a young woman's character.

When the trial began everybody in the community was present. A distinguished attorney from Indianapolis appeared for the defense, and John P. Usher, of Terre Haute, for the prosecution. I became deeply interested in the discussions of the lawyers as to the admissibility of evidence. It opened up a new view of the law to me. I saw its relation to justice, and how innocence might be

made to appear guilt through evidence that is not admissible under the rule of the law. In giving my testimony I was careful that it should not be invalidated or weakened either by hearsay or undue expression of opinion. I wanted to help that girl. I believed she had been unjustly criticised and her character had been smirched by gossip inspired by envy. I wanted my testimony to help her and I made it simple and direct. I stuck to that simple and direct testimony through the cross-examination, and did not allow the insinuations of the attorney on the other side to anger me into making a slip. I watched the whole case, the handling of the witnesses on both sides, and was impressed with the way Mr. Usher disposed of those who had only hearsay gossip to repeat on the witness stand. I listened to the arguments and was further impressed with the way Mr. Usher cleared away the mists of gossip to show that there was not a single fact revealed that would cast reasonable suspicion on the character of the girl. I rejoiced with her friends in the verdict in her favor and against the author of the malicious gossip.

I went back to the country store thinking of the case and how the man trained in the law had saved that girl's character, had restored it to her and given her a future. It seemed to me the most important event in the history of our community.

The lawyer who had disposed of slanderous gossip and restored character to that girl was a hero in my eyes. The law, it seemed to me, was a profession more important than that of teacher or minister. It held in its hands the scales of justice and protected them from the sacrilege of malice. I wanted to be a lawyer, but I had no education. I had read the Bible, and history, and some philosophy. I had never read any law books. I supposed a college education was necessary to become a lawyer, but I had no hope of getting a college education.

I resumed my daily routine of selling needles and tar, muslin and nails. But my heart was no longer in my work. My thoughts were with that lawyer in Terre Haute. I bought a law book and began studying it. I soon determined to become a lawyer, whatever the difficulties. I told my employer of my determination. He discouraged me, said I would make a good business man but a very poor lawyer, and he offered me a salary of five hundred dollars a year, and at the end of a year an interest in the business. He did not dissuade me, but he induced me to continue for a time in his employ.

We had an exciting political campaign that fall and there was a big mass meeting in Annapolis. John P. Usher and Oliver P. Morton were the speakers. The trained logic of those men con-

vinced me that I must be a lawyer in order to do things wisely and realize an ideal that had entered my brain. After the meeting I went forward with others to meet and shake hands with those great men. I introduced myself to Mr. Usher, told him I had been a witness at the trial he had conducted, and he was kind enough to say that he remembered me on the stand and that he had been impressed with the character of my testimony and the way I had passed through the cross examination. Then I blurted out my ambition. I wanted to be a lawyer and asked him if there was any hope. He asked about my education and said it was not a very good foundation; but when he saw the look of discouragement in my face he said with hard work I might become a lawyer, but he pointed out the difficulties in the way. I told him I had five hundred dollars saved and I was ready to spend every cent of it and face starvation to become a lawyer. He took me by the hand and said I would succeed, and I might come any time to Terre Haute and take a place in his office and have access to his library. I quit the store as soon as my employer could get another clerk and went to Terre Haute to study law.

The ambition to be a lawyer and working the raw material of a country boy into a master of law are two very different things. I had no train-

ing to help me in the study of law. My education was deficient, my habits of study defective. My reading had been haphazard, devouring whatever I could get hold of—history, poetry, fiction, the Bible, the weekly newspaper, an old novel, advertisements or sermons, anything in print. The printed page was a sort of gospel to those who had few books, and I had read everything that came to hand with a respect for type which is not so common today. There was an excellent law library in Mr. Usher's office, but he was a busy man, traveling the circuits in western Indiana and eastern Illinois, and he was not in the office enough to be of much assistance to me even in the way of advice how to arrange and pursue my reading. I was much of the time alone, with a wealth of learning on the book shelves and no one to show me how to take advantage of my opportunities. I was starving in the midst of plenty. I was tempted to go at the problem as I had read the dictionary, from cover to cover, to begin on the top shelf at the left hand corner and read all on that shelf before beginning another; but Mr. Usher generally came home Saturday afternoon and he would, if not too busy, tell me what to read to fit me for a short term in the law school. I read indiscriminately, probably little was of immediate value, but it all came in handy in later years, for in Congress

bits of that early law reading have come to life at unexpected times to aid me in my legislative work.

It was not an idle life, and yet it seemed to me as near loafing as anything I ever did. That was the summer of 1856 when I was twenty years old, and it was the first summer I ever passed without physical labor. It seemed like loafing rather than work to sit in an office all day and do nothing but read. I remained in Terre Haute a year and that library was a revelation to me for Mr. Usher had many books other than text books on law. I read everything I could lay my hands on and got a pretty liberal acquaintance with standard literature. Then I went to the Cincinnati Law School for six months, using up the remainder of my five hundred dollars, my savings of five years' work in the country store.

Those six months in Cincinnati gave me a valuable experience in more things than the law. It was my first acquaintance with city life, with its business activity, its educational advantages and its culture. At that time Cincinnati was the metropolis of the West with a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand, with great traffic and travel on the Ohio River and on the railroads to the East, West and South. Chicago and St. Louis were far behind the Queen City of the West in population and everything else that made a

metropolitan centre. Its schools and colleges attracted young men from the West and the South as well as from Ohio. It was the city of the border, between freedom and slavery, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe made the Ohio River the barrier which Eliza crossed on the floating ice to reach freedom. There were stations of the underground railroad all along the northern bank of the Ohio River active in giving first aid to the runaway slaves, to the great irritation of the slave holders in Kentucky. Cincinnati was a city of many Germans, who brought to their new home the customs and habits of the Fatherland; their love of music, their open air enjoyment, their liking for beer which they drank freely without becoming intoxicated. "Over the Rhine" had a definite meaning which it has long since lost.

It is curious how the development of our country and the growth of cities have confounded the wise. Cairo, Illinois, in 1850 was the "great city of the West" in prophecy and in the speculations of eastern capitalists. Situated at "the most important confluence of rivers in the world" and at the center of the American Republic, at the southern terminus of the Illinois Central, it was expected, as the entrepot between the northern and southern markets, to dominate commercially the Ohio, Wabash, Tennessee and Cumberland valleys

as well as the great northwest, becoming, as a great inland emporium, the largest city in the world. In 1850, however, Cairo had two hundred and forty-two inhabitants, living largely in wharf boats and small temporary shanties, waiting for the marshy bottom lands to be reclaimed from the overflow of the rivers. It was about that time that Charles Dickens visited the United States and afterward wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit*. We thought he was unkind in his pictures of some features of American life and enthusiasm, but possibly Dickens did not draw his caricatures beyond the pictures which we tried to draw as honest prophecies. Cairo is now a prosperous city, but it is not the commercial center of the world and probably never will be, and Dickens' pictures are as amusing to Americans as they were to Englishmen nearly eighty years ago.

It was a time of excitement along the border, and Cincinnati was the center of political agitation. Men of all factions in politics could be found among the students in the law school and there were public meetings and debates between men who had wide reputations as public speakers and statesmen. It was there I heard Stanley Matthews and Henry B. Paine—both later to become United States Senators and one a member of the United States Supreme Court—discuss the slavery ques-

tion. Both ardent Democrats, they assailed President Buchanan for his attacks on Senator Stephen A. Douglas and his effort to destroy Douglas as the leader of the Democratic party. Douglas had expressed himself as opposed to the Le Compton constitution in Kansas, and the President, trying to keep in harmony with the dominant faction of his party in the Senate, had sought to read him out of the party. Northern Democrats rallied to the defense of Douglas, and the first great political meeting I attended was addressed by Stanley Matthews and Paine in defense of Douglas. I had heard Oliver P. Morton at Rockville, Indiana, the year before when he renounced his allegiance to the Democratic party and took his place against slavery, but this meeting in Cincinnati gave me my first impression that the agitation was splitting the Democratic party along the old Mason and Dixon line and that it meant a political alignment on sectional lines.

This was to me a life of opportunity, and although five hundred dollars would not go far in the city in six months, I had a good time and learned as much outside the law school as in the lecture room, though we had excellent lawyers for teachers. In my class were men who later made their mark in one way or another. Noyes, who afterward became Governor of Ohio, was one;

Berry, of Kentucky, who had a brilliant career in the House, was another; and still another was J. N. Free, who afterwards became known all over the country as the "Immortal J. N.," the most picturesque crank, the most cheeky mendicant, and one of the best advertised men in the United States half a century ago. He traveled over the country by rail and steamboat, stopped in first class hotels, and was written about in the newspapers, paying his way with the coin of presumption and never condescending to work for anybody or give a service for anything. So you see we had all varieties of genius in that class.

I did not confine myself to the law school or to the political debates. I had other advantages in Cincinnati. One of them was to hear Moncure D. Conway, the great Unitarian preacher. He was one of the foremost pulpit orators of that day, and he had recently become the preacher at the Fourth Street Unitarian Church. He preached a series of sermons which were biographical studies of great figures in history, and I went to hear him every Sunday evening. His subject might be Paul, or Luther, or Melancthon or some more modern character; his treatment and method made an appeal to me that was different from any other religious discussion I had heard. It was a new order of preaching to me as there was little of doctrine

or creed and much of example drawn from history. I also saw Booth and other of the older actors who made reputations on the stage. It was, all in all, the most instructive six months I ever spent anywhere, for a new world had opened to me and everything contributed to my future efforts as well as stimulated my ambition to become a lawyer.

One of my preceptors in the law school was Bellamy Storer, who impressed me as a very able teacher of the law. Thirty years later I served with his son in the House of Representatives, that Bellamy Storer who became famous because of his violent dispute with Mr. Roosevelt when he was President. Another twenty years passed and as Speaker I welcomed to the House a nephew of the second Storer, Nicholas Longworth, also a Representative from Cincinnati. These associations in the House recalled my early experiences in the old law school which gave me my diploma to practice law.

In the spring, with my money all spent and no regrets, and my sheepskin in my pocket, I went back to Terre Haute to practice law. I was ready again to go into Mr. Usher's office and do what work he would give me. But he said, "Nay, nay, my boy. You are a lawyer now and must strike out for yourself. Stand on your own feet, how-

ever feebly, for that is the only way to gain strength. Go over into Illinois, find some promising town where there are not too many lawyers and hang out your shingle. You can't take a place in my office and I advise you not to take a place in any man's office but your own." It was the best advice I ever received, not appreciated then as much as in later years, but it made an impression that lasted, and while in Congress I secured some places about the Capitol for several young men from my district that they might have much of their time for school, but when they were through with their school I cut off the patronage and sent them back home, to abuse me, no doubt for six months or a year and to thank me all the rest of their lives. That was the way with me in regard to Mr. Usher's advice. I regretted taking it for six months and then found it so valuable that I adopted it as an axiom. When a young man has made a special effort to equip himself for a specific work he should be set to work at that job and not forget what he has learned.

I followed Mr. Usher's advice and went to Shelbyville, Illinois, which was as far as my funds would take me. I rented a little room on the main street of the town for an office, hung up my diploma, found a boarding house and settled down to wait for the clients who did not come. As the

weeks went by and my small savings diminished and disappeared, I grew discouraged and thought of the country store where I might have been a partner with a decent income. I owed for my board and I needed clothes, and I thought I needed some tobacco because I had learned to chew and smoke when I was fifteen, but the clients did not come and one day, in my discouragement, I took down that diploma from the Cincinnati law school, smashed the glass and frame and ground the sheepskin under my heel. It was one of the bluest days in my life. The kind woman with whom I boarded consoled me and assured me that she would wait for me to earn the money to pay her for my keep. She was my good angel who encouraged me by her confidence. I continued the struggle, earned a few dollars in handling a case for a farmer before a justice of the peace, and a few dollars in preparing papers for another farmer, but as a lawyer in Shelbyville I was not a success.

Douglas County was cut off from Coles County about that time and named after Senator Stephen A. Douglas, and Tuscola was made the county seat. I concluded to cast my lot with the new county and moved to Tuscola, still owing my board bill but with the blessing and encouragement of the woman to whom I owed it, and after a year I was

able to pay her, to bring my mother and younger brother Will to Tuscola, and start a home again.

When my father died years before and I became the head of the family at the age of fourteen, my mother reminded me that I would probably always have to look after brother Will. He was near-sighted, with white hair and eyebrows and very light eyes; a typical albino. It was a tradition that children with those physical characteristics were not bright and would always be dependent on others. Mother had that feeling, and so did I in the beginning. But Will did not conform to tradition. While I was sitting in my office waiting for clients that did not come, he was hustling for a living. He started in the real estate business in a small way and made enough and a little over to keep going. He invited me to join him, and it was my first success since I had abandoned my place in the store at Annapolis. I was inclined to the belief that I ought to have remained in business and I might as well give up the law. But to that my brother would not listen. He insisted that I continue in the law and make the real estate business a side issue. He would look after that end of the work and I could be his partner, sharing in the earnings while I devoted all the time necessary to the law when I could secure clients. This boy whom I was to take care of had turned the tables

on me. He was looking after me and he did it better than I looked after him. I secured some law business and we made a living. I attended the sessions of the court in various places, became acquainted with other lawyers and came to be known as one of the lawyers of the district. In the meantime my brother was increasing his business and dividing profits with me.

I had been out on the circuit several weeks and when I returned Will met me at the train and said "Joe, I suppose you'll swear, but I have made a venture in business and have taken you in as a partner."

I was surprised as I could not think of any business Will was capable of handling, but I asked him what it was. "I've started a bank and taken you and another man in as partners. We've each got five thousand dollars stock and we're bankers." He took me to a little shack where he had located a big iron safe and there was the bank. I could not conceive of having five thousand dollars of any kind of property or collateral, but we got a charter and that was the beginning of the Second National Bank of Tuscola, Illinois, of which I have been a stockholder for three score years, and it was the beginning of the business career of William Cannon, who, before his death twenty-five years ago, was recognized as one of the most successful busi-

ness men in Illinois. Brother Bill took me into partnership way back before the Civil War, and he kept me as a partner through all his successes until his death. The boy with weak eyes and white hair who was to be my charge, by good ventures in land and enterprises to build up the communities in which he lived, gave me a competence which provided for my family while I gave my efforts to public life.

But for the partnership with Brother Bill, I fear that I would not have broken the record for long service in Congress, for while some people are always criticising the salaries of Congressmen as too large, I have been compelled, even with modest living, to spend more than my salary every year I have been in Washington. I also owed to that near-sighted man much of the knowledge of business affairs that I have had to deal with in Congress, and I admit that some of my political acuteness, if I have such, was acquired from Brother Bill.

I married a Methodist girl, a Yankee from Connecticut, whose family settled in what was known as the Connecticut grant in northern Ohio, which includes Cleveland and all that strip of country. She came out to Illinois to teach school on the prairies, but I convinced her that she had better quit teaching school and reside there permanently.

She crossed over to the other shore years ago. I do not belong to any church now. After I married Mary Reed, Nathan Pickett, who was my father's executor, and two other Friends, journeyed to my home in Illinois and were my guests over Sunday. Monday morning they said, "Joseph, we would like to see thee." I knew what was coming. I said, "Come along, Mary, they won't mind." "Thee knows what we have come for," they said, and then began to reproach me for having ignored the discipline by marrying a woman of another church without asking permission, and said I must express regret. This I bluntly told them I would not do. I could not see the distinction between saying I was sorry for having committed a breach of discipline, which was a mere formality, and regretting having married the woman I had chosen. So I ceased from that moment to be recognized as a Quaker in good standing.

My wife was inclined to reproach herself for being the cause of this breach with the Friends, but I used to tell her jokingly that these censors did not wait long enough to give me an opportunity for repentance. They came, I reminded her, only four months after we were married, but if they had waited a year or so, who knows what I might have said. But there never were any re-

grets, thank God! Neither differences of religion nor anything else came between us.

In 1860 I was a candidate for District Attorney and was defeated. Then in 1861 I was elected District Attorney for the new district created by the Republican legislature. It was my introduction to politics. In the campaign I had some experiences that were pleasant and some that were not, but I discovered that in politics as in everything else a man has to depend on his general reputation for square dealing, and he will not suffer in the long run from misrepresentation.

I tramped over the prairies in the winter and spring making the campaign, for the election was in March. There was a large Quaker settlement in one part of the district and they supported me because they had known and respected my father. It was not a speechmaking campaign but a house to house visitation. It was a democratic district but circumstances helped me. One of these was falsehood. We had in our village a man who considered himself the censor of all other people's conduct and he had no love for me. One day as I passed a group of men on the street corner, my face red from the March wind and also as a natural accompaniment of red hair, our moral censor commented. He said to the others in the group: "There goes that young fellow, Joe Cannon, and



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

UNCLE JOE

look at him as an example of the politicians we have in this new Republican party. Just look at his red face and nose. That tells the story. He is a fit candidate for the gutter rather than for Prosecuting Attorney for this district." I did not hear this condemnation at first hand, but a member of the Supreme Court of the State, and a Democrat, who lived in that town, heard it and resented it. He stopped and joining the group said, "I heard your remark about Joe Cannon and I suspect it is not the first time you have made it. I don't like that kind of political warfare. I am a Democrat and I have been giving what influence I have to the election of the Democratic candidate for District Attorney. But I know Mr. Cannon and his family. I know that he and his brother are living here with their mother, leading sober, industrious lives, and not loafing on street corners to gossip about their neighbors. I know that your insinuations are a mean libel on that young man; the meanest that can be thrown at any man, and knowing them to be libels I propose to resent that kind of politics by giving my vote to Joe Cannon." The influence of that Judge was of great advantage to me and it came because of misrepresentation. I was elected.

That was another experience which impressed upon me the fact that the real lawyer kept justice

before him as the prime object of his profession. The Judge had no reason to favor my election as District Attorney, except that I had been slandered by one who had influence enough to injure the reputation of a young man who was not well known in the district. The district contained several counties in Central Illinois, and I am prouder of the fact that I represented the people of various parts of that judicial district as Prosecuting Attorney and Representative in Congress for more than sixty years, holding their confidence, than I am of anything else in my public life.

I have tried to follow the principles of law in legislation, and to guard against makeshifts which become precedents. My experience on the circuit in Illinois, when we had to travel from place to place, look into the cases as presented, and proceed to trial without careful study of law books, compelled me to carry my law in memory and grapple with the situation on the spur of the moment. The lawyers who rode the circuit in the West had little time for the preparation of arguments. They had to indulge in the catch as catch can method of argument. That was my practice, and it became a habit that has clung to me through my legislative career. I have never prepared speeches. I have studied the subject and tried to be prepared for emergencies in defending bills when

I had charge of them on the floor. There are disadvantages in such methods when making attack, and there are advantages in defense. One of these is that you will not make speeches to consume time, and will only speak when you have something to say that may count. Some men in defending bills have a weakness for debate that leads them into controversies that retard rather than aid the measure. The majority of attacks made upon a bill before the House are not effective, and can be passed over without attention. The man in charge of a great bill must be ready to explain every paragraph, and then trust to the intelligence of other members not to be misled by criticism that does not outweigh the merits of the paragraph. A lawyer does not make speeches merely to be heard. He talks for effect. That was one thing I learned in the practice of law on the circuit.

CHAPTER V

WAR TIME

A MAN'S work is often cut out for him by circumstances regardless of his own plans and ambitions. I don't suppose I was born to become a military hero, but I was like other young fellows of that day and ready to enlist and fight for the mere love of fighting, perhaps. I didn't, and it is not worth talking about. It is ancient history and relates to conditions that have been forgotten in the reunion of the people under one flag and one government at Washington. Only as a reminiscence is the story excusable in these busy patriotic days when we are engaged in the great World War, with the world relying on our country to save it from the domination of an imperial autocracy. I did not become a soldier in 1861 because I had a job which I could not let go of when President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers for three months to put down the rebellion. I had been elected District Attorney for the Twenty-seventh Illinois judicial district and had taken up the work of that office before Fort Sumter was fired on. The older men at home did not think I should resign and make necessary a special

election. Governor Yates held to that opinion, and as my resignation would have to be accepted by him, his was something more than a curbstone opinion.

Illinois went against Lincoln in 1862, and from that time until 1864 the Southern sympathizers continually tried to hamper the Government in putting down the rebellion. In 1864 there was the murder of seven Union soldiers in front of the courthouse at Charleston, which is the blackest spot in Illinois history. The men, who had been home on furlough, met at Charleston to take the train back to the front. It was the day for the opening of the Spring term of court and was observed as a sort of holiday, the farmers coming from all parts of the county. Their teams were parked about the public square and it afterward developed that many of these men had guns hidden under the straw in the wagon beds. The soldiers stacked their guns at the railroad station, and, unarmed, went to the courthouse to meet and say good-by to friends. They were shot down like mad dogs and the Sheriff of the county, leaving his place in the courtroom, led the mob to an unprovoked attack on the unarmed soldiers. One of the officers was shot in the doorway of the courtroom, and there was evidence that the shot came from inside.

This Charleston riot was the worst thing that happened in any Northern State during the war, and it shows what kind of people I had to deal with as State's Attorney for that district. I knew that I was in daily and nightly danger of being murdered by these disloyal men, who as openly as possible showed their opposition to Lincoln and the war, calling it "Lincoln's war," and the soldiers, "Lincoln's hirelings." I prosecuted the leaders of the mob who murdered the soldiers at Charleston; that is, those who did not get away and escape to Canada, where they remained until President Johnson pardoned them.

In 1864 General Richard Oglesby, who had won great reputation as a soldier and had been wounded, was nominated as the Union candidate for Governor. He was one of the most striking orators we had in Illinois and a man of undaunted courage. Oglesby announced he proposed to speak in Charleston, notwithstanding threats against his life; but he knew that part of the State and had lived there before the war. Threats only made him the more determined. He gave instructions to arrange for his meeting in the court-house yard where the attack on the soldiers had been made. A good many soldiers home on furlough insisted on accompanying the General to Charleston to protect him in case of attack. As State's Attorney it

was my duty to be there, but I would have gone anyway. There was a large crowd, apparently pretty evenly divided politically. Many men were armed and I expected trouble, as I am confident there would have been but for the dramatic introduction of Oglesby. He introduced himself. There was no chairman and nobody on the little platform with him. He stepped up on this small stand, about the size of a dry goods box, threw back his head, dilated his nostrils, inhaling the air, and then shouted, "I smell blood! I smell the blood of Union soldiers. I smell the blood of Dr. York, here foully murdered by traitors to their country, your neighbors and mine, a nobleman, soldier and citizen, shot in the back by as damnable cowards as ever wore the form of human beings!" Then lifting his hands as though in supplication and speaking in solemn and reverent tones he uttered words most terrific:

"May God Almighty damn the souls of those cowardly murderers who committed that hellish crime here in the shadow of the temple of justice. May God eternally damn the souls of the damned cowards who stood by and saw without protest that foul murder of Union soldiers. May God in his infinite wisdom eternally damn in everlasting hell all the cowardly conspirators who have plotted

against the government and murdered its defenders here in Illinois, the home of Lincoln."

So startling was this language and yet so truly did it represent the sentiments of many men in that audience that some of the older Methodist and Baptist preachers gave it their sanction by fervently shouting "Amen," while others gave vent to their pent up feelings with expressions similar to those of the General. His opponents were so amazed by the Old Testament arraignment that they were literally stricken dumb and did not recover their powers of speech until the close of the meeting, and then they retired without attempting to create disorder.

Oglesby spoke for two hours. He carried his audience with him. Had any man attempted an assault or an interruption, his life would not have been worth much; so completely was the crowd under Oglesby's spell and moved by his patriotism. He carried the State for Lincoln and the whole Union ticket. Oglesby stamped out treason and became the idol of the people of Illinois without regard to party. Three times he was elected Governor and sent to the United States Senate; while Democrats voted for their own candidates they idolized "Old Dick," as he was familiarly and affectionately called to the day of his death. Courage in politics is as effective as in war, and Oglesby

never showed the white feather in either. A man who is honest but a coward is unfit to govern.

"Old Dick" was a remarkable man and had a remarkable and romantic career. His father was a planter in Kentucky and the owner of many slaves, but when he died his estate was heavily involved and the slaves were sold at auction. Oglesby was a young lad when this catastrophe fell on his home, and he was greatly distressed when his favorite among the slaves, Mose, crying like a child, was put up for sale. The boy had never seen Mose show emotion. He rushed up to the block and demanded to know why he was crying. "Oh, Dick, I'se gwine to be sold down the ribber and I'll neber see Mandy and my pickaninnies any mo." "They shan't sell you down the river," the boy shouted, "I'll buy you myself," and he turned to the auctioneer to make a bid, but the family had nothing left.

After the settlement of the estate Dick was sent to his sister who lived near Decatur, Illinois. There he worked about a livery stable, picked up a little schooling, met Joe Jefferson's father traveling through the country with his company, struck up a life time friendship with young Joe and wanted to join the troupe, but his sister would not give her consent. He enlisted and went to Mexico where he made an excellent record as a soldier, got

home just in time to catch the gold fever and drive a six mule team from St. Louis to California, entered the mines and with a partner cleaned up about twenty thousand dollars in gold dust, only to have it stolen by another miner. Oglesby got back his team and made more money than by digging for gold; with a stake of about twenty-five thousand dollars he sold his team and took the boat for Panama. He came home by the Isthmus and the Mississippi River, but stopped in New Orleans long enough to have his gold converted into coin at the Mint. When he again appeared in Decatur he was a rich man for the community.

Then he recalled his promise to buy Mose. The negro was on a plantation in Kentucky and was about to be sold again, but he was old and practically worthless. Oglesby bid more than Mose was worth in his best days, manumitted him, purchased a little plot of ground with a comfortable cabin and left enough money with a friend to see that the old negro should be comfortable as long as he lived. Oglesby then started for a tour of the Holy Land. When he returned to Decatur the minister insisted that he tell the people about his pilgrimage and for four nights he talked from seven o'clock until midnight about his experiences, and while he presented a graphic picture of the sacred places, he was not particularly solemn about

it and amused as well as instructed his audience, at times using language that some of the more devout thought sounded like profanity. Oglesby was the only man I ever knew who could use cuss words in a pulpit without having an ordinary church goer feel that he had said anything improper. "Old Dick" was a wonderfully interesting man and the last time I saw him was a few weeks before he died. As we walked to the elevator in the Congress Hotel, Chicago, he turned to me and said, "Joe, don't it beat the devil that just when we have learned to live we have to die?"

Once in those troublous days, during the Civil War, I stood very near to death. I was spared, I believe, because there was work for me still to do. I had to try a man named Clem for having killed a soldier in Danville in one of those frequent riots. I thought then, and still think, that the evidence was conclusive and sufficient to justify any impartial jury to bring in a verdict of guilty, but the jury was not impartial, there was more than one man with Southern sympathies, and Clem was defended by D. W. Voorhees, of Indiana, later to be the Democratic Senator from that State. Even in those days Voorhees was noted for his eloquence and his power before a jury; he had the reputation of securing more acquittals than any other man, and when he could not get his client off he man-

aged so to confuse the jury that it was not able to agree. Voorhees resorted to his usual tactics. He played to passion and sectional feeling. He knew there were men on the jury who had no love for Lincoln and believed he had made wanton war on the South, and to whom Clem's sentiments were not obnoxious. So the jury brought in the verdict Voorhees asked for and his client was turned free.

The following morning I was sitting in front of the Randolph Hotel on the public square, my chair tilted back and my feet on the hitching rail. Some people have said of me that I never can think unless my feet are higher than my head; as to that I do not know, but I confess it is a posture I like, even though there may be others more graceful. I had been talking to a man named Smith and thinking that Justice had stumbled when she turned Clem loose on the community, perhaps to commit murder again, when Clem came up. He was a big fellow, standing over six feet and muscular. In a rough and tumble encounter he could have broken me in two without much exertion. He began to revile me, swearing vilely and calling me shameful names. Loudly and profanely he announced that I was a nuisance to the community and he proposed to give me a dose of my own medicine. He would not, I had a feeling, open fire on me in the presence of so many witnesses, but he

hoped to provoke me into a fight and then claim he shot in self-defense fearing his life was in peril; probably relying on some of his cronies to swear they had seen me make a threatening gesture. Clem's right hand was in the neighborhood of his left breast pocket, where he carried his gun.

In such circumstances a man thinks quickly and acts on intuition—I suppose the modern scientists would say his subconsciousness comes into play, but in those prairie days we knew nothing of the mysterious working of the mind and simply relied on instinct. I knew if I took my feet down and stood up, in all probability Clem would pull his gun and fire without another word. So I determined to bluff him. Without altering my position, but slightly turning my face, I told him he was too much of a coward—maybe I called him a damned coward—to look me squarely in the eye as he killed me; what he liked was to sneak up on his victim and shoot him from behind when there was no one present to be able to identify him as the murderer. It may be the man was a coward, perhaps he realized there was too big a gallery; no doubt I owe much to my friend Smith. For as soon as Clem began his verbal assault, Smith reached into his hip pocket and brought out a big navy revolver which he cocked and held ready, and took good care Clem should see it. Smith was

a man noted for his cool nerve and steady aim. Had Clem fired at me Smith would undoubtedly have shot him down like a dog. For a second or two Clem wavered and I wondered whether I should ever see the light of day again, then one of his friends sprung forward, took him by the arm and dragged him away. My feet came down from the rail.

Those were great days in Illinois and Illinois had great sons, mostly by adoption, because we were too young to have founded families, but these men are a part of the history of the State of which we are proud. I told you of the dramatic speech made by Governor Oglesby. I heard another speech which, as I recall it, suggested the master of stage craft rather than a man who had nothing of the theatrical in him but was inspired by holy zeal and his passion for the oppressed.

Owen Lovejoy and his brother, Elijah, had come from Maine to the West. They brought with them their political convictions against slavery and the courage to assert their convictions wherever they happened to be. Every schoolboy knows the story of Elijah Lovejoy's martyrdom for free speech, but only those who knew his brother Owen personally realized that he was quite the equal of Elijah in ability and in courage. Owen Lovejoy lived at Princeton, Illinois, which was one of the important

stations on the Underground Railway, and he was one of its most active and energetic agents helping the escaped slaves to freedom. I heard him deliver several speeches in the campaigns of 1860 and 1862, but the most unexpected and effective speech I think I have ever heard was at the little town of Greenup, in Cumberland County, then as now a Democratic community. The population had come from Kentucky and Virginia and they sympathized with the South on slavery. When it was announced that Owen Lovejoy would make a speech in Greenup, word was sent over the county that he would not be permitted to talk. I lived in Coles County and drove across country to attend that meeting. There was a large crowd in the little town, many men having been drawn there in anticipation of trouble. Some of Lovejoy's friends feared that he might suffer the fate of his brother Elijah and fall another victim of free speech. When the meeting was called to order there was suppressed excitement in the crowd assembled in the open square. The Lombard Brothers, who had sung at Lincoln's meetings and become famous in the campaign of 1860, remained the most popular campaign singers in the West for many years. During the War they went South to sing in the Union camps and did much to cheer up the soldiers with their songs. They

were at Greenup that day, and it was hoped their songs would put the crowd in good humor and possibly save trouble, but while the songs pleased the majority, you could hear such expressions as "niggerskin" and "damn abolitionist" from those who were bent on mischief.

Lovejoy sat on the platform apparently indifferent to the warnings he had received, and after the singing he rose to speak. The confidence and courage of the man put strength in his friends and curiosity in his opponents. Lovejoy looked over the crowd, turning his eyes from group to group as though to read their purpose. Then, with grave deliberation, he began:

"I have been told that Owen Lovejoy would not be here today, and that if he did come he would not be allowed to speak. The oldest member of my family lies in his grave over at Alton on the Mississippi, a victim of mob violence. He died in defense of liberty. It is the most a man can do in any cause. I will speak here today."

You could hear the leaves rustle, his voice being the only other sound to disturb the air. The crowd was silent. Lovejoy had thrown a spell over them. He was not afraid, and his opponents knew it from the moment he rose to his feet and uttered that defiant declaration. They listened, and from the beginning he spoke in plain unequivocal language,

calling a spade a spade when occasion required. He said:

"I am called an abolitionist. Some Republicans are afraid of being classed with me. If I am an abolitionist, make the most of it, and you must know that there are many more like me."

He had exquisite control of his voice. He began like a lawyer trying a criminal case before a jury. He looked out over the crowd as he said:

"I'll try this case and I want twelve men, all of them Democrats, to stand up."

Then with judicial solemnity he charged the jury:

"You will well and truly hear the statement touching the question I am about to put, and a true verdict render as you shall answer at the last judgment day."

After a pause, Lovejoy resumed:

"On a plantation, in the distant Southland, in the low miasmatic swamps, there was a woman. She was young, handsome and under God's law had as much right to live and control her own actions as any of us. She was of one eighth African and seven eighths white blood, just like your blood and mine. The overseer of the plantation where she was held in bondage sought to persecute her because she would not assent to his advances. She escaped into the swamps. Bloodhounds were set on

her trail. She boarded a little steamboat which plied on a small river which emptied into the great Father of Waters. In the fullness of time she landed at the first station in Illinois, name not given, and proceeded from station to station. Finally she arrived in Princeton. I myself, Owen Lovejoy, was the keeper of that station at Princeton. She came to my house hungry and told me her story. She was fairer than my own daughter, proud, tall and beautiful. She was naked, and I clothed her; she was hungry, and I gave her bread; she was penniless and I gave her money. She was unable to reach the next station, and I sent her to it. So from station to station she crossed the Northland far from the baying dogs on her trail, and out from under the shadow of the flag we love and venerate into Canada. Today she lives there a free and happy woman."

As Lovejoy reached the end of this simple recital women sobbed and men swore. He lowered his eyes to his audience again and thundered:

"As you shall answer to God, what would you have done? Get up. Rise, men, and give your verdict."

And men did straighten up, forgetting their partisan differences for the moment and shouted back:

"You did right. We would have done the same."

Lovejoy finished his speech and there were no interruptions. His simple eloquence and his courage won him the respect and even the admiration of an audience that had gathered to prevent him from speaking.

The war governors contributed much to the success of Lincoln's administration in dealing with the rebellion, especially Governor Morton, of Indiana. He understood this problem as did Lincoln, and he was wise in counsel and firm in execution of all plans made to resist the plots to destroy the Union. He knew the danger that would come with Kentucky going over to the Confederacy and what that would mean to Southern Indiana and Illinois, where the family and neighborly ties reached across the Ohio River and were strong enough to carry many of the people in sympathy with their kin and friends on the Kentucky shore.

Morton was especially alert to this danger and was one of the earliest and most astute of Lincoln's advisers in regard to keeping Kentucky in the Union. He went to Washington soon after Lincoln's inauguration to discuss affairs. He was convinced from the beginning there would be war, and he began to get ready for it. He urged Lincoln to call for volunteers, and he was ready before

the call was issued and among the first of the Governors to forward regiments to Washington. He was energetic and courageous in his patriotism and there was no man in all the West so hated and reviled by the rebel sympathizers and Copperheads as was Oliver P. Morton of Indiana.

I first saw and heard Morton when he ran for Governor in 1856. It was at Rockville, in Parke County. My home was at Annapolis and I rode over to hear a joint debate between Morton and Willard, the Republican and Democratic candidates. They were both handsome men, and to me, great orators. Willard was the more fluent in speech, and probably the more attractive to the ordinary listener, because he was easy in manner, had a fine command of language, with plenty of similes and good stories. But I preferred the solid, even sober, logic of Morton, for he was in deadly earnest and appeared to have his whole heart in the issue at stake. Originally a Democrat, he had been given political preferment by that party, but he could not stand the Kansas-Nebraska Bill; he joined the new political organization known as the Republican party, and had been a delegate to the first national convention that nominated Fremont for President. He had been selected as the Republican candidate for Governor against his own inclination, but he had enlisted in the cause and he would

not shirk any responsibility put upon him. He entered into the campaign with almost religious enthusiasm, but he did not let enthusiasm run away with his logic. As I remember him at Rockville that day he was the handsomest, most manly man I ever saw. He was then about 33 years old, solid in figure, and his deep voice in its earnest discussion of the issues made a great impression on the boy from the Quaker village. He appeared to me as a knight raised up and clad in armor for that battle. That first impression of Morton was never effaced. He was defeated, and in 1860 he was denied the nomination for Governor, which was given to Colonel Henry S. Lane. Morton was nominated for Lieutenant Governor, and it was probably fortunate that he had the second place, for the Republican Legislature elected the Governor to the Senate and left Morton as the Executive of the State, where he did his greatest service for the Union.

The morning after Sumter was fired upon Morton telegraphed the President offering six thousand men for defense of the Government. He was so persistent in his importunities that he secured arms from the War Department, and Indiana was among the first States to place men in the field. He was alert in every loyal undertaking, and he kept alive the spirit of patriotism in his State, in spite of the

efforts of a large body of men, many of them prominent in politics and influential leaders, who openly sympathized with the South.

With thousands of its virile men at the front and the reverses to the Union loudly exploited by an unfriendly press, Indiana fell back into the Democratic column in 1862. The Legislature was not only politically opposed to Governor Morton, but it was hostile to the National Administration, and in sympathy with those who were trying to destroy the Union. The men who were in control in the Legislature tried to disgrace Morton by investigations of his Administration and especially the use of appropriations that had been made by the State to equip the troops. They withheld appropriations to meet obligations Morton had assumed as Governor to purchase arms, and also appropriations for the State institutions and to meet the interest on the State debt. This placed Governor Morton in an embarrassing position, and it would have destroyed a weaker man. But Morton never knew the meaning of the word surrender, and he shouldered the responsibilities, organized a Financial Department and appealed to the loyal people of Indiana for funds to provide for the necessities of the State. Riley McKean and other railroad men loaned him a considerable sum and various counties voted money for the State, while private citizens

made contributions. It was a wonderful testimonial of confidence in the Governor but these loans and contributions would not have carried the State far had not Morton found friends in other parts of the country to assist him.

It was one of the most critical times of the War period, not only for Morton and Indiana but also for the Union. The Knights of the Golden Circle were operating in Indiana, and there was a conspiracy to alienate the Northwest. Morton was surrounded by conspirators in secret and open hostility in the Legislature. His life was in danger, but above all was the danger from the disunion sentiment in control of the State, with the bravest and best men at the front. Secretary of War Stanton saw the situation as did Morton, and he believed in Morton to the extent that he determined to find some way to help him. He discovered an appropriation of several million dollars made by Congress and placed at the disposal of the President to be used in equipping State troops, and he gave Morton a warrant for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to meet the obligations he had incurred in equipping the Indiana Regiments. This did not save the credit of the State as the money was not available to pay the interest on the State debt. Then Morton went to New York to the fiscal agents of the State and laid the whole matter be-

fore them. The bankers agreed to meet the emergency and pay the interest on the bonds. Their faith in Morton was the best example of that kind I have ever known in this or any other country. This man without financial means of his own, secured personal credit of nearly a million dollars to care for the obligations of a State whose Legislature was so openly disloyal as to refuse to appropriate the money to keep its most sacred obligations from going to protest.

For two years Governor Morton carried the State on his broad shoulders alone. He was the State. He saved it from bankruptcy, from disloyalty and from anarchy. No State in the Union ever owed such a debt of gratitude to a public servant as Indiana owed to Morton. He ruined his health, but he redeemed his State, exposed the conspiracies that had centered there and punished some of the conspirators. But he had the milk of kindness in his heart and some of these men condemned to death were saved by him, and I have been told that one of them is now a prominent citizen of a Western city, where he assumed to rule through the agency of a big newspaper which he owns.

I knew Morton in the early days before the War. I knew him when he was Governor, and I knew him when he was in the Senate. Many times have I gone from the House to the Senate to see that

bravest of men carried in and placed in his swivel chair where he could address that body, speaking with more force and his words having more weight than those of other men who stood on their feet and thundered out their rhetoric. No man who heard Morton speak from his chair pitied him. He wielded the same influence from that chair that he did when I saw him in the strength of his early manhood carrying alone the State of Indiana on his shoulders.

You youngsters of the second generation to whom the Civil War is tradition only, the children of this generation to whom the Civil War is very ancient history read in books, can have no idea of the efforts made by the disloyalists of the North to discredit and defame the President, to embarrass and hamper him at every turn. Nothing was too small or too dastardly for them to do. Had they fought openly one might have had some respect for them, but their attacks were always made under cover, they lurked in the dark like cowardly assassins; when they could not strike at Lincoln directly they sought to wound him in other ways. Charleston is associated in my recollections, in addition to the other things I have told you, by one of the most despicable attempts to bring the name of the President into disrepute. As the State's Attorney it placed me in a more awkward position

than anything else I had to deal with in an official capacity.

Abraham Lincoln, as you know, lived in Charleston in his earlier years; one of his debates with Senator Douglas was held there in 1858, and the people made a great demonstration over him as a favorite son of whom they were justly proud. The last time I met and talked with Lincoln was when, as President-Elect, he came to the village to say good-by to his stepmother before leaving the State never to return, and I think, although of this I am not sure, that was the last time he ever saw her. The relations between Lincoln and his stepmother were of the most unusual character. He was nine years old when his father married for the second time, and from that moment she had the love and affection for him a mother has for the child whom she has brought into the world. She was his mother, in all except the accident of birth. She nursed and cared for him; she soothed and encouraged him. A woman of strong qualities, she had much to do in forming Lincoln and making him what he was. He always acknowledged this and had for her the most tender love and respect and veneration. It was this woman who was first in his thoughts and to whom he felt he owed a debt which could never be repaid.

Mrs. Lincoln was honored by her neighbors and

the loyal people of the State not only as the mother of the President (and nearly everyone regarded her as such and forgot that she was a stepmother) but also because of her own exemplary life. She was a "good neighbor," as folks say in a small community, kind, charitable, always willing to help when help was needed. None of us dreamed she was in danger of any attack or that she would be used as the means to wound her beloved son. One day I received an urgent summons of a most secret nature to come to Charleston. When I arrived there I found the Judge and the Clerk of the Court in conference and evidently greatly agitated. They laid before me a charge of theft against Mrs. Lincoln. I said such a thing was impossible, that there must be a mistake, as I could not believe a woman whose whole life had been so irreproachable could steal, and I should require the most convincing evidence before I would consent to prosecute. They told me there was no question of Mrs. Lincoln's guilt. She had made a full confession and admitted having stolen. I had had some trying experiences as an attorney, but this was the most trying of all. How was it possible for me to prosecute the aged woman who stood in the relation of mother to the President of the United States? I flatly told the Judge I would do nothing of the kind, or at least not until I knew more about

the matter and made a personal investigation. I said to him that I thought more likely she was the victim of a conspiracy, and I felt sure it was another phase of the Copperhead war.

The first thing I did was to go out to the little farm where Mrs. Lincoln lived to get the facts from her and find out about the so-called confession. As might have been expected I found her very nervous, but I asked her to tell me in her own way just what had happened. She had been in the village store, she explained, and looking over some calicoes had taken a small piece home with her to see if it matched some goods of the same sort she had purchased before. Probably she did not speak to the clerk; other women often did the same thing and no one ever accused them of being dishonest or trying to steal. But Mrs. Lincoln had been seen putting this little piece of calico in her pocket and going out of the store without paying for it, and that was enough to bring against her the charge of shop lifting, although we did not have that term then. She was arrested on a charge of stealing property, worth a few cents at most, and she was too conscientious to make denial, and I imagine too proud to offer excuses; and I have no doubt she thought of the disgrace she was bringing on the honored son in the White House.

There was I, the State's Attorney, commissioned

to prosecute all offenders against the law, facing the woman who confessed she had taken property not her own without paying for it. I assured her she had done nothing wrong and had nothing to fear. I went back to the Judge, related to him all the circumstances and said that if we prosecuted Mrs. Lincoln we should be joining in a conspiracy to injure the President; and I proposed to him that as men, and not officers of the court, we engage in a little conspiracy of our own. Then and there, on our own responsibility, we decided to wipe the charge and the confession off the records, and at the same time we sent for the complainants and forcibly expressed upon them our disgust at their conduct and the contempt in which we held them; and warned them if they gave any publicity to the affair the consequences would be unpleasant. In short we threw, if not the fear of the Lord at least the fear of the Law, into them, and they were duly scared and considered it advisable to keep quiet rather than risk running up against the wrath of the Judge and the State's Attorney.

I suppose what we did was quite illegal and, had the facts become known, rendered us liable to impeachment and dismissal from office, if not worse, but I have never regretted the part I took in the conspiracy. There are times when a judicial officer may take some liberties with the strict letter of

the law in the interest of justice, and certainly this was a time. We either had to prosecute an innocent woman who had not consciously done any wrong but was the victim of men contemptible enough to strike the President through his mother, or help the success of a vile conspiracy. I have run into some pretty mean conspiracies in my life but nothing more infamous than this, and I like to think we administered justice with common sense. Lincoln never knew of the near arrest of his mother. It is curious that in all the biographies and histories and stories told of Lincoln this incident has never been related and I think this is the first time it has appeared in print. I tell it now simply that you may know what Lincoln had to contend with and the desperate and despicable methods of his opponents.

I did not have an intimate acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln, and yet I feel that I knew him well. That feeling is common in Illinois. I went to Illinois in 1858, and began the practice of law in the same judicial circuit where Mr. Lincoln had practiced for many years, and where he had many clients and intimate friends. In fact, everybody in that part of Illinois knew Mr. Lincoln, or knew much about him, so that no man could be with them long without feeling that he, too, was acquainted with him.

My first meeting with Mr. Lincoln was in June, 1860, when the Republican State Convention was held at Decatur to select delegates to the National Convention. I lived at Tuscola, and with a party of young chaps drove across the prairies to Decatur to attend the convention. The distance was about forty miles and we traveled in a two horse farm wagon. When we drove into Decatur and through Main Street, one of our party, Archie Van Deven, said "There's Abe," and called out to a tall man on the sidewalk, "Howdy, Abe," to which Mr. Lincoln responded with like familiarity, "Howdy, Arch." A little later one of our party wanted to send a telegram and we went to the railroad station where the only telegraph office in the town was located. There we met Mr. Lincoln, and Van Deven expressed surprise at seeing him and asked if he had come to the convention. Lincoln looked at his questioner for a moment and then with a drawl replied: "I'm most too much of a candidate to be here, and not enough of one to stay away."

The convention was held the next day in an open space or lot between two buildings. Posts made from saplings had been set into the ground at the open ends of the lot as a support for a roof of green boughs to serve as a shade, and rough boards were placed on short lengths of logs to form the seats. Two ends were open. The convention was prac-

tically out of doors. I went to the convention and was in the crowd outside the line of supports for the roof of boughs. Soon after the convention was opened there was a call from the platform to open a passage and let through John Hanks and Dick Oglesby, who carried two big walnut rails that had been split by Lincoln and Hanks. The crowd surged back and Hanks and Oglesby carried the rails to the platform where they were placed, with a cotton streamer bearing the legend: "These rails were made by John Hanks and Abraham Lincoln in 1830."

A little while later in the proceedings there was another announcement, this time from the outside: "Mr. Lincoln is here." He had appeared on the outskirts of the crowd, was instantly recognized and his presence announced to those on the platform. The cry went up to bring him to the platform, but there was no way of getting through the crowd that filled the whole place and surrounded the platform. Oglesby was talking, but what he said was drowned by cries, "Make way for Mr. Lincoln." The crowd refused to give way and some one shouted, "Pass him along, boys," and soon I saw him coming in a recumbent position over the heads of the crowd, his body held by scores of hands, as he was passed along. I had heard of such a proceeding but never in my life had I seen a man

passed over the heads of a crowd. Mr. Lincoln's extreme height and his spare figure made a picture that was not soon forgotten. Straightening himself and mounting the platform where Oglesby was still speaking, Lincoln sat down. He had hardly become seated when some one shouted "Let Abe speak," but Lincoln refused to talk. He was asked if he had split the rails that had been brought on the platform and he replied: "John Hanks says I split those rails. I don't know whether we did or not, but we have made many a better one."

I did not see Lincoln again until after his election as President. Already there were threats of war, of secession, and of assassination, but he was the same cordial, unassuming, seemingly commonplace man of that day in Decatur. I was on the train going from Tuscola to Mattoon and met Mr. Lincoln who was also on the train, going to Charleston to pay a last visit to his stepmother who lived at Farmington, a few miles from that place. He was, of course, the most distinguished man on the train and he was constantly surrounded by people who wanted to shake hands and have a word with him. But he was just one of the passengers in the day coach. He had no body guard, and Senator Tom Marshall of Coles County was his only traveling companion. I was again introduced, but exchanged only a few words with him, because

everyone was anxious to meet him. That was the last time I saw Lincoln. I was not in Washington during his administration. I became the intimate friend of many men who were intimate with Mr. Lincoln, and from them I no doubt absorbed much of this feeling that I knew the man almost intimately.

The reputation of Mr. Lincoln as a story teller did him an injustice, not only for the stories he told, but for many that are apocryphal, which have created the impression that he told stories simply to be entertaining. Judge David Davis, Governor Richard Oglesby and other men who were closely associated with Mr. Lincoln always insisted that he never told a story except to illustrate a point in an argument and make it plainer, and never for the love of mere telling the story or causing a laugh. Lincoln's whole life was given to the consideration of serious problems before the people; he gave his life to the people, not only in the final sacrifice, but in all his study and efforts from the time he enlisted in the Blackhawk War.

CHAPTER VI

THE ILLINOIS HAYSEED

I WAS first elected to Congress in 1872. It was a reform year, the beginning of a decade of "reform" which shook up the virtues as well as the vices of the people. Nothing was right and nobody was safe from the reformers. They were busy with social, religious and political reform. The whole country experienced an emotional upheaval and Illinois seemed to be the center of the disturbance. We were only a few years from the close of the Civil War and the bonds which had held together the people of the North through that great struggle became raveled and tangled. Perhaps it was the after effect of the war. It was the reaction from the strain of those four terrible years of conflict. Men cannot go through a prolonged emotional crisis and not pay the price. It is what war always does; it makes people hysterical and temporarily throws them off their balance.

All the alleged virtues and vices of the people were in the caldron and being stirred by the reformers of all sorts and trades. The churches furnished the greatest agitation for change and against change, with heresy trials, denominational

divisions and scandals. The Presbyterian church brought to trial for heresy Professor David Swing, one of its most influential theological teachers, charged with having delivered a lecture in a Unitarian chapel "and thereby aided to promulgate heresy"; for having used "unwarrantable language with regard to Penelope and Socrates"; because he had eulogized John Stuart Mill, "a well known Atheist," and had departed from the vital points of Calvinism. Professor Swing was acquitted but he left the Presbyterian church and organized an independent church in Central Music Hall and became the best known and most popular preacher in the West. The Methodists in that same period expelled for heresy Dr. Thomas, one of their most prominent preachers, and he too organized an independent church which divided with that of Professor Swing the popularity and patronage of the people of Chicago for many years. The Episcopal church developed a schism which resulted in the organization of the Reformed Episcopal church. Mr. Cheney of Chicago led that revolt. The Beecher trial in Brooklyn received more attention from the press of the country than any political movement and added to the religious ferment. Then came the great Moody and Sankey revival in Chicago which attracted the notice of the whole country. We also had grave controversies over

reading the Bible in the public schools; compulsory public school attendance, which aroused the Roman Catholics and Lutherans who had their parochial schools and did not send their children to the public schools, and the question of admitting the children of negroes to the public schools. We had a revival of temperance agitation with women's crusades against the saloons, praying in the street or going in and adopting the methods of Carrie Nation with her hatchet, smashing everything they could find in the saloon. We had learned discussions whether beer is a food or an intoxicant. We had the Irish fighting the Germans; there was an attempt made to revive the old spirit of Knownothingism. We had labor troubles, riots, lockouts and the great railroad strike in 1877; we had Grangers and Greenbackers as well as Democrats, Republicans and Liberals. The mixup was general. The agitation for reform and the resistance to change was widespread in Illinois and created as great a conflict of moral and social ideas as I ever knew in this country. I have seen similar movements in later years but I do not believe since that time there has been such a ferment over all phases of social organization, religious, moral, business and political theories as swept the West in the decade beginning in 1870.

That year I sought the Republican nomination

for Congress in the district where I now reside, but was unsuccessful. In 1872 I was nominated and elected to Congress. I was a Republican then as now and while the various agitations and the Liberal movement threatened to sweep Illinois from its old moorings, I was elected and President Grant carried the state by sixty thousand majority. Many of my personal and political friends were carried away by the Liberal movement as some of them had been swept from their old courses by the other reform agitations. The fervid denunciation of the Grant administration had an effect in the beginning of the campaign, but in Illinois the Liberal party received more adherents because of the prominence and popularity of its leaders. David Davis, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court and an old friend of Lincoln, was a candidate for President before the Liberal convention, and he had for rivals two other very popular men, Senator Lyman Trumbull and Governor John M. Palmer, all of them Illinois men. They had all been staunch supporters of Lincoln, though Trumbull and Palmer were formerly Democrats. All had large personal followings and they had the support of the *Chicago Tribune*, whose editor, Joseph Medill, had also been a great friend of Lincoln. The Liberal movement had the leaders and the press and for a time it appeared to be sweeping

the State like a prairie fire, but the coalition with the Democrats, with Horace Greeley as the candidate of the conglomeration, made it a mob of disappointed and disgruntled politicians with nothing but their grievances for a platform, and Grant received the largest majority that had been given to any candidate for President up to that time. I rode into Congress on the returning wave of confidence in Grant. He had been more abused than any other President except Lincoln, and as in the second election of Lincoln so in the second election of Grant, the voters resented the vilification that had been heaped on the head of the Silent Commander who had led the Union Armies to victory.

The Liberal movement in Illinois had its comedy side although for a time we regular Republicans had to take it seriously and could not afford to treat it as a joke. The Liberals could no more forget their old political methods, which they condemned, than could other politicians. They denounced the Grant administration as corrupt and given to political trickery, but when they got started with rival candidates they turned upon each other with the same denunciations. The Western Liberals did not want Charles Francis Adams or Charles Sumner or any other disgruntled Eastern Republican to come in and appropriate the movement which had started in Missouri and spread over

into Illinois, and they said uncomplimentary things about the Eastern Liberals. The Illinois Liberals were able and willing to furnish the candidate for President and they argued that Illinois would be the battle ground on which to beat Grant. So far they were agreed, but with three popular candidates in Illinois they got into a tangle at once, with the followers of David Davis criticising Senator Trumbull, the followers of Trumbull charging that Davis should not drag the judicial robes into the dirty pool of politics, and the followers of Governor Palmer insisting that he was the logical candidate because he had raised the issue of State rights against President Grant sending Federal troops into Chicago during the great fire of 1871.

The Chicago *Tribune* gave its support to Trumbull and did not take kindly to Davis. The Chicago *Journal* denounced Trumbull as a Ku Klux candidate who wanted to be a Ku Klux President riding "into the political Jerusalem on a Ku Klux ass." The Chicago *Times* favored Davis. The newspapers down the State divided in the same way and before the Liberals got their movement under way they were divided and as critical of each other as they were of the Republicans. Long John Wentworth, a former Democrat, and Leonard Swett, a former Republican, took up the cause of Davis and organized a flying squadron to move on to Cin-

cinnati with the assurance of free railroad transportation for the shouters for Davis. This brought down upon the head of Davis the charge that he was trying to pack the convention with Chicago hirelings. The eastern Liberals joined in this denunciation of Justice Davis and helped further to demoralize the Illinois "reformers."

Palmer dropped out and his followers went over to Trumbull and the forty-two Illinois delegates divided equally between Davis and Trumbull. In the meantime a group of powerful editors, including Horace White of the *Chicago Tribune*, Murat Halstead of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, Henry Watterson of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, and several more who were trying to handle the convention, were joined by Whitelaw Reid of the *New York Tribune*, and through some sort of superhuman wisdom they brought about the nomination of Horace Greeley, the most radical of the old line Republicans and the high priest of protection. Greeley had not been mentioned as a candidate but he too had quarreled with Grant and he was selected as the messiah of political reforms, including tariff reform, which nearly all the editorial council had presented as one of the greatest necessities to bring the country back to prosperity and righteousness. The coalition of Liberals and Democrats, which was later effected, suggested that it

was made up on the basis of agreement on antipathies with harmony only in their mutual dislikes. But I am simply trying to tell the story of the Liberal movement in Illinois. The friends of Davis, Trumbull and Palmer returned from Cincinnati in anything but an enthusiastic state of mind. They had started out not to organize a new party or go over to the Democrats, but to frighten Western Republicans into a repudiation of the Grant administration and pave the way for Davis or Trumbull as the Republican candidate. Political revivals are more or less like other revivals and once started it is difficult to stop them.

The Liberal movement did not frighten the Illinois Republicans but cemented them behind the Grant administration and with General Dick Oglesby as the candidate for Governor we had an old-fashioned Republican campaign which swept all Republican candidates into office notwithstanding the opposition of labor, prohibition, greenback and other groups of which we had been more or less afraid in the beginning of the campaign. The Liberal movement was the greatest political fiasco I can recall in our history, and it cleared the atmosphere for a time as it disintegrated, the Republicans returning to their old political affiliations and the Democrats insisting they had never been outside their party ranks. Senator Trumbull and Gov-

ernor Palmer went over to the Democrats, and four years later David Davis became the candidate of the Independents for Senator and was supported by the Democrats to assure the defeat of Senator John A. Logan. In the Senate Davis more often affiliated with his old Republican associates than with the Democrats.

My old friend Lucian Dunbar, of Sterling, who was a delegate in the Congressional convention which nominated me in 1872, recently wrote to me and I think he gives a better description of that event than I can. He says:

"Dear Old Time Friend:

"Your announcement that you will retire from Congress has forcibly reminded me of your first nomination. Vividly do I recall the talks and balloting at Tolona. At that time I was living at Charleston and although but 30 years old was one of the seven delegates from Coles County.

"After having been placed in nomination the talks of the candidates—H. P. H. Bromwell, Jesse Moore and yourself—were about like this:

"Mr. Bromwell said he had served one term in Congress during which time he had lost a lucrative law practice which he had about regained during his two years' retirement, and only sought the nomination at the solicitation of friends; in

fact, rather preferred to remain at home in the practice of law, but if the convention, etc., etc., etc.

"Then came Jesse Moore, of Macon, a presiding elder of the M. E. Church, who had served one term in Congress, but preferred his religion to politics; wanted to stay at home to work for Christ and his church but would accept the nomination if, etc., etc.

"Then came your respected self, who said:

"Boys, you have listened to my good friend, Mr. Bromwell, and my beloved brother, Jesse Moore. You see that neither of them really wants the nomination but, by God, I want it, and I want it damned bad, too, etc.

"Well, you will remember the many ballots, the final withdrawal of Mr. Bromwell and your nomination with the aid of the Coles County delegation, and it is a matter of pride to me that I had the honor to cast my vote for you at that time. I know of no other man living who was a delegate to that convention."

Mr. Bromwell had served in the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses but in 1868 was defeated for the nomination by Col. Jesse Moore, who was the presiding elder of the Decatur district of the Methodist conference. With his military record

and his church connections he had a strong following in that Congressional district, and with Grant as the candidate for President in 1868, and the military spirit dominant, Colonel Moore was able to defeat Mr. Bromwell for the nomination and there was no love lost between them.

I think Mr. Bromwell spoke frankly when he told the convention that he did not care for the nomination. He was in the race to defeat Colonel Moore and he did what he could to bring about my nomination. The convention was in session three days and there was a stubborn contest, Mr. Bromwell remaining in the race until he could see the way to withdrawing his name and aid my nomination.

I have never flattered myself that my first nomination and election to the House was either the result of foreordination or of good political strategy. I was simply the instrument used by Mr. Bromwell to defeat his rival, and of the spirit of fight to the finish. I guess I was a political accident, as the political writers of today would say, and the accidental recurrence appears to have followed bi-annually for fifty years, for the Republicans placed me in nomination every two years since 1872, and with two exceptions have given me the election. So, my appeal is not to be too hard on political accidents. Try them out just the same as

though they were foreordained for political life. They may make good and accomplish something worth while. I came to Congress when we were in the throes of reconstruction from the Civil War. I go out of Congress while the nation is confronting great problems left to it by the greatest foreign war ever known. Between these two tragic periods of history we have made greater progress and had greater prosperity than was ever recorded in a like period here or anywhere else in the world. I am thankful to have had a modest part in legislation which I believe helped us to write this glowing chapter in American history.

I have always followed the principle that Government is established for the benefit of the people and not the people created to fit into a particular Government; and I have always been inclined to follow the old plan of the beginning of the Federal government and leave much of the Government to the States, and minor political divisions. I have never troubled myself about being suspected of believing in State Rights, and but for the slavery question and the civil war, I believe we would still be more devoted to State Rights than we are, and we would continue to look to the State Governments for our domestic laws rather than to Congress. But what has been done cannot be easily undone and Congress has practically taken the

place of the State Legislatures as the body to appeal to when any community desires to change the law or add to it or subtract from it.

In some respects I am an old fashioned Democrat. Do you know that the contest during the Civil War was as to whether or not the limited jurisdiction of the United States should be destroyed by the will of any state? It was decided in the negative. And yet, the cry that was then lifted up for local self-government in municipalities, in townships, in counties, in states—letting each citizen daily come in contact with the Government he helps to create and pays for by direct taxation—it is a proposition that is absolutely necessary to be realized by all of us and enforced by all of us, if we are to remain competent for self government. No man can walk for another. No man who is worthy of exercising the franchise can walk under the shadow of another man's hat rim. The farther we get away from this idea of local self-government in municipality, in township, in county and in state, the less competent we are to be good citizens.

In my second campaign for Congress in 1874 I had a very clever candidate against me who had the support of both Democrats and Greenbackers. That was the year of the greatest Greenback development in the West, and they made me a lot of

trouble. James H. Pickerel, of Harristown, the Democratic candidate, was a clever politician and campaigner who kept me on the jump. He was a farmer and stock raiser and had a fine bull which he took to the county fairs to exhibit; when a crowd gathered to see the bull he would make a political speech.

I had an appointment to speak at the county fair at Champaign, and while I was making my speech from the stand, Pickerel trotted out his bull a little distance away and began his performance, attracting a part of the crowd. It irritated me but it was a fair game and I thought I would try to turn the tables. I was about the end of my speech and realized that I could not hold the crowd much longer, so I shouted to the fellows who were drifting over to Brother Pickerel: "I see there are three candidates here, Mr. Pickerel, the bull and me, and I would like to know whether you are going to vote to send Pickerel or the bull to Congress in my place."

I got the crowd back with applause and could have continued, but I thought it a good place to stop. I heard references to that incident all over the district, and I ran Pickerel and the bull out of the campaign.

My first speech in the House brought me my first publicity. I didn't bribe the Washington

correspondents to write about me; I did not court publicity and did not appreciate it in the beginning. It was thrust upon me, but I soon learned that an introduction with a laugh is better than no introduction or a mere mention as "also spoke." I became the butt of the House as the Hayseed Member from the Wild and Woolly West and I held that title for many years.

James G. Blaine was the Speaker of the House in the Forty-third Congress and there were a great many very distinguished Members whose names hold conspicuous places in our history. There were Benj. F. Butler, George F. and Rockwood Hoar, and Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts; Hale and Frye, of Maine; Stewart L. Woodford, Samuel S. Cox, Fernando Wood, Clarkson N. Potter, William A. Wheeler and Thomas C. Platt, of New York; James A. Garfield, Charles Foster, William Lawrence, Hugh J. Jewett, Lawrence T. Neal, Milton Saylor and Isaac R. Sherwood, of Ohio; William S. Holman, James N. Tyner, of Indiana; Samuel J. Randall, William D. Kelley, and Charles O'Neill, of Pennsylvania; Charles B. Farwell, William R. Morrison and John McNulta, of Illinois; George W. McCrary, James Wilson and John A. Kasson, of Iowa; James B. Beck and John Young Brown, of Kentucky; Joseph R. Hawley and William H. Barnum, of Connecticut; James H. Blount and

Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia; Julius C. Burrows, Omar D. Conger and Jay A. Hubbell, of Michigan; William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey; Roger Q. Mills, of Texas; Alexander Mitchell, Philetus Sawyer and Jeremiah M. Rusk, of Wisconsin; Jerome B. Chaffee, of Colorado; Stephen B. Elkins, of New Mexico, and George Q. Cannon, of Utah.

All these men played a conspicuous part in American history, all were more or less prominent then, nevertheless I thought I had a message even for older and more experienced legislators. Speaker Blaine had assigned me to the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, and the Chairman of that Committee made me Chairman of the subcommittee on Revision of the Postal Code. I was gratified at the assignment for I had brought with me several bills to amend the Postal Code, and as Chairman of the subcommittee I believed I would have an opportunity to get them before the House. One of them was to change the method of collecting postage on second-class matter, another to provide penalties for sending obscene matter through the mail, and another to restore in part the franking privilege which had been abolished by the Forty-second Congress. I thought they were all very important, got them approved by the Committee and reported to the House. I was then loaded for

a speech to enlighten the House and the country. But I had only got into "secondly" in my advocacy of the first bill when William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, suggested that "the Gentleman from Illinois" must have oats in his pocket. There was a laugh and I retorted that I not only had oats in my pocket but hayseed in my hair, with the admission that "the Western people generally are affected in the same way, and we expect that the seed, being good, will yield a good crop, I trust ten fold." This could not be considered as wit or humor but it served to give me the attention of the House and more publicity than it deserved. I became the "Hayseed Member from Illinois" to the readers of the metropolitan press and my notoriety spread through the country. Mr. Phelps was one of the scholarly and clever men of the House and he took up my retort in a bright speech in which he said that the "gentleman from Illinois with an eloquence that was untutored but very effective, whose imagination flashed along the iron network of his logic in a way that fairly astonished the House, spoke of a great many things that filled me with amazement. He spoke of the hayseed in his hair and under the magic touch of his voice that hayseed glowed around his head like a halo of the martyrs; and when he spoke of the oats in his pocket, it was with such force and such eloquence

that I knew he felt them." Representative Cobb, of Kansas, rushed to my defense and also of hayseed and oats, which only gave Mr. Phelps another opportunity further to emphasize my western qualifications for educating the whole country on the shortcomings of former Congresses.

It was grist to the mill of the newspaper correspondents not only for that day but for many days until I became the sole possessor of a new style of hair dressing. The cartoonists also found suggestions for pictures that made my features familiar to the whole country and I suppose that I owe to that speech the beginning of my figuring in cartoons for nearly fifty years. I made one of the longest and most elaborate speeches on that bill that I ever made on the floor and but for the interruptions and the hazings I received from the older members and the opposition from the metropolitan press which aroused the rural members, I suspect I might have failed in my first legislative effort. But there was a good deal of hayseed in that House and being good seed it passed the bill over the united opposition of the floor leaders of both parties in the House. After that experience I went back in speechmaking to the method forced upon me when, as a young lawyer traveling a country circuit, I had to prepare my case in the saddle and fight with the catch as catch can plan. I consid-

ered the facts I had to deal with and used them if necessary but did not make speeches to consume time or to cumber the *Record*. More legislation is delayed and embarrassed by too much speaking by the defenders than by the opponents. If I had not made a long speech I might not have invited some of the opposition I encountered. But William Walter Phelps helped me out with his suggestion of oats in my pocket, and I took advantage of that interruption to add the hayseed and won on that issue.

Those early legislative days taught me something else besides the value of publicity. The Forty-second Congress had increased the salaries of members of Congress—the much derided and bitterly assailed “salary grab” as it was called—and cut off the franking privileges of members. The succeeding Congress, the one in which I became a member for the first time, reversed the action of its immediate predecessor, by reducing the salaries to their former figures and restoring the franking privilege; but the men who had been members of the last Congress did not dare sponsor the return of the free postage, fearing they would again be denounced as grafters and plunderers of the Treasury. As a member of the Post Office Committee lately arrived with hayseed in my hair, what more appropriate than that I should be made the goat?

I didn't know it at the time; perhaps had I known it I might have declined the part assigned to me, or being rash and young, who knows but what I might not have defied fate? Being inexperienced I was ready to be led to the slaughter. I offered the bill to restore the franking privilege and made my speech in favor of it. And then I began to see a light. I was surprised that some of the men who had impressed upon me the justice of the bill and the great honor conferred upon a new member by being intrusted with the management of legislation of such importance, now got up and not only spoke against the bill but made sport of me. It was rather a disillusionment, but I was forced to admit that I had been made the goat, and that no matter what happened I should probably get the worst of it, so I came to the conclusion that I had little to lose and might as well fight it through.

The newspapers, the metropolitan press especially, paid me much attention by satirically complimenting me for trying to restore the old graft of the frank by which I or any fellow hayseed could bring his horse, his cow, his chickens, pigs and household furniture and the family Bible to Washington at the expense of the Government. Much of this was in a spirit of fun, but I was not in a position to appreciate their sardonic humor. Nor was it encouraging when old Members who had

asked me to take up the bill now requested to be allowed to oppose it to keep in good standing with the newspapers. I think many city Members had to do some clever campaigning with the country Members to induce them to furnish the majority and make it appear as hayseed graft, although practically all the city Members were as anxious to have the frank restored as the hayseeds, but they had to keep an eye on their constituencies. There is no man on earth so anxious to anticipate the demands of a wise, intelligent and just public sentiment as the Member of Congress who goes back every twenty-four months to have his commission renewed.

The experience in that first effort as a legislator was valuable to me in the after years. I learned that speeches do not necessarily express the opinion or desire of the Member, and there are times when a Member will not vote for what he wants if there are enough votes to carry the bill without recording his own vote. There must almost always be a goat in the House to take the responsibility for doing or refusing to do something in the face of criticism. I had a very good start and training for that kind of work in my first Congress and I have had my share of it in the past fifty years. I have been at different times termed a reformer and a reactionary and have had my reforms and reactions denounced

or approved long after they had been forgotten. That has been some consolation for the criticism and abuse at the time of action.

As I look back to that time when first I entered the House, now more than forty years ago, another thought occurs to me. Blaine was in the Speaker's Chair, the last of a continuous line of Republican Speakers from the beginning of the Civil War. Blaine was a great Speaker, and no one ever thought of criticising him for being a partisan. How times have changed! Nowadays a Speaker is expected to be nothing more than a Sunday School teacher, to pat all the good little boys on the head and turn the other cheek when the bad boys use him as a target for their bean shooters. Blaine was not only the Republican leader of the House but also of the country. He was fair to the Democrats, but they never took exception because he was a Republican and considered it his duty to use such influence as he possessed to further legislation in harmony with Republican policies. I think it would have been considered something of a joke for any one to have found fault with a Republican Speaker because he considered the Republican majority in the House responsible for legislation and looked upon himself as the representative of that majority. I can not picture Blaine a political eunuch, a nonpartisan in



From Judge

JEALOUS JIM

McKinley and Blaine Bidding for the Leadership of the Republican Party

any position he might be called upon to fill. It would have been as amusing to see Speaker Blaine a mere moderator over the House as it would have been to see John G. Carlisle, or Tom Reed, or Henry Clay performing in that manner. They were all virile men, and the men who elected them to the Speakership expected them to use their strength in the cause of government as their parties understood it, not to sit in the Speaker's chair like a Hindoo idol.

The men on the floor were also party men, and they made no apologies for their party principles. They fought out their contests as the people fought them at the polls. It was their loyalty to the principles in which they believed that made them strong men, and made the Congress truly representative of the people. The readiness of men to fight for what they believed the best policies of government not only gave us a representative government but clean legislation, because the minority was watchful and vigorous in holding the majority to strict account as the party responsible for legislation. When we abandon political parties representing policies in which the people believe, we fly to anarchy or despotism or both. Time and again I have seen a portion of the people under the spell of hero worship ready to give all authority to the one

man who for the moment was their idol; but this is never lasting, the idol is found to be only clay and, knocked off its pedestal, is stamped in the mud. We Americans are a sentimental people, but we temper sentiment with practical shrewdness.

CHAPTER VII

HOW TILDEN LOST THE PRESIDENCY

THE history of the Electoral Count is known to every high school boy. I do not propose to add my contribution, but simply to tell you how the White House stood open to Tilden and was swung to in his face because one Democratic Member of the House outwitted another Democratic member. Had that one Member been a slower thinker and the other quicker to see how adroitly he was being tied and muzzled, Tilden and not Hayes would have been declared elected President. I do not recollect ever having seen the story in print.

Samuel J. Randall was the Speaker of the House, and on him devolved the chief responsibility to keep the House from Political anarchy and the country, for the second time in a little more than a decade, again being plunged into civil war. Partisanship was intense; on both sides of the Chamber as well as throughout the country passion raged fiercely. Every Republican was certain Hayes had been legally elected and the Democrats were trying to steal the Presidency; every Democrat was no less certain the Republicans, having

conquered the South in battle and held it in subjection by Federal bayonets, was determined to prevent it from exercising the right of franchise. The fierce struggle began the day after election and lasted until the inauguration of President Hayes on March 4, 1877. No man was neutral, and in those days, perhaps because the wounds of war were still open and in every home there were poignant memories, we took our politics more savagely than we do today. Passion was everywhere.

The Republicans had a majority in the Senate, in the House the Democrats were in control. That threw upon them the major responsibility, and it made Mr. Randall, as the Speaker and leader of his party, the central figure. His chief lieutenants were Fernando Wood, of New York, and Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, famous and powerful as the Editor of the *Louisville Courier Journal*. Randall was a Protection Democrat, Wood a Tammany Brave, Watterson the parent of the Star-eyed Goddess of Tariff Reform. Temperamentally the three men were as different as they were in economic beliefs, but in fundamentals they were alike. All admired Tilden and believed he had been duly elected; all set their faces against revolution, and confronted with the choice between revolution and legal methods did not for a moment hesitate. At

the time all three men were accused of betraying their party, but they lived to receive the plaudits of their fellow men.

The Republicans had carried all the Northern States except New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana; the Democrats all the Southern States except South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana. The Democrats claimed the electoral votes of these three Southern States and a majority of eighteen in the electoral college. If those votes were counted for Hayes, he had a majority of one. It was as certain as anything could be that the two houses would not agree and that no candidate would be declared elected.

Various plans were proposed as a way out of the deadlock, and finally, with the approval of Mr. Tilden, as generally understood at the time, the Electoral Commission was created to consist of fifteen members, five Senators, five Representatives and five Justices of the Supreme Court. The Democratic House selected three Democrats and two Republicans; the Republican Senate appointed three Republicans and two Democrats; and the law named four of the Justices by designating their circuits, these four to select the fifth member from the Court. The gods delight in odd numbers, and the tutelary deities must look with peculiar affection upon the politics of a democracy, because in

this country we settle all our controversies by majorities, and usually by the odd man. It was the odd man of the Commission, that one Justice to be selected by the other four, who would decide who had been elected President.

On Friday, February 9, the Commission by a vote of eight to seven, decided the Florida contest in favor of Hayes, and the next day, when the result was reported to the House, there was wild excitement on the Democratic side. Proctor Knott, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and acknowledged author of the Commission plan, moved to recommit the report to the Commission. Randall ruled the motion out of order, his ruling was accepted, and the Commission's action was final. After that decision there was ceaseless and bitter partisan agitation throughout the country, for it was obvious that the Florida case would be the precedent for similar decisions in Louisiana and South Carolina, and Hayes would be declared President. The friends of Tilden now brought forward objections to the count of the vote of Oregon and Wisconsin.

The Commission decided the South Carolina contest on February 27, and its report was laid before the House the next day, four days before the expiration of the Congress and the term of President Grant. Then began the last desperate

filibuster, with Springer, of Illinois, leading it, supported by a majority of the Democrats. It was a peculiar situation, the conservative Democrats and all the Republicans lined up with the Democratic Speaker, while the radical Democrats were opposing him. Fernando Wood of New York was the floor leader of the men behind the Speaker and he had General Garfield, Eugene Hale, George F. Hoar and O. D. Conger, all Republicans; and Henry Watterson, Ben Hill, John Young Brown and L. Q. C. Lamar, all Democrats, as his lieutenants; Springer, of Illinois, and Roger Q. Mills of Texas, led the fight against him and the Commission. The Republicans at no time took the lead. They were simply the reserve column of the conservative democrats, ready to lead their support if needed.

The filibuster began on the last day of February and continued through the day to prevent the House from taking up the report of the Commission on the South Carolina contest; for with that case settled the count would be practically finished and Hayes elected. Just as the Wisconsin vote was about to be taken up Mills made the boldest and most dangerous contribution to the confusion. He offered what he claimed was a privilege resolution—that the House proceed immediately in obedience to the Constitution to choose a President

from the three persons having the highest number of votes on the list of those voted for as President. This the Constitution requires, when no immediate candidate has received a majority of the electoral votes. Mills was determined to precipitate a conflict and compel his party to throw overboard the Commission and the law creating it, and he was a clever and stubborn fighter with a large following on the Democratic side. Randall instantly saw the danger of this move and the impossibility of refusing to recognize Mills whose right to present the resolution could not be denied. He promised Mills that his resolution should be considered at the proper time, and he permitted the debate to cover a wide field. It ran through Thursday and that night, and toward morning the late Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky, made a speech which was picturesque in its extravagance. It was now Friday morning, he said, the day on which the Savior of the world suffered crucifixion, and the night of the day when constitutional government, justice, honesty, fair dealing, manhood and decency were to suffer crucifixion among a number of thieves. He regretted that the blow had come, not from his political opponents, but from his misguided friends, and I have never forgotten his quotation:

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,

Views his own feather on the fatal dart,
That winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.

After the Wisconsin vote had been canvassed, which settled the contest in favor of Hayes, Speaker Randall conceded it was the proper time for Mills to offer his resolution, but the fiery Texan saw how neatly he had been trapped and hotly declared he had been tricked by the Speaker and withdrew the resolution. Had Mills' resolution been put to a vote, Tilden and not Hayes would have gone to the White House. By throwing the presidential election into the House, the vote would have been taken by States, the majority in each State delegation determining how the vote should be cast. That would have given Tilden twenty three states and Hayes fourteen with Florida not voting as the delegation was equally divided. If Mills had been a little quicker witted or Randall a less astute parliamentarian, how different history might have been written! At that moment Tilden had the presidency in his grasp, and Randall dashed it from his hands. Fame is not always statesmanship. Sometimes it is adroit manipulation.

I lived at the National Hotel, which was the principal headquarters for Southern politicians. Alexander H. Stephens, former Vice President of the Confederate States, and many other Southern members lived there, and it was a gathering place

for the men who came from the South to see Tilden installed in the White House. Senator Ferry of Michigan, President of the Senate, who presided over the joint sessions and was the depository of the packages of electoral votes, also lived there and his rooms were the center of attraction for Republicans who thought he needed protection in that Southern atmosphere. But Stephens and Ferry were congenial neighbors of mine and we talked over the situation more calmly than the lobby could realize. Stephens was philosophic and not ready for another Civil War over the election of Presidents, and Ferry was one of the best-natured men I ever knew.

Wormley's Hotel at the corner of 15th and "H" Streets was another center, particularly for eating and drinking. And the rumors that almost hourly came from that place were ominous, conflicting and picturesque. There met the men to settle the fate of the nation, and the news that leaked out from Wormley's was mysterious as well as cocksure and contradictory—news of compromise, of frauds and deals, of bribery and corruption. Wall Street had put up a big fund to buy the Returning Board of Louisiana for Hayes; Wall Street had bought the same Returning Board for Tilden. The names of some of the most conspicuous Republicans and Democrats in the country were freely

mentioned and printed, for libel laws then as now appeared to be silent in political controversy, and men believed what their environments and their prejudices led them to believe. The Speaker and other members of the House who refused to count in Hayes were to be arrested by order of President Grant. The air was full of rumors, all of them positive and explicit to convince members of the House that hell had broken loose in the National Capital and there was no pitch hot enough to deal with the situation.

Early in Hayes' Administration John Sherman, his Secretary of the Treasury, removed Chester A. Arthur as Collector of the Port of New York. Apparently not a matter of great moment except to the victim of the official axe, but it was to have the most momentous consequences. Without consulting Conkling or Platt, the New York Senators, the President appointed Theodore Roosevelt as Arthur's successor. Conkling was not the man meekly to submit to his rights being invaded or his dignity affronted by an Ohio Secretary of the Treasury. Conkling defeated Roosevelt's confirmation. After Congress adjourned the President gave a recess commission to Edwin A. Merritt, and after a stiff contest he was confirmed when Congress met in December, 1878. This was the beginning of the bitter factional fight in New York

that lasted for a dozen years and cost one President his life.

Chester A. Arthur was one of the principal lieutenants of Senator Conkling, and the Theodore Roosevelt who was nominated as Collector and defeated by Conkling, was the father of President Roosevelt. Now see what a strange thing is life, or luck or fate—call it what you will; and what fantastic patterns it weaves with the lives of men. Hayes was not a strong man; Conkling was the most dominant figure in the public life of his time; seemingly Hayes was the least unlikely of all men to go out of his way openly to defy Conkling. That defiance led to a remarkable train of political events. Within four years of his removal as Collector of the port of New York, Chester A. Arthur was President of the United States; within twenty-four years from the time when the Senate refused to confirm the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt as the Collector of the port of New York, his son was President. Both men entered the White House across a grave; Arthur succeeding his chief Garfield, dead from a fanatic's hand; Roosevelt taking up McKinley's burden when his heart was stilled for ever by a half-crazed youth. The parallel goes further. Garfield did not want Arthur on the ticket with him as the vice presidential candidate; McKinley not only opposed but tried to prevent

Roosevelt's nomination. Under practically the same circumstances and for almost the same reasons two New York men became President by the assassination of two Ohio Presidents, and both Arthur and Roosevelt were two of the most popular Presidents we have had. The stone rejected became the chief stone of the temple.

Hayes may be given credit for good intentions, but his methods were peculiar to say the least. The office of Collector of the Port is outside of civil service rules, it was a place properly belonging to the Senator, and when Hayes made an appointment without consulting Conkling, what could Conkling do but accept it as an open declaration of war and notice served upon him that he need not trouble to file any other recommendations at the White House? In other appointments Hayes followed the same course. He made his own selections, Conkling and his sympathisers asserted, or accepted the recommendation of men who were not in political sympathy with the great mass of the party. The immensely important political patronage of the Treasury was placed in the hands of John Sherman; all the most lucrative appointments were reserved for Ohio, and neither the President nor his Secretary of the Treasury could see beyond the borders of that State when they talked so eloquently about the necessity of introducing the civil

service system into the Government. Some of the dissatisfied Republican Senators did not hesitate to say that President Hayes' idea of a civil service system was a scheme by which every Ohio politician could be put on the Government payroll and kept there until he died. It was assumed as a matter of course that no Ohio politician would ever resign.

The feeling created found its expression even in the Cabinet. At a meeting early in the life of the Administration the President announced three or four personal appointments he intended to make in the diplomatic service. He had not consulted Secretary of State Evarts and the announcement took the Secretary by surprise. He calmly replied, "Mr. President, I have never had the good fortune to see the great western reserve of Ohio of which we have heard so much." The President did not catch the quiet sarcasm of his Secretary of State until some of the other members of the Cabinet smiled and then all broke into a loud laugh in which the President belatedly joined without much sign of merriment.

Garfield, who succeeded Hayes, I knew well and admired, having served in the House with him. He was a handsome and magnetic man, and one of the most eloquent orators who ever sat in the House. He had a commanding figure, a massive head and a wonderfully musical voice. His speech

nominating Sherman in the Chicago convention is known to every reader of political literature, and is considered his greatest utterance. It was a striking oration. Garfield has been called a weak man. I think it would be fairer to say of him, his will power was not equal to his imagination, and both were inferior to his personal magnetism. He had great charm and attracted his fellow men. He could picture what ought to be done, but he quickly changed his mind, which gave him the reputation for being variable, for easily making a promise and as lightly disregarding it. Even some of his warmest friends and admirers admitted this while they regretted it, and it made them fear he was temperamentally unfitted for the presidency.

After Garfield's nomination the New York delegation nominated Arthur for the vice presidency, and the Ohio delegation, of which Garfield was chairman, voted solidly for Arthur. Thus it was made to appear that Garfield was anxious to atone to Arthur for the affront he had suffered at the hands of Hayes. Whether Garfield promised Conkling the disposal of the New York patronage, as was subsequently asserted, will always remain in doubt, but what early became manifest was that President Garfield did not intend to consult Conkling any more than had Hayes. I think the quarrel between Garfield and Conkling was one of the most

disastrous things that ever happened to the Republican party, and it had consequences much more serious than the circumstances warranted. I am frank to say that I think Garfield was to blame, but while Conkling was merely insisting upon what by the unwritten law of politics was his right, a little tact on the part of Garfield, and a more conciliatory attitude on the part of Conkling, could easily have led to a satisfactory compromise.

It had long been accepted as a matter of course that high Federal appointments, such as Collectors of Customs, Marshals, District Attorneys and others, were political and to be made by the President on the recommendation of the Senators because the Senate must confirm the nominations. Even Senators of the opposition party have insisted on being shown consideration in the appointment of Postmasters in their home cities, and I have known a nomination to be rejected on the simple statement of a Senator that it was personally offensive to him. Some of the most bitter quarrels between Senators and Representatives from the same State have been caused by the President's following the recommendation of the Senators instead of the Representatives. Speaker Reed could not secure the appointment of the Collector in his home city because President Harrison accepted the recommendations of Senators Hale and Frye, both of

whom lived in other parts of the State. I have never in my long service been able to secure the appointment of a Federal official in my own district except the Postmaster, without the endorsement of the Republican Senators from Illinois. With this universal custom, it is rather strange to me, and was at the time, to hear men talk and to read in the newspapers of Conkling's imperial assumption to name the Collector of Customs in New York, and praise of President Garfield for making an appointment offensive to the New York Senators. It was openly charged at the time that the President secured the confirmation of Robertson as Collector by the promise of patronage to other Senators; certainly other Senators did secure the nomination of men they wanted appointed to office. While I had no love for Senator Conkling, I have always regretted that inconsistent and autocratic assumption of power by Garfield.

This foolish, petty quarrel over such a trivial thing as an appointment, led to the murder of the President, the enforced retirement from public life of the foremost figure of his day, the defeat of the ambition of a man who was the idol of thousands of Americans, and the loss of the presidency at the succeeding election. The historian writing from the record, who had not lived while history was being made, would record the facts and express his

amazement that two strong and powerful men occupying high station could be so childish, and he would feel there was a deeper and more obscure cause. I suspect that is the way a great deal of history has always been written, and that history is a mixture of fairy tale, imagination and ignorance.

Blaine was the evil genius. He had long been at enmity with Conkling. Both were strong-willed, vain, impetuous; both were ambitious and high strung; both had great confidence in themselves and their abilities; neither was of a conciliatory disposition nor willing to admit an error. The friction began when both were members of the House; they indulged in personalities on the floor, their feelings became so bitter that neither forgave the other nor had any personal relations. Blaine exercised great influence over Garfield; I have always thought it was shortsighted and unfair for Blaine to have used his influence and his position as the head of the Cabinet to provoke a quarrel between the President and Conkling by insisting upon an appointment offensive to the Senator and in no way connected with the State Department. It was a stupid thing for Blaine to do. He had not surrendered his ambition to be President, and when he was nominated and defeated in 1884, it was at the hands of New York he met defeat, although

Conkling was then out of politics. Conkling resigned his seat when the Senate confirmed Robertson as Collector. He saw an opportunity to do something spectacular, to indulge in the dramatic, which he always loved. As Lord Paramount of New York he would order *his* Legislature to re-elect him (merely an empty formality), and show the President and Blaine that he was Master of his State. He would come back to Washington greater and more powerful than ever; he would make the President understand that New York was simply a geographical expression. It was Conkling who was the State. And to swell his own triumph he carried Thomas C. Platt in his train. He ordered Platt to resign; Platt, unknown and unimportant, did so. Platt, later to be the powerful "Boss" of the Republican party of New York, to whom Presidents deferred, at that time was merely "Me Too" Platt, the echo to the imperious voice of Conkling. It would add to Conkling's triumph to elect not only himself but also his faithful servitor.

Conkling was a man of very great ability, he was an experienced politician, he knew the ways of men, their selfishness and their fears, but he forgot one thing, and that often happens when a man is eaten up with vanity or hungers for revenge. What Conkling forgot—and he would have been the first to recognize it had he been acting as agent

or counsel instead of principal—was that a newly elected President is perhaps the most powerful ruler on earth. The President freshly come into the White House has unlimited patronage at his command, favors to bestow without end. The President can make men as he can unmake them. No matter what influence a Senator wields in his State, it is insignificant compared with that of the President, with the appointments yet to be made and the commissions still to be signed. Time and time men have tried to fight the President, and never have they succeeded. Conkling suffered the usual fate. The Legislature rejected him and threw in Platt for good measure. That was the end of Conkling. He retired from politics and went back to the practice of law. It was the conclusion of one of the most dramatic chapters in American political history. Garfield's indecision was as much to blame as Blaine's overweening ambition and desire for revenge and Conkling's vanity.

Garfield's assassination was of course the result of the political quarrels which immediately followed his inauguration, but I think the press cannot escape its responsibility. Liberty of the press became license for scandal and abuse, the "Half-breeds" and "Stalwarts" were represented on the verge of conflict, the public mind became inflamed, and a crack-brained aspirant for a petty office con-

cluded he had a grievance that justified murder. There were more scandals published and circulated about Garfield and Conkling in that summer of 1881 than I ever heard except in the Presidential campaign of 1884, when the grave was robbed and youthful indiscretions revived to regale the people with stories that, if true, would have made both Blaine and Cleveland unfit to hold the office of President. It was the same thing in 1881 when no scandal was too mean and degrading to be attached to the names of the President and the New York Senator, both of whom had been in public life, in the House and Senate for many years, respected and honored. Garfield had the distinction of having been elected to the House, the Senate and the Presidency all within a year, so that he had to resign two positions to become President.

Vice President Arthur was the fourth man to become President by the death of the elected President, and with the exception of Theodore Roosevelt was the most successful and popular executive to reach the White House at the hands of an assassin. President Arthur began his administration by making it clearly understood he had no friends to reward or enemies to punish. No longer were there to be any party feuds. No man ever inherited more factional troubles, and no man ever handled them with greater skill or in a better way

to compose difficulties and unify his party. He did more. Arthur came into the White House with the reputation of being nothing but a ward politician and knowing little about anything else except ward politics. He was practically unknown to the country, and the country pictured him a typical Tammany "roughneck," illiterate almost, coarse, with a fondness for large diamonds and flashy clothes. The "politician" was an ideal Chief Executive, dignified, courtly, a man of fine tastes, well read, and he quickly won the respect of the country irrespective of party divisions. His messages compare favorably with those of his predecessors and also his successors, and he showed more consideration for Congress than did Garfield, who had won his fame in Congress, while at the same time he displayed firmness when he came to exercise the veto power. If comparisons are permissible, President Arthur exhibited the same qualities of leadership that distinguished President Harding forty years later. Like Harding he looked the part. He was a handsome man, always knew just what to do to make his callers easy in his presence, yet he encouraged no familiarity. He was President, at the same time he was a citizen like other citizens, only temporarily clothed with power to execute the laws. His political training stood him in good advantage when he had to handle the

numerous problems arising out of the presidency. He was master of the situation in which he had been placed by a national tragedy, and that was early recognized by Senators and Representatives and the country generally.

We all liked and admired President Arthur and I believe he would have been renominated and elected for another term had it not been for the insatiable ambition of Blaine and the damned foolishness of his friends. Blaine had been bitten early in his career by the presidential spider, and from that wound a man never recovers. The White House always beckoned him, and his followers could not forget the two defeats of their idol or abandon the belief that Conkling and his faction had engineered both. Nothing would compensate them but Blaine's election as the just reward for all that he had been made to suffer. Conkling was beyond them, but Arthur, Conkling's creature, the beneficiary of his treachery, could be made the vicarious sacrifice.

Arthur was defeated by his trousers, and curiously enough those particular nether garments were worn more by his well-meaning but fool friends than the President. Arthur was a gentleman and dressed the part as have most of the Presidents, but his publicity agents were not content with that. The impression the country had when Arthur first

came into the White House was a ward politician with a weakness for startling clothes. To remove that impression his kind friends went to the other extreme. Daily they filled the newspapers with descriptions of what he wore, the number of times a day he changed his suits, the various pairs of trousers his valet pressed, his huge stock of neckties of all colors and styles. It was intended to make the country see Arthur as he really was, instead of which he was made to appear ridiculous. His opponents were quick to perceive that if they could persuade the country, the West especially, that instead of having a statesman in the White House they had only a fashion plate or a tailor's dummy, a good deal could be made out of it, for in the West at that time the common people were not particular about the fashionable cut of their clothes or the color of their neckties, but considered they were complying with the rules of good social custom if they had one Sunday suit and a working suit. They soon began to inquire if the President had time for any official work when he had to change his clothes so many times a day. Those western people were at that time described as "wild and woolly" by the newspapers of the East, especially in New York, and the contrast they made between the elegant manners and fine apparel of the President and the uncouth manners and careless



From Judge

THE DANAID WHO IS CONDEMNED TO FILL A LEAKING VESSEL
A Contemporary View of President Arthur

dress of the westerners prejudiced the West against Arthur as "a New York dude." It was as cruel a misrepresentation as I ever knew—and I have had some experiences in that line, but never as a sartorial paragon—and it was started by the newspaper correspondents who were trying to pave the way for the President's nomination in 1884. It helped to defeat him, and again defeat the Republican party.

CHAPTER VIII

A FAMOUS QUORUM

IN Thomas B. Reed there was combined the greatest intellect with the greatest courage, the keenest appreciation of humor and the greatest command of sarcasm I ever knew. He was a born leader, a natural ruler of men, and in my opinion no man who presided over the House before him or has come since can compare with him. I am afraid of the "brilliant man." Tom Reed was the exception. We owe him a great debt. When he came to the Chair he found the rules of our House so framed that they made it possible for a minority to defeat the will of the majority, for a few men to obstruct many; rules made to prevent business rather than to despatch it. Men saw the folly of this code, but they said it had always been and therefore it could not be changed. It has often been said by superficial observers, foreign no less than American, that we are a radical people, always experimenting and always seeking after novelty. In truth, we are conservative; we shrink from change until we are driven to it. We like our traditions, and it is because we have so few of them that we cling to

those we have. Would any except a conservative people defeat a President in December and then allow him to remain in authority until the following March? But we do it because it was done by the Fathers, and what was done by the Fathers we venerate.

Reed was an iconoclast. He had reverence for the past, but he was not hampered by the strait-jacket of tradition. Single-handed he carried through a revolution. Only a man of undaunted courage could have done this. Only a man of great ability, with a philosophical conception of parliamentary law and the fundamental principle of the right of the House of Representatives to govern itself, could have created a code that was accepted by his partisans and made their own by his opponents; that received the sanction of the Courts and the approval of the common sense of the people. This Reed did.

When the Fifty-first Congress met in December, 1889, Reed, McKinley and I were the Republican candidates for the Speakership, and he won in the caucus. Let me be honest. It is the hypocrisy of politics for a defeated candidate to say his defeat brings him no disappointment, that his successful rival is the better man, that the caucus, or convention or party has shown true wisdom and made the wisest choice. No defeated candidate

really believes this; instead of subscribing to the rare wisdom displayed by the delegates or members, deep in his heart he knows they are fools and incapable of appreciating merit. After the vote was given to Reed I congratulated him as in duty bound, but the Speakership was my ambition. I was vain enough to believe that I was as good a man as Reed—I put it moderately, as I tried to persuade myself I must be fair and not be governed by prejudice—and being a Western man it was more fitting that the West should have the Speakership than the East. I do not know how McKinley felt about his defeat, as we never exchanged confidences on the subject, but I am quite prepared to believe his feelings were not very different from mine. That was before I knew Reed as well as I came to know him later. Having been honest in telling things which men generally keep to themselves, you will believe me when I say with perfect honesty that no one better appreciated than I what a fortunate thing it was for the country and the party that the caucus elected Reed Speaker and not McKinley or Cannon. Perhaps, after all, wisdom resides in a caucus rather than in an individual. Reed was the man for the place at that time. I don't think McKinley was; he was too amiable, too sweet-tempered, too reluctant to



From Judge

encourage innovation. I am quite sure I was not. It required Reed to count a quorum.

Reed and I had been the minority members of the Committee on Rules when Carlisle was Speaker, and in a purely non-partisan way we had often discussed the necessity of some method being devised to destroy the filibuster, which made it possible for a small minority to defeat the will of the majority. After Reed became Speaker and Chairman of the Committee on Rules, and I became his lieutenant in parliamentary procedure, we began the more serious consideration of the question as a party measure to enable the majority to conduct the public business and enact into legislation the principles approved by the voters in the election.

I had been in the House for nearly twenty years and had more experience in parliamentary contests than Reed. He drew on my knowledge and often deferred to my judgment; for while Reed never needed anybody to make up his mind for him, he was never so cocksure of himself that he scorned advice or suggestion or thought he knew better than anyone else. He was a man without fear, and I think with very little vanity. He made many enemies because he could not tolerate a fool, a knave or a hypocrite, and he seldom if ever tried to hide his feelings. I have known no other man in public life who had his power of sarcasm or

sardonic wit, who in half-a-dozen words could annihilate an opponent or, what was worse, make him appear ridiculous. He was a man of colossal intellect, a deep, clear and philosophical thinker; who read everything and forgot little; who had a contempt for the meanness of shallow human nature and detested the petty tricks of petty politicians. Reed was never a politician, nor could he enter into their minds. He tolerated his constituents, but I think it is fair to say he did not love them.

Shortly after one of his elections—which is a time when probably every member of the House, with the recollection of the election fresh in his memory, has a more or less sentimental regard for his constituents and is thinking how he can impress them with his greatness and hold their votes for the next election—he was asked to secure some condemned cannon from the War Department to decorate a soldiers' monument soon to be dedicated in one of the cities of his District. Reed's answer was characteristic. He thought, he wrote the Committee, he had been elected to Congress to take part in legislation and not to act as an errand boy. However, perhaps he was mistaken; and if his District wanted an errand boy they must find him somewhere else. It was Reed all the way through. Condemned cannon no more interested him than office seekers or appointments; he hated them as

much as he did being bored, and nothing seemed to him more foolish than to have to listen to the weak or ignorant man or woman, puffed up by conceit and without an original idea. But you must not gather from this that Tom Reed was a misanthrope, who looked upon himself as a superior person and set himself above his fellows. He was a charming companion, a good story teller and witty, kind and sympathetic, whose friends loved him as much as his enemies abominated him. He enjoyed the society of pretty women and they greatly admired him; but he always insisted that a woman must have brains as well as beauty to be attractive to men. Reed judged other men by himself. Cleverness more than anything else appealed to him. Few men in our political history have been so savagely aspersed and so bitterly denounced as Reed. He was the object of the most extreme partisan attack and venomous abuse. He was the original American political "Czar," to millions of people he was a tyrant worse than any Rome ever had, they believed he was brutal in his manner and conversation, took mean advantage of the Democrats simply for politics, and stopped at no dishonesty if it would help his party and injure his enemies.

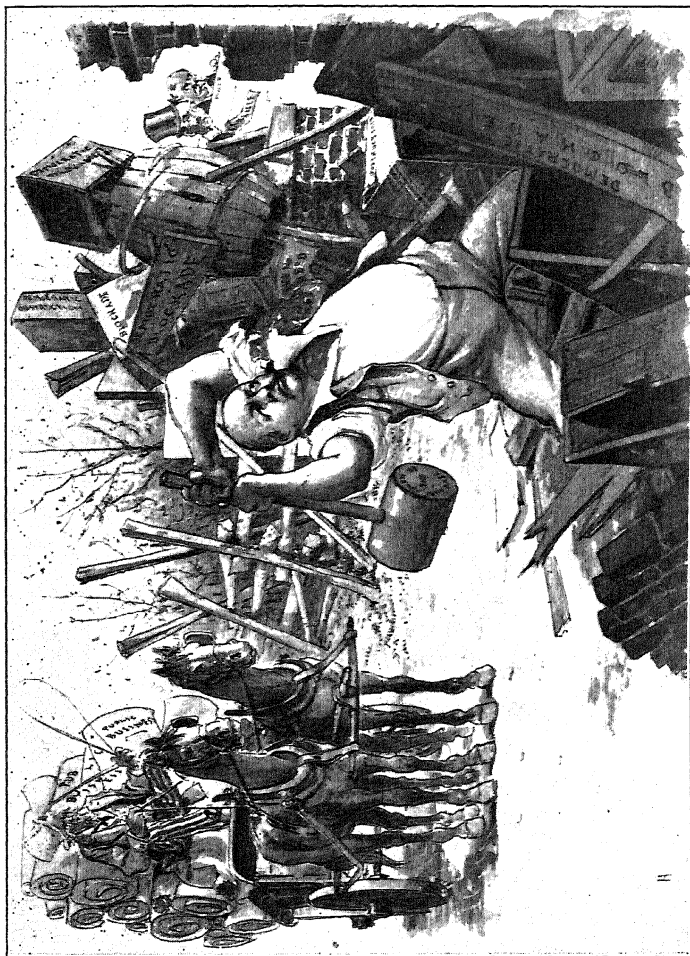
I remember an incident that showed the impression lodged in the minds of the public. Reed sat

one night at dinner next to a pretty woman, the wife of a prominent Democratic Senator, whom he had just met for the first time. At the beginning she was almost silent, replied very curtly to his conversation and showed her dislike plainly; but as the dinner went on she came under his charm, her manner changed completely, and before the dinner was over she said to him with some confusion:

"Mr. Speaker, I want to apologize to you. From what I had heard, I thought you were a dreadful person and resented having to sit next to you, and now——"

"And now," Reed drawled out, "you resent that I forgot to bring my horns to dinner."

Perhaps because of the false impression that was created, perhaps because of the intense prejudice which was never effaced, the country did not properly appreciate Reed's greatness and he holds only a secondary place in the American Hall of Fame; yet I maintain that he was the greatest of all our Speakers, that he rendered inestimable service to the country when he had the courage to defy tradition and bring in the Reed Rules of parliamentary procedure and showed himself one of the leading authorities of the science of parliamentary government. He would probably have been nominated for the presidency instead of McKinley had



From Judge

CLEARING THE ROAD—A STRONG MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE

Tom Reed Using the Power of the Speaker to Good Purpose

he not been the victim of treachery. He took his disappointment manfully. When the man who betrayed him attempted to explain Reed silenced him by drawling out: "God Almighty hates a quitter." That was all. He had been stabbed in the back, but it was not in him to put his wounds on exhibition or complain of the pain they caused him.

When the House met in December 1889, we had a majority of four only, entirely too small to be pleasant, and so close to the vanishing point that the Democrats felt almost certain, under the advantage for obstruction given them by the rules, they could filibuster against the tariff bill we proposed to pass and prevent the passage of any other legislation they opposed. There were several Democratic seats contested by Republicans, and if the contests were decided in favor of the Republicans—and while contests are always decided on their merits yet curiously enough they usually follow the complexion of the political majority—our total vote would be correspondingly increased. Reed requested the Committee on Elections to dispose of these cases as early as possible.

It was a passionate fighting House from the beginning. The campaign of the year before had been bitter and acrimonious and the memories of the campaign had not been forgotten, the Demo-

crats were angry at having lost the election, and they were determined not to allow us to enjoy our victory in peace. Our narrow majority, the knowledge that we were going to pass a tariff bill, that Lodge was pressing his Federal Election bill, which was a menace to Southern control; and other important legislation on our programme made the Democrats resolve to take the fullest advantage of the rules which gave to the minority the real command over legislation. The majority must enact legislation to justify the confidence of the people in having placed them in power, while all that the minority had to do was merely to obstruct and prevent the passage of laws. That House, on both sides of the aisle, had more than a usual number of men of great ability, long service and experience as parliamentarians. On the Democratic side, in addition to two former Speakers, Randall and Carlisle, both of whom were acknowledged as two of the greatest Speakers, were W. C. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, and his nephew, C. R. Breckenridge, of Arkansas; James B. McCreary, of Kentucky; Charles R. Crisp, later to become Speaker, and James R. Blount, both of Georgia; Oates, and Joe Wheeler, of Alabama; Holman, Shively and Bynum, of Indiana; Springer, of Illinois; Catchings and Hooker, of Mississippi; Amos Cummings, of New York;

Outhwaite, of Ohio; McMillan and Richardson, of Tennessee; Mills and Sayers, of Texas; and Harry St. George Tucker, of Virginia. On the Republican side were Joseph McKenna, subsequently to become an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court; Hopkins, Payson, Hitt, and Rowell, of Illinois; D. B. Henderson, afterwards to be elected Speaker; Lacy, Conger and Dolliver, of Iowa; Dingley and Boutelle, of Maine; Lodge, Banks and Walker, of Massachusetts; McComas, of Maryland; Burrows, of Michigan; Mark Dunnell and John Lind, of Minnesota; Tom Carter, of Montana; Payne and Sherman, of New York; McKinley, Butterworth, Grosvenor and Burton, of Ohio; Bingham and Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; LaFollette, of Wisconsin, and Clarence Clark, of Wyoming; all were virile partisans, some of them veterans, others were to win their spurs later. There had been no such militant House since the Civil War.

The Democratic leaders had in effect told us that we could expect no help from them and whatever we did would have to be through our own men. This was practically impossible with a bare quorum, which was all we had until Democrats were turned out and their seats filled by Republicans. Half a dozen or so of our members were likely to be absent on account of sickness or urgent business reasons and to break a quorum all that

the Democrats had to do was purposely to stay away or to remain silent when their names were called, for the rules in force at that time permitted a member to be in his seat and refuse to answer when his name was called, in which case he was not recorded. No business can be transacted by the House unless a roll call discloses the presence of a quorum. The Democratic tactics were simply to block business by the obstruction of silence. Reed saw that some method must be devised to destroy the power of the filibuster, the greatest obstacle to the legislative control of the majority. But we had precedent to overcome, and precedent is frequently the enemy of common sense. The filibuster was a recognized parliamentary weapon, and its use by both parties had always been regarded as legitimate. Blaine when Speaker, and he was considered one of the greatest parliamentarians of his time, had refused to use his power to destroy the filibuster. I suppose there was the feeling that however subversive the filibuster was to the rule of the majority, it was, like the knife of the revolutionary, the last desperate resort against tyranny; the majority of today might be the minority of tomorrow, and no minority could allow itself to be disarmed. Hence not only in Congress but also in the State Legislatures the filibuster was used by a fighting minority. It shows Reed's independence

and courage that he was uninfluenced by these considerations. If a filibuster was morally wrong—and that was Reed's conviction—it was as indefensible when the Republicans were in the minority as when, being in the majority, they were the victims of the Democratic minority.

Reed did not act impetuously or under sudden inspiration, as some people have tried to make out. It was a deliberate action based upon deep conviction. He knew it to be right and he knew it was necessary. He had given the subject long and serious consideration. He was the leader of a revolution, and he had read history too closely not to know the fate of the rebel who fails. Reed carefully matured his plans, he felt sure of himself and his position, he was confident the Republican side of the House would follow him to the end; he sat waiting until the Democrats gave him the opportunity for striking the decisive blow. The battle opened on Wednesday, January 29, 1890. It was characteristic of Reed that he gave no advance notice either to the public or to the House. Neither Republican nor Democrat knew that Reed was ready to stage the revolution. He sent no word either to McKinley or me. He had previously told us to be constantly in readiness for he did not know when the time for action would come, but on that eventful morning we went into

the House and sat at our desks with no premonition that before the day was over history would be written.

After the customary routine proceedings Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, a member of the Committee on Elections, moved to take up the contested election case of Smith *vs.* Jackson from West Virginia, to which Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, objected and demanded a roll call. The vote was 161 in the affirmative and two in the negative, or less than a quorum, and Mr. Crisp did what is the right of every Member, and called the attention of the Speaker to the fact. Under the old rules it would have been the duty of the Speaker to direct the Sergeant at Arms to secure the attendance of the absentees, and until they made their presence known by voting no business could be done. The absentees were not so numerous as the tally suggested. As a matter of fact almost their entire strength was in the House, but they were pursuing their old tactics and sat silent. Paying no attention to Crisp, Mr. Reed, in his ordinary tones and without the slightest trace of excitement, directed the Clerk to place on the roll the names of members present but refusing to vote. It was the opening gun. Crisp shouted he appealed from the decision of the Chair; Reed slowly and deliberately named alphabetically the names

of the Democrats who had refused to vote, and called, "Mr. Breckenridge of Kentucky."

Breckenridge was a member of the famous Kentucky family, noted for his oratory and musical voice, which caused him to be called "silver tongued Breckenridge"; a handsome man with a powerful head and a mass of silver hair, a striking figure and usually one of the most courteous in his manner and in speech one of the most polite. Courtesy and polish had gone, so infuriated was the Kentuckian with Reed's revolutionary methods. He rushed down into the "well" in front of the Speaker's rostrum and was immediately followed by the entire Democratic side. There these angry men hurled insults at the Speaker, shook their fists in his face and denounced him as a tyrant. Had there been a leader to propose tearing Reed out of the Chair I verily believe the attempt would have been made. But Reed never appeared more admirably calm, more like a big, good-natured boy in manner and appearance, as with his beatific smile he serenely gazed upon those furious, shouting Democrats and waited for the disturbance to subside. Then, when the tumult had partially died down, Reed, in drawling, slightly sarcastic tones said: "The House will be in order."

What really angered the Democrats, I think, was their failure to make Reed mad and cause him to

lose his temper, and their surprise that he should have done what nobody believed was possible. When the Democrats rushed down into the "well" and began to assail him he showed his annoyance, but nothing more. His temptation was great to answer back—and how he would have enjoyed it!—but he closed his lips tight, he stood erect at his desk and waited until the storm had subsided. What could the Democrats do? They must have felt they were making a ridiculous spectacle of themselves, and as there was nothing to be made by jostling each other in front of a Speaker who seemed deaf to insult and indifferent to abuse, the only thing left to them was to troop back to their seats. Then this incomprehensible man continued to call the roll where he had been interrupted, the Democrats after each name was called drowning his voice and Reed patiently waiting until the tumult had in a measure died down when he named a few more men. Nothing could divert him. His purpose was to prove and place on record the fact that a quorum was present. It took him several hours to do this, but when his work was finished it was established that not only was there a quorum, but practically the entire membership was present in the House. This done, Reed addressed the House and for the first time since he had taken the Chair that day he was listened to in silence and

with respect. His action, he explained, was strictly legal and based on the provisions of the Constitution. Crisp and Carlisle spoke for the Democrats and I for our side. On McKinley's motion the House then adjourned as everyone was tired out by the excitement and wanted a chance to rest.

However, the battle was not yet over. When the House met the next day the contest was renewed by the Democrats refusing to approve the Journal, usually a perfunctory proceeding, and again Reed had to count a quorum. I have seen many ludicrous scenes in the House, but none ever to equal what happened while this was going on. Bynum, of Indiana, was a man generally well liked by the House, although very much of a partisan. When Reed called Bynum's name, Bynum, tall and lank, with a loud voice, rushed from his seat down the centre aisle and stood in the "well" in front of the Speaker's desk. Unlike the day before, he was not followed by the Democratic side but had a solitary supporter—it was a sort of valiant knight going to battle attended by his faithful squire—Martin of Texas. Martin was a character. He got into the newspapers the day after he arrived in Washington for the first time, and that is no small achievement for a new Member. Martin, according to the newspaper stories, was accustomed to candles and oil lamps and had never seen

a gas jet until he arrived, carpetbag in hand, at a boarding house near the capitol. That night on going to bed, not knowing how to turn out the gas, he calmly blew it out as he would an oil lamp, and there might have been a vacancy in the Texas delegation had not the people in the boarding house smelled the escaping gas and arrived in time to save his life and warn him against the consequences of blowing out the gas.

After adjournment the previous evening Reed, McKinley and I briefly discussed the events of the day. We told him he had handled himself splendidly, that his method had been perfect and he had undoubtedly smashed the filibuster. Reed said it was his intention to give the Democrats all the rope they wanted, as the more they had the more they would get themselves entangled. He would do nothing that had the slightest suggestion of oppression or depriving the members of their rights. If they wanted to talk or try to obstruct or call him names he would allow them the full measure of their enjoyment, but whenever it was necessary to disclose the presence of a quorum he would do so, no matter how long it took or what measures had to be employed. He asked us if we approved. We told him nothing could be better.

So when Bynum took the centre of the stage I was not surprised that Reed listened patiently to

his invective. Bynum stood facing the Speaker, Martin moved over to Bynum's left and stood with one foot on the first step leading to the dais. I don't know how seriously Bynum took himself, whether to him it was just another political fight and a glorious opportunity to get his name in every newspaper throughout the State; but Martin was deadly serious. He came from a part of the country where men do not suffer insults tamely. He had been a frontiersman and led an adventurous life; according to his code an opprobrious word was quickly followed by a blow, or if the word was not resented a man proclaimed himself yellow and forfeited the respect of his fellows. Martin must have been puzzled by the proceedings of the day before and thought the time had come for action. Bynum declaimed in great style. The Speaker was a tyrant. Martin, like a chorus, repeated, "Tyrant, sir," addressing the Speaker. The House faintly laughed and Bynum looked surprised, and then went on pouring out his abuse, and at the end of every sentence there was the echo from Martin. By this time the House was in a roar, even the Democrats joining with us. The scene was too comical not to laugh. Meanwhile poor Bynum was dreadfully annoyed. There was no way of suppressing Martin, and he made Bynum's passionate denunciation a joke instead of a dramatic ar-

raignment, as Bynum intended it should be. Finally Bynum warned the Speaker that inch by inch the Democrats would fight for their liberties, even if at the last the fight had to be carried on from the grave. It was good as that sort of thing goes, but any effect it might have created was spoiled by the irrepressible Martin shouting to Reed: "Do you hear that? We'll fight," and with his sleeves rolled up he looked as if he was going to begin the war right then and there. If Reed had shown alarm I am afraid the comedy might have been turned into tragedy, but he seemed to be enjoying the performance as much as all the rest of us. He gazed benignly at Martin, while the angry Texan glared at him, who, seeing there was no fight in Reed according to the Texas code of ethics, turned to Bynum and exclaimed: "Hell, he won't fight," and dragged him away, while the House went into a paroxysm of laughter and liberally applauded both men for having entertained us.

That was practically the end of the filibuster, and although from time to time the Democrats tried to use their old tactics, Reed was always ready to count a quorum whenever it was necessary, and Reed's parliamentary revolution was an accomplished fact. It is curious how men become famous. Martin was known the country over as the Congressman who blew out the gas. Repre-

sentative Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, had fame thrust upon him because it was disclosed he did not follow the fashion of the effete East and wear socks; and "sockless Jerry" he was to all men. Once when the Democrats tried to escape from the House to avoid being counted by Reed and he ordered the doors locked to prevent their flight, renown came to Buck Kilgore, another Texas member. He was a huge man, and when he attempted to leave by the light swinging door opening into the Speaker's lobby and found it locked, he gave it a kick and the frail lock sprung back. It wasn't a great feat of strength, any ordinary boy could have done the same thing, but the public got the idea that alone and unaided he had battered down one of the solid doors of the capitol and was a marvel of physical prowess. So Kilgore took his place among the immortals.

We were defeated in the next Congress and the Democrats came in with a thumping majority. It was hardly to be expected they would reenact the Reed rules, they readopted the old rules and we were such hardened sinners that we filibustered without shame, Reed leading us. If the Democrats really liked that sort of thing we were quite willing to give them all they wanted. The following Congress the Democrats were again in control, but their majority had been cut to pieces.

They saw they must either make the Reed rules their own or they would be at our mercy. It was Hobson's choice. They made a wry face and swallowed the Reed rules, and I suppose no man in our political history ever had a greater triumph. The rules which the Democrats denounced as infamous and so bitterly fought were now Democratic rules in good standing. The vindication of Reed had come at the hands of his political opponents.

My relations with President Harrison were always cordial. It was said of him that he was cold, indifferent, inconsiderate and ungrateful. Harrison was a deeply religious man, and it was the sneer of Washington at that time that "they opened oysters with prayer at the White House." A member of the House was laid up in bed with a heavy cold, and one of his colleagues said it was not surprising, he had an interview with the President and foolishly forgot to wear his overcoat and ear muffs. Such were the sarcastic things said about Harrison, but they were not my experience. I do not think I ever made an unreasonable request, and I know he was never indifferent in considering my recommendations. My position in the House, my relations with Reed as Speaker and the early coolness that developed between him and the President, at times caused me some embarrassment, but as I never indulged in the recreation of tale

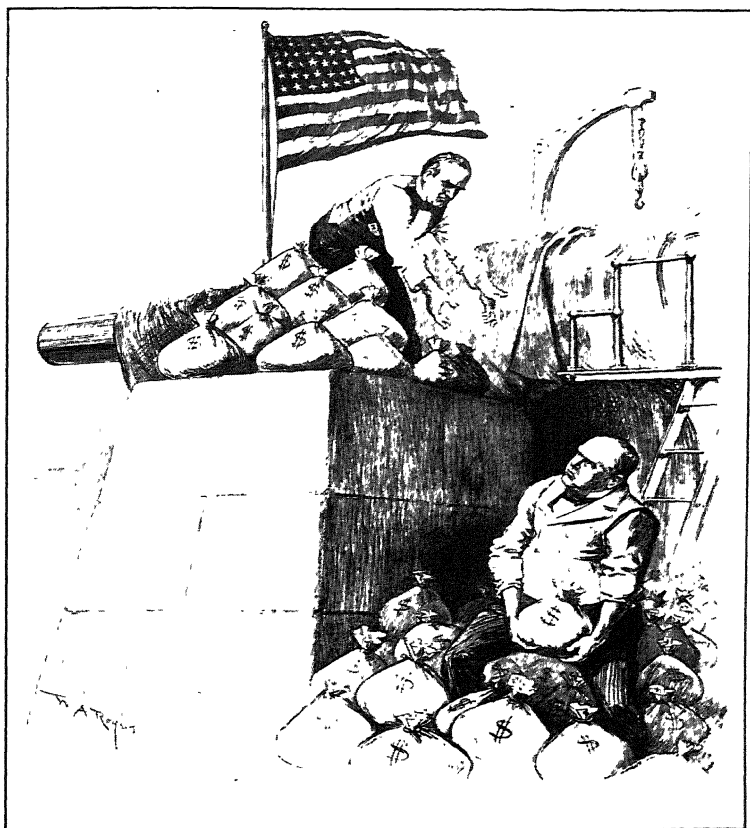
bearing I got along very well. I suppose I could have contributed to the ill feeling by repeating the remarks each made about the other. It was amusing though to hear them. Reed had the tongue of a wasp and Harrison distilled poison like an adder; the dislike was cordial and undisguised. The safe thing was to avoid discussing any matter that involved Reed.

CHAPTER IX

FIFTY MILLIONS AND NO QUESTIONS

McKINLEY did not want to go to war with Spain. Neither did Reed, Speaker of the House. Nearly all the leaders were opposed to it, but there was an almost overwhelming sentiment for war on the Republican side, and the majority of the Democrats were equally as strong for bundling Spain out of Cuba and giving the Cubans their independence. Jingoism was rampant. Thousands of petitions came to Congress demanding war, the annexation of Cuba, and other dangerous things. The Government was being forced into war without powder and shot enough for the first round, with an army lacking proper equipment, and a navy deficient in many things. The destruction of the *Maine* precipitated matters. The President knew that war was inevitable, but we were not prepared—the fact is, we have never been prepared for war—and the President could not get ready without an emergency appropriation.

Sunday evening, March 6, 1898, President McKinley sent me urgent word to come to the White House. I went at once and was taken to the library. His greeting expressed his apprehen-



From Judge

FIFTY MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE
McKinley and Reed Support War With Spain

sion. "Cannon," he began, "I must have money to get ready for war. I am doing everything possible to prevent war but it must come, and we are not prepared for war. Who knows where this war will lead us; it may be more than war with Spain. How can I get the money for these extraordinary expenditures?" We were still standing where the President had met me when I entered the room. He had the matter on his mind to the exclusion of everything else. I had known McKinley from the time he entered the house in 1877 and I had never seen him display greater anxiety. His manner was grave; his face showed the lines of care. It was not his way to show concern. He had the philosophical temperament that sustained him in times of depression. He went through the stormy scenes in the Fifty-first Congress and to defeat in 1890 buried under his own McKinley bill, as was his party, without any sign of emotion. But the country was facing a foreign war for the first time in half a century and was not ready. It would mean the transport of troops over sea for the first time in our history. He felt we had reached a crisis and the people were driving the Administration to desperate measures. A sensitive and humane man, the criticism of the press, especially that which held him responsible for sending the battleship Maine to Havana on a

call of courtesy only to be destroyed and hundreds of men murdered, and the opposition in Congress hurt him. He did not sit down but paced the floor with quick nervous strides while we talked. I had gone over the reports of the Treasury and felt sure we could make an appropriation of fifty million dollars without embarrassment and without having to provide for a bond issue or new taxation. We had a surplus and we could spare fifty million dollars for national defense. I suggested to the President that if he would send a Message to Congress the next day recommending an appropriation I would undertake, with the cooperation of Senator Allison, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the Senate, to have the bill passed before the end of the week.

The President liked the idea of an appropriation, but he hesitated at the Message. He said he could not do that while he was still negotiating with Spain. It would be accepted by Europe as equivalent to a declaration of war and he would be accused of double dealing. He did not want to do anything to precipitate matters, but he must have the money. He knew from his long experience in Congress that none of the money authorized in the regular appropriation bills could be used before the first of July unless there was an emergency clause making it immediately available. He asked

if this could not be done in the Army and Navy or Sundry Civil bills and a part of the appropriation used to purchase ships, transports, ammunition, guns, and supplies. I called his attention to the fact that under the law as it stood appropriations could only be made in accordance with recommendations and estimates from the Executive departments and that the appropriation would be subject to a point of order in the House, which might defeat his purpose and add to his complications. I suggested it would be more embarrassing for him to be charged with diverting appropriations than it would be to send a Message recommending an appropriation for the national defense. He saw the force of my suggestion, but he insisted that he could not send the Message and keep the record of our foreign relations clear. Finally the President asked if I could not report from my Committee a bill making the appropriation for the national defense without any Message, and I agreed to introduce a bill if he would prepare it. The bill had to originate in the House. The President walked over to the table and wrote on a telegraph blank a single sentence: "For national defense fifty million dollars." It wasn't a bill nor a Message nor an estimate, but it was the President's memorandum as to what he wanted done, and I put the slip of paper in my pocket.

I went to my hotel to prepare a rough draft of the bill. Somebody had to take the responsibility, and as I was Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations I concluded to introduce the bill and report it if my Committee would stand by me, as I was sure it would. The bill would give notice to the world that we did not have to consult financiers and bankers about raising the money. I thought that would be quite as important as the advantage it would give the War and Navy Departments in advancing their preparations. I did not consult any one, for the simple reason that after I had determined on my own action I did not care to argue the question. It seemed to me a case for prompt action, and that it might save the Government hundreds of millions and many lives to have fifty millions at once and get ready for effective war instead of being driven into hostilities unprepared. I believed we would call the bluff of the European Powers who were allowing it to be more than suspected they would be compelled to protect their own interests in Spanish bonds if there must be war. It might also impress Spain with the determination of this Government and induce her to give up the struggle in Cuba, thus averting war. The President's memorandum simply indicated the amount of the appropriation, but it had to be elaborated to enable the President

to use the money. I drew a rough draft of the bill making it as short as possible, providing that the money should be placed in the hands of the President to be used for each and every purpose in connection with the national defense and that the appropriation should remain available until January 1, 1899, instead of July 1, 1898, on which date all appropriations lapsed unless specifically provided otherwise.

There was more unanimity, more harmony and more real enthusiasm on the floor that afternoon when I reported the bill than I ever saw before or since. There was no division of sentiment. Everybody was for the appropriation. As I was leaving the Capitol that Monday evening after introducing the bill, I met Speaker Reed. We walked to the street car together and he asked, "Joe, why did you do it?" "Because it was necessary," I replied. "I suppose I should have consulted you but you had left the Appropriation Committee to my direction, and after considering the whole situation I felt that this was the only way to get ready for the war that is sure to come. We can't prevent it. If I had consulted you and you did not approve I would have introduced the bill anyway without your approval, and that would have given you cause for feeling that I had not been quite sincere in seeking your advice."

"Perhaps you are right. Perhaps you are right," the Speaker commented and we never discussed the matter afterward.

When we declared war against Germany in 1917 Congress, with the Democrats in control, put in the hands of a Democratic President one hundred million dollars for the national defense. The precedent was there; just as nineteen years earlier Democrats joined with Republicans in supporting the President, so now Republicans were no less anxious than Democrats to show the world that when the country's safety is in peril Americans know no party, and politics end at the water's edge. The bill reported from the Committee on Appropriations by Swager Sherley, its Democratic Chairman, in 1917, was in every respect identical with the bill I drafted and reported in 1898; the same language was used with a single exception; instead of fifty million dollars the amount was doubled. Before the close of the war Chairman Sherley reported another National Defense bill, giving the President fifty millions more to spend at his discretion and not requiring him to make a report how the money was spent. When Congress acts to meet a war emergency it does it without stint and without haggling. President Wilson used his last fifty millions in the peace negotiations and a Republican Senate that rejected his League of Na-

tions, did not question the expenditure or demand a report of disbursements, though the President sent a partial report to Congress. I never read that document. I did not care to know how the money had been spent. It had been appropriated in the same way that I had recommended fifty millions be placed in President McKinley's hands, and I never had any doubt about the discretion of either McKinley or Wilson. I can examine carefully estimates for civil expenditures, sometimes prune them, but I have never hesitated about war appropriations.

No two men were more unlike than Cleveland and McKinley; unlike in everything. Cleveland, a bachelor, had the selfishness of the bachelor who considers nobody but himself; McKinley married young and was devoted to his wife, who was for many years an invalid. I have never known anyone more considerate; he was always thinking of her and doing delicate little things to give her pleasure. He was gentleness itself. Cleveland seemed not to care much about friends or want many of them; McKinley wanted every man to like him and be his friend.

After the defeat of Spain McKinley asked me to be one of the Commissioners to negotiate the terms of peace. I told him I was flattered by his offer, but I felt myself to be as well qualified to

negotiate a peace treaty as I was to be President of Harvard. My place I felt was in the House, where I could be of greater service than on the Commission. McKinley did not want to keep the Philippines, that is the whole archipelago, although he was willing to retain the island of Luzon. Then he made his tour of the West. The Western people, with their inheritance of spreading out and acquiring new territory, wanted to keep every foot of territory formerly belonging to Spain except Cuba. McKinley was an astute politician and like Lincoln tried to keep in touch with the people instead of being a mile ahead of them. He wanted their support for his policies in the questions arising out of the final settlement of the war. He returned to Washington convinced there was no way out of it and he would have to take over all the Philippines. It was either that or displeasing the West and running the risk of grave complications with some of the European powers and Japan. Perhaps McKinley made a mistake, but it was a mistake which could not have been avoided.

It was because McKinley was gentle and had a love for his fellowmen that many persons said he was weak, had neither policy nor will of his own, and did whatever stronger men directed. Emphatically this is not true. No one who was familiar with his history or served with him could with



From Judge

THE VERY WICKED LITTLE BOYS
Dana and Pulitzer Shooting Beans at Father Grover

truth call McKinley weak or wanting in character. We were together through seven Congresses; we fought in many party contests; we were rival candidates with Reed for the Speakership; we were his associates on the Committee on Rules. I knew McKinley intimately. He was a born leader; a man nature intended to be a leader of men.

General Crook told me a story which explains this quality of leadership. McKinley, then a captain, was on General Crook's staff at the battle of Opequan and Cedar Creek. The battle was going against the Union Forces, and General Crook sent Captain McKinley with verbal orders to General Duval to bring up his reserve division by the main road and get into action. McKinley found the road blocked with dead and wounded soldiers, dead and wounded horses and broken down wagons, but he saw a parallel road. He delivered his orders to General Duval and explained the situation. Duval was an old regular, accustomed to obeying orders from his superior officer. He asked what road General Crook ordered him to take. McKinley was not a phonograph. He rose in his stirrups, saluted and said: "General Duval, you are commanded to move by the dirt road which parallels the pike, and get your division into action at once."

After the battle was won General Crook sent

for his young staff officer and asked him if he delivered his orders to General Duval. McKinley said he had, but not exactly as directed, and he explained the situation. Crook asked him if he fully comprehended the consequences to himself in changing an official order. McKinley told him he knew it might mean courtmartial and even death, but he took the chance because it was impossible for Duval to move his division by the main road. "Well," replied General Crook, "the change saved the day, and I congratulate you." That was the man they accused of not having a will of his own.

As a debater McKinley had few equals. He had a good voice and a well stored memory, he was quick to see a point and answer it. In opening the debate on the McKinley tariff bill he told what protection had done for the workingman. Mills, of Texas, the protagonist of free trade, denied that protection had done anything for the workingman and said owing to the tariff it was impossible for a workingman to buy an all wool suit of clothes for ten dollars. This McKinley denied. One of the Democratic members of the House at that time was Leopold Morse, of Boston. He was born in Bavaria. After a very little schooling he came to our country as a youth; made money, saved it and prospered. At the time I am speaking of he was the head of the firm of Leopold Morse & Co.; the

largest clothiers in Boston. Naturally the subject interested him, and when McKinley talked about the ten dollar suit of clothes Morse interjected: "He couldn't buy it for that in my store." Alas for poor Morse! McKinley was always a lucky man, and this was an illustration. Without a word he opened his desk and drew from it a package. We wondered what was to come as he deliberately untied the string and disclosed to our astonished view a suit of clothes. Then McKinley went on to say, fixing his attention upon Morse, he had declared that the workingman could not buy a good suit of clothes for ten dollars, but here he had a suit which appeared to be of excellent materials, and he would ask the members to examine it. While the suit was passing from hand to hand, McKinley went on, and "here is the receipted bill." Some one asked to have the bill read, and McKinley, again turning to Morse, with a smile, said he did not intend to embarrass his friend from Boston, but as he had invited it he would read. The bill was from Leopold Morse & Co. for "one all wool suit of clothes, price ten dollars." The whole House was in a roar, even the Democrats could not refrain from laughing because the situation was so amusing, while our side rocked. Poor Morse left his seat as soon as possible, but he did not hear

the last of it from his Democratic colleagues for many a long day.

But Morse, as I have said, was shrewd, and he turned his discomfiture to profitable account. Of course the Boston newspapers, on both sides of the fence, made much of the incident in the House of Representatives, and Morse and his store received much publicity, perhaps more than he really cared for. Morse saw the business value of this, and promptly advertised his ten dollar all wool suits of clothes.



From Judge

THE VICTORY OF THE MCKINLEY TARIFF

CHAPTER X

ROOSEVELT AND THE PRESIDENCY

THE story of the Republican National Convention in 1904 begins in 1900 at Philadelphia with the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President. That was the dramatic feature of the convention and it was the prelude to 1904. It was the only time in our political history when a man was nominated for a high office over his protest and that of the man whose name was placed at the head of the ticket. Governor Roosevelt declared that under no circumstances would he accept the nomination for Vice-President. He preferred to run again for Governor and believed he could be reelected. Senator Hanna, as the Chairman of the Republican National Committee and personal representative of President McKinley, did not want Roosevelt nominated for Vice-President and frankly said it would not be agreeable to the President. It was known to many Republican leaders that Mr. McKinley wanted Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York, his Secretary of the Interior. If Bliss should not be acceptable to the convention his second choice was John D. Long, of Massachusetts, his Secretary of

the Navy, but neither Roosevelt, Woodruff, of New York, nor Dolliver, of Iowa, was satisfactory to him; and Mr. Hanna went so far as to say that Roosevelt's nomination would be an unfriendly manifestation toward the President who was to lead in the fight for another Republican administration. Notwithstanding this and the emphatic and explosive protest made by Roosevelt, he was nominated by acclamation, as President McKinley had been nominated for President. It was the most contradictory outcome of the most contradictory situation we ever had in a Republican National Convention.

That peculiar result was brought about by two great and resourceful political leaders, each working toward a different end. Senator Thomas C. Platt, of New York, who had been responsible for Roosevelt's nomination for Governor of New York in 1898, did not believe the Governor could be re-elected and he did not want to risk losing the State in a presidential year. Nor could he without danger defeat Roosevelt's renomination, for that, too, might imperil the State ticket. Roosevelt was popular, he was the one military hero of the Spanish War, the public believed it was Roosevelt's Rough Riders who conquered Spain and gave the Cubans their freedom. In Philadelphia Mr. Roosevelt, with his love of the theatrical, wore his campaign

hat and a red bandana handkerchief about his neck to recall his gallant exploits. He was the one man the delegates from the South, the Middle West and the Far West wanted to see, to look upon his flashing teeth, and shake his hand. Platt was too experienced in the mob psychology of a political convention not to recognize these signs. The only way Platt saw to escape from his embarrassment and keep harmony in the Republican party in New York, was to gently kick the Governor upstairs and bury him in the political obscurity of the Vice-Presidency. It was after the nomination had been made, Roosevelt still bitterly protesting, that a man, I've forgotten who it was, very close to Platt, told with a grin the old variety theatre joke. It was the story of a man who said he had two brothers, both of whom mysteriously disappeared. One went out West and was never heard of again. The other was elected Vice-President.

Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, did not particularly care about Platt's embarrassment in New York or Roosevelt's desires or wishes, or the President's preferences for a running mate. What he did care about was to wrest from Senator Hanna control of the party machinery through the delegates from the Southern States. Hanna had been against Quay in his contest for a seat in the Senate two years before and Quay had not forgotten.

For a good many years Quay had objected to the plan of representation in Republican conventions based on population and representation in Congress as unfair to the States that furnished the electoral votes to make possible Republican Presidents. Hanna, as Chairman of the National Committee, distributed the patronage in the South and with this leverage could dictate the nomination to be made in 1904 as he had McKinley's nomination in 1900. Quay saw an opportunity to unite with Platt in opposition to both McKinley and Roosevelt, and possibly secure the adoption of his proposed rule. There were many delegates from the West who resented Hanna's announced purpose to name the candidate for Vice-President as well as for President, and they were ready to aid Quay in putting an end to the mastery through Southern delegates who did not represent Republican voters or the possibility of Republican presidential electors. The two forces led by Platt and Quay became strong enough to threaten Hanna's dominance, who saw he must capitulate to one or the other and either accept Roosevelt, as demanded by Platt, or the new rule proposed by Quay. Hanna surrendered to Platt, accepted Roosevelt, and destroyed the Platt-Quay alliance, which left him in possession of the Southern delegates to the next national convention. With that valuable political

asset, had McKinley lived out his term, Hanna would in all probability have been able to name McKinley's successor.

There was talk of McKinley for a third term but the President disposed of that by a frank and full statement that under no circumstances would he be a candidate for a third nomination, nor would he accept the nomination if made. It was the fullest and most explicit repudiation of a third term ever made by a President, and it was effective. Roosevelt in the campaign, as the candidate for Vice-President, had added to his popularity, and his friends throughout the country began quietly to discuss his nomination in 1904. There was also some gossip that Senator Hanna would aspire to be the successor of McKinley and the party organization in the South became of importance. William Lorimer, who was called by his opponents the "Blond Boss of Illinois," was a devoted personal and political friend of Roosevelt and he secured an endorsement for the Vice-President as a candidate for President from an Illinois convention in that summer of 1901. The Roosevelt boom was started in Illinois and Lorimer was its promoter.

Roosevelt's friends now began to look over the ground in the South to see if there could not be a new alignment with new leaders among the colored Republicans. For several years the Repub-

lican vote in the South had been falling off until there was no longer an effort made to have a Republican organization that extended beyond the Federal officeholders. To Roosevelt's friends, casting about for a colored leader, Booker T. Washington seemed the man who could build up a militant organization. His character and ability gave him a standing conceded to no other negro in this country. It was quietly suggested that if Dr. Washington could be persuaded to go into politics he would, because of his executive ability, not only be able to reorganize the party in the South, but he could free it from the taint of merely living on patronage used to deliver delegates in national conventions. The friends of Roosevelt began to cultivate Professor Washington and won him over to their plan, but he insisted that he must not be advertised as a political leader. He would continue to work as he had in the past for the moral and industrial betterment of his people, but he would now add to his other work political education and try to build up an organization with character and urge the negroes to be governed by political principles rather than to be delivered to political hucksters by Federal officeholders. They had gone far enough in this plan to project a visit of the Vice-President to the Southern States, under the direction of Professor Washington. Friends of

Colonel Roosevelt in New York arranged with Professor Washington to invite the Vice-President to visit Tuskegee, Alabama, in the fall of 1901, for the ostensible purpose of making an address to the students of the Tuskegee Institute. They also planned Roosevelt should visit the old Bulloch home in Georgia where his mother was born, and where he could meet prominent Republicans.

Few men in public life, in Washington or elsewhere, know of the project. The assassination of President McKinley made Roosevelt President, and the trip to the South, so quietly planned, was as quietly abandoned.

It was therefore at Philadelphia in 1900 that the story of the nomination of Roosevelt at Chicago in 1904 began. Roosevelt had not been in the White House a year before it was recognized that he would be renominated without opposition. All the talk about his being unsafe passed in a few months and the party, conservative as well as radical, was united in his support. There was a spasmodic outburst in the House one day over the possibility of the Speaker's becoming a candidate, but the Illinois Republicans had already, with the Speaker's approval, indorsed Roosevelt's candidacy. Mr. Roosevelt requested that I should be named the permanent chairman of the convention, and he selected his Secretary of War, Elihu Root,

for temporary chairman. Everything was carefully worked out in advance. Mr. Roosevelt was the leader of the party—I don't think it would be exaggeration to say that he was the party's dictator—and he had the support and cooperation of every other leader—Hale and Frye, of Maine; Platt, of Connecticut; Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Gallinger and Chandler, of New Hampshire; Proctor, of Vermont; Platt, of New York; Penrose and Quay, of Pennsylvania; Foraker, of Ohio; every man who commanded political influence was behind him. He was as completely the undisputed leader of a united party as any President who ever held the reins of government. There was no friction or contest in the convention of any kind, except a dispute over the number of delegates that should be allowed to Hawaii in the next convention.

A few days after the convention a celebration in honor of the semicentennial of the Republican party was held under the oaks at Jackson, Michigan, the party's birthday. I lacked a few months of my majority in 1856 and could not vote for Fremont, the first candidate of the party, but I have voted for every candidate since, beginning with Lincoln. John Hay delivered the principal speech and told how it had steadily adhered to its fixed principles. That is why it has held the con-

fidence. It has not wavered. Men change, but principles are eternal.

Soon after Roosevelt's election in 1904, it was widely published that owing to my influence the President had taken out of his message a recommendation for tariff revision. The President, it was said, had decided to make the recommendation, the Cabinet agreed with him, and it was in the message when given to the Press Associations in advance of the assembling of Congress, but had been eliminated before the day of release because of the Speaker's persuasion. For this story there is this basis of truth.

On the last day of November, President Roosevelt wrote me a long letter relative to the future policy of the party, and embodied a tentative suggestion in reference to the tariff. He did not say that this was a paragraph from his forthcoming message, although it was in quotation marks. He said he thought of making such a recommendation to Congress and invited my opinion. I received the letter at Danville just before leaving for Washington. I called on the President soon after my arrival and we had a very frank conversation. I agreed with him in some of his suggestions but I advised against opening a tariff discussion in December which could not be concluded until next summer, especially when the President admitted

that the business of the country was most satisfactory. I did not know what effect our conversation had. I did not know that his quotation sent to me had in fact been embodied in the message. I do not know now. All I know is that there was no tariff recommendation in the message when it came to Congress.

Roosevelt began his administration with an investigation of the trusts and the prosecution of the Northern Securities Company, which resulted in the passage of the Anti-Trust law and the creation of the Department of Commerce and Labor. That was a beginning to cause a good deal of apprehension among conservative business men, who feared all the things that had been said of Roosevelt's impetuosity and love of novelty were true, and that there was hard sledding ahead for business. The only consolation they could find was that Knox was Attorney General, and they hoped he would be able to keep the President within limits. With the first year of his administration the uneasiness was relieved. Roosevelt, business found, had a bark that was considerably worse than his bite, although often his bark was annoying enough.

Roosevelt's mind was ever active, and there were times when he was more ready to listen to agitators and theorists with wild schemes than to take

sober counsel of men of practical experience who preferred to let well enough alone rather than go tilting at windmills or chasing rainbows. I have already said that after Mr. McKinley's death Roosevelt was full of tariff revision. Now economics was a subject of which he knew nothing. I say this without in any way disparaging him. He frequently admitted it. Economics, figures, statistics, schedules, a balance-sheet—all those things meant nothing to him. They made no appeal to him—they seemed to him dull sordid things. A curious thing considering that Roosevelt was a man of powerful imagination, and to a man of vivid fancy one would think the romance of business, which has been the inspiration behind all our marvellous achievements, would stir his pulses. He was stirred when he recalled the pioneer battling the elements and the Indian, he glowed with pride at the recollection of the heroes who step by step pushed forward the outposts of civilization over mountain and plain and who could rely only on their own courage and resource to ward off death and suffering.

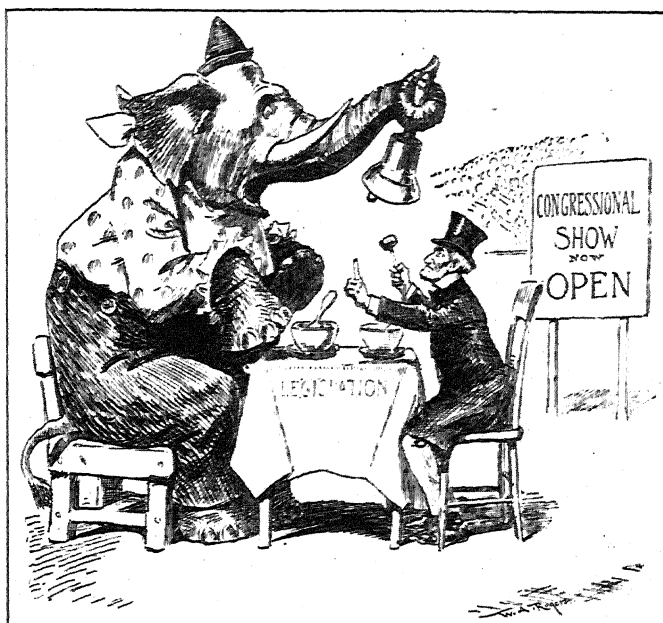
To Mr. Roosevelt, I think, the pioneer, the hunter, the trapper, the soldier, were heroic figures, almost heroes of mythology, while the business man he pictured safe and secure from attack who thought only of his profits and was indiffer-

ent to the onward sweep of civilization. I think, if the truth be known, Mr. Roosevelt rather despised trade and failed to understand that without commerce there could have been no civilization. And yet the pioneer and the little shopkeeper of the pioneer days, and after him the small merchant who was succeeded by the captain of industry, were in no respect different, except that the merchant took greater risks. The pioneer broke into new ground not because he was an apostle of civilization but to benefit himself. He went from the South to the then unbroken lands of the West, as my parents did, because he saw opportunity; under the heat of the sun and through deep snows he climbed the mountains facing unknown peril because there called him the promised land where life was to be better and richer. It was profit, always profit, that allured him. So it was with the man of business. The hardships of the pioneers were his, heat and cold, privation and the Indian, there was no distinction, and while the settler brought with him only his meagre stock of household goods and his strong right arm and his courage, the merchant in addition had put his money in his stock to be sold for the comfort of the community, and what his right arm lacked in strength he made up in shrewdness and intelligence of a different order. The storekeeper, let it be admitted, was frequently cun-

ning and took advantage of the misfortunes of his neighbors, but without him they would have had a harder time. The men who bridged the rivers and built the railroads were not the only pioneers.

Roosevelt's first suggestion for tariff legislation came, strange to say, from the very men who, as a class, have always been opposed to "tariff tinkering." A group of manufacturers of agricultural implements in the West thought they saw a large field abroad if they could secure cheaper steel, and they began an agitation for tariff revision. Their arguments had been presented to me, but I was not impressed. I have never believed the tariff should be framed in the interest of a class or a group, but should be for the benefit of all, of manufacturers and workingmen alike. The country at that time was prosperous, manufacturers were satisfied with their profits and workingmen with their wages, and it did not seem to me either good business or sound politics to dislocate business and bring about hesitation and uncertainty by a tariff revision. We know from long experience that no matter how great an improvement the new tariff may be, it almost always results in the party in power losing the following election. A man may do the brilliant thing in politics and personally get a lot of fun out of it, but for the sake of his party he had better do the safe thing.

One day about the middle of February, 1905, Mr. Roosevelt invited me to the White House. I did not know what he wanted, but I went to the White House and was shown into the Cabinet room. Sitting about the table were Senators Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Allison, of Iowa; Hale, of Maine; and Platt, of Connecticut; Cullom, of Illinois; Penrose, of Pennsylvania; and Representatives Payne, of New York; Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; Grosvenor, of Ohio; Tawney, of Minnesota, and Dolliver, of Iowa. The President came in as buoyant as always, and seemingly with nothing more important on his mind than a game of tennis. He explained briefly that a good many people had urged him to say something in his inaugural address about the tariff, and his own inclination was to indicate he would recommend to Congress that it should take up the question of revision when it met in the following December. He asked us to give him the benefit of our views, and turned to Senator Aldrich to start the discussion. Aldrich, I knew, had made his arrangements to go abroad almost immediately after the adjournment of Congress and spend several months investigating European currency systems, therefore, I was surprised when he briefly commended what the President had suggested. I knew, or at least I thought I did, that he was opposed to any



From The New York Herald

AND THE ELEPHANT MINDS, JUST AS HE USED TO



From The New York Herald

CANNON GOING INTO ACTION



From The New York Herald

PREPARED FOR THE WORST

revision at that time, but whether he did not want to lead the opposition to the President and thought it was politic to wait for a more favorable opportunity I am unable to say. Allison and Hale gave a qualified and I thought not over-enthusiastic endorsement of the suggestion, and so did Payne, Tawney and Grosvenor, but Platt was vigorous in his opposition. The President then asked for my opinion and I said Platt had expressed it. Mr. Roosevelt had been sitting on the table, swinging his legs, listening, asking a short question now and then, but for him remarkably quiet. When I finished he got up, and with a grin said: "It is evidently the consensus of opinion that the tariff should not be revised until after the next presidential election."

That was the end of the tariff conference. As we drove away from the White House we were amused, and laughed at the way the President announced his decision—"the consensus of opinion"—two, Platt and I being heavily outnumbered by the others. Perhaps Platt and I may have influenced Roosevelt to some extent, but my belief is that he saw tariff revision would provoke a long and acrimonious debate and interfere with other legislation in which he was much more interested, and the wisest course was to drop the tariff, with all its dangers, and take up other subjects more

popular and attended with fewer risks. At any rate, that was the last of tariff so far as Roosevelt was concerned, and during the rest of his Administration neither in private nor in public did he ever again refer to revision. That was Roosevelt's way.

Talking of the tariff reminds me that in recent years the newspapers have given me credit for having originated the term "standpat" as applied to national politics, and although I have often denied it they still insist I am the author. The first time, I believe the expression was used in its present day political meaning was in Senator Hanna's last speech in the Ohio campaign of 1903, when he urged the Republicans of Ohio to "stand by the National Administration and compare the conditions of your firesides today with those which existed eight years ago and make up your minds, and when you have made a decision stand pat." I am supposed to be the original standpatter (a most useful and admirably descriptive word, by the by), but that honor belongs to Senator Hanna.

One of the greatest foreigners I have known was James Bryce. When he was Ambassador in Washington he used to call on me two or three times in the course of a session at the Capitol. We would talk about politics, American history and the early life of the West, which greatly inter-

ested him. One day when we were chatting about politics and politicians our conversation turned on President Roosevelt, for whom the Ambassador had much admiration, but whom he frankly confessed he did not quite understand. I told him a story about the President to make a certain point clear. With a chuckle Mr. Bryce related the story attributed to John Morley, the distinguished English statesman and historian, after his return to London from America. It was a dinner party and a lively young woman said: "Mr. Morley, you have seen this wonderful man in Washington about whom all the world is talking. Now what do you think about him?"

Rather ponderously Mr. Morley began: "You may take every adjective on every page of the Oxford Dictionary, good, bad and indifferent, and you will find someone to apply—" "That's too complicated; can't you tell us in half a dozen words?" the young woman cut in impatiently. "In half a dozen words," Morley repeated. "Half St. Paul, half St. Vitus."

CHAPTER XI

SOME ROOSEVELT METHODS

AFTER I became Speaker of the House, my conferences with President Roosevelt were frequent, two or three times a week when Congress was in session, and sometimes daily. The President would write a note asking me to stop on my way to the capitol, or his secretary would telephone a similar message to my house. My calls were so frequent they excited comment and may have created the belief in the "influence" I exercised over the President; but almost invariably I called at his request and did not seek an appointment. There were reports in the newspapers of friction between us, which Roosevelt took notice of on one occasion by writing me: "I care not a rap about the reports of clashes and the predictions of clashes between you and me. We can handle that matter ourselves. Come up some evening for a long talk, Tuesday or Wednesday or Thursday evening about 9:30, if you can, so that we shall be free from interruption, and let me know when to expect you."

Usually, we found it more convenient to meet in the evening, especially when we wanted to be undisturbed, and it was then, sitting about the fire

in his study, we talked things over until midnight or later. We did not always talk shop. Neither of us had lived lives without incident, and sometimes when I went to the White House at his request he began with a story about the West, or he would recall some experience and say I must have known something similar in the early days in Indiana, for he knew the history of the West better than any historian I ever met. Sometimes he had a real problem of Government policy which he wanted to discuss and we would talk for several hours. At times I had the impression that Roosevelt was using me as a means of either meeting opposition to one of his theories by arguing the question, and at other times of clarifying his own views by threshing out the subject from every point of view.

It would be tiresome to try to tell of all the things that came up and were discussed in those seven years of the Roosevelt administration. There were many new advances made in legislation and administration. As I have said, we did not always agree; in fact, we more often disagreed, but seldom in principle and usually as to practical methods. Roosevelt had the outlook of the Executive and the ambition to do things; I had the more confined outlook of the legislator who had to consider ways of meeting the expenditures of new departures

and expansions in Government. These talks were seldom official. They were more the presentation of two schools of government by two men who recognized there were two sides to every question and who had opposing theories.

His office was like a magnet to draw to it every one who had new theories of Federal power. He would listen to any man who had an original idea, though in telling me of some of these experiences he would laugh over the way he had wasted time in permitting the latest genius to present something entirely new, so new, in fact, that he had read about it when a boy in school and long since forgotten. But many of these suggestions appealed to him and he wanted to talk them over with somebody he knew would oppose them, and while I would try to show the impracticability, if not the danger, of these propositions he would defend them whether convinced or not. I did not always know when he was in earnest and when arguing for the sake of argument.

In these conferences our differences were on principle and never personal. We had our own responsibilities and defended them. He recognized the Speaker as representing the majority of the House. The President could not confer with all the members and he looked upon the Speaker as their spokesman representing the organization

of the House; and at that time the Speaker could with confidence assume to speak for the organization. The Chairmen of Committees conferred with the Speaker as to legislation before their Committees, and the Speaker's room became a clearing house where the views of the majority were freely discussed, and the Speaker could intelligently present the majority opinion to the President. It was a workable plan and Roosevelt, whatever he may have permitted the Insurgents to think, conferred with the Speaker on all proposed legislation throughout his administration. I think Mr. Roosevelt talked over with me virtually every serious recommendation to Congress before he made it, and he requested me to sound out the leaders in the House, for he did not want to recommend legislation simply to write messages. He wanted results and he wanted to know how to secure results with the least friction. He was a good sportsman and accepted what he could get so long as the legislation conformed even in part to his recommendations.

It was at times difficult to deal with Mr. Roosevelt because he did annoying things. I recall two incidents that were decidedly embarrassing. Mr. Roosevelt was the author of the law creating a Bureau of Corporations and he used the law to withhold from the public the report on the absorp-

tion of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Corporation. On January 28, 1902, the Senate passed the bill introduced by Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota, creating the Department of Commerce and Labor. The House amended the bill and passed it on January 17, 1903. One of the House amendments created a Bureau of Corporations which was required, under the direction of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, to compile, publish and supply useful information concerning corporations doing an interstate business. This amendment did not satisfy Mr. Roosevelt. He sent for Senator Nelson and suggested a change, and showed him the substitute he proposed. This gave the Commissioner of Corporations, under the direction and control of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, the authority to investigate any corporation engaged in interstate commerce and to gather information and data to enable the President to make recommendations to Congress for legislation for the regulation of corporations engaged in interstate commerce. The information thus obtained, or as much of it as the President might direct, should be made public. This amendment gave the President discretionary power as to what part of the report of the Commissioner of Corporations should be made public. Senator Nelson did not like that part of the amend-

ment, but he agreed to submit it to the conferees, who were Senators Hanna, Nelson, and Clay, and Representatives Hepburn, Mann, and Richardson, of Iowa.

While the conferees were considering this amendment, President Roosevelt summoned two newspaper correspondents to the White House and told them that the Standard Oil Company was trying to defeat the amendment because it was regarded as a weapon against the trusts. He held in his hand a number of telegrams which he told the correspondents were exact copies of telegrams sent by John D. Rockefeller to Senators Allison, Aldrich, Hale, Spooner, Kean, Platt, of Connecticut; Depew, Lodge, Elkins and Nelson. The telegram read as follows:

"We are opposed to any antitrust legislation. Our counsel will see you. It must be stopped.

"Signed, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER."

President Roosevelt assured the correspondents he had seen the telegrams and he felt justified in giving this information to the public, but the President was not to be quoted as making any statement. The correspondents must assume full responsibility for whatever they wrote, but, he reiterated, he had seen the telegrams. It was then late in the evening and the correspondents wrote dispatches based on

the information given them by the President of the United States. They communicated their source of information to their editors in private. The story that John D. Rockefeller had personally entered the fight against the so-called Nelson substitute, prepared by President Roosevelt, created a sensation and the next day telegrams began to pour in on members of the Senate and House. These had their effect. The conferees agreed to the Nelson substitute and both Senate and House adopted the conference report.

After the bill was passed and had been signed one of the Senators named as having received a telegram from Rockefeller sent for the correspondent who wrote the story and told him Mr. Rockefeller had sent no telegrams, or at least none from him had been received by the Senators named. As for himself, he had never met Mr. Rockefeller or received from him any telegram or letter on any subject whatever. The correspondent made a careful investigation and received categorical denials from all the other Senators. They knew who was responsible for the story, but they had not made public denial because it would reflect on the President. They were ready to submit their files and allow the correspondent access to the telegraph company's records for any message sent to them from Mr. Rockefeller. This investigation demonstrated that

the Rockefeller telegrams originated in the brain of the President. This Mr. Roosevelt later quite frankly admitted. In a letter to Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, sometime afterwards, he wrote that the newspapers at the time of the passage of the Bureau of Corporations bill in February, 1903, contained full accounts of the publications of the telegrams from Standard Oil people protesting against the bill. Of course at that time he had rather heated arguments with a number of upholders of the Standard Oil people in the matter, but he had forgotten the details of them. All he knew he said, was that he got through the bill and it was largely the publication he gave to these telegrams that enabled him to get it through.

An episode no less sensational occurred in February, 1906. President Roosevelt was an earnest and enthusiastic advocate of the Navy, and he lost no opportunity to impress the importance of this subject upon Congress. Early in my administration as Speaker, with other Republicans in Congress, I had a conference with the President as to the needs of the Navy. He thought there ought to be large increases, but we were so rapidly increasing the appropriations for the Navy and the Army it seemed to some of us desirable that a policy should be defined so that Congress might be able to determine the total appropriations, keep these

within the revenues, and be fair to all departments of the Government. The President agreed with us and the policy was to authorize two battleships and the necessary complement of other ships and torpedo boats to keep the Navy at a stage of high efficiency. This policy was followed until the trouble with the Japanese in California. Then the President became uneasy and wanted not only more battleships and torpedo boats, but also large expenditures at Pearl Harbor in the Sandwich Islands for fortifications, etc.

In February, 1908, while the Naval Committee of the House was considering the naval appropriation bill, I received a long letter from the President, marked "personal and confidential." Not only was it so marked, but the first sentence was: "From the very nature of this communication it must be treated as confidential, but you may show it to the Chairmen of the Committees on Appropriations, Naval Affairs, Military Affairs and such other Republican leaders as you think advisable." I read the letter and then sent for Mr. Tawney, Mr. Foss and Mr. Hale, the Chairmen of those three Committees, and submitted it to them. It gave an indefinite presentation of possible trouble with the Japanese and urged increased appropriations for the defenses of the Pacific Coast and at Pearl Harbor, and a larger authorization for the Navy. The



From Harper's Weekly

"WHO IS STEERING, ANYWAY?"

letter did not impress me as presenting a very alarming condition, nor did it seem to impress the others. We talked it over at length and agreed that the President had said too much to assure us of peace, and not enough to indicate trouble. We thought in a matter of this kind where there was to be such confidence, he ought to give more details that would make the situation clear. We ought to know the whole truth, not a part of it, if there was a situation pointing to war. I called on the President a few days later and told him I thought he had said too much for my peace of mind and too little to make clear an emergency calling for war preparations. After I returned to the Capitol the President sent me another letter, also marked confidential, in which he said he could not, for diplomatic reasons, reveal the situation as it appealed to him. The result was the Committee did not report an increase. The bill authorized two battleships, and when it was taken up in the House, about the middle of April, the majority of the Democrats and some Republicans tried to cut the authorization to one battleship, while Representative Hobson, of Alabama, and some others advocated four battleships.

Captain Hobson had always tried to secure larger appropriations than the Committee reported. He was earnest in his appeal for a greater Navy and he

was busy on the floor as well as in debate. He showed to several Democrats a copy of the letter from the President to the Speaker. Among these was Representative Shirley, of Kentucky, a member of the Committee on Appropriations, who knew of the confidential letter I had received and shown to the Chairman of that Committee. Mr. Shirley asked Mr. Hobson to show the letter to Mr. Tawney, and the three men came to the Speaker's Room and asked to see the original. They compared the two and found them identical except for the introductory sentence, which was omitted from the copy. Mr. Hobson was embarrassed, but he frankly apologized to the Speaker for the use he made of the letter and said he had been tricked. I don't know how he came by a copy of a confidential letter addressed to the Speaker, and I did not ask him. I felt he had been imposed upon, and I dropped the matter. The Committee bill passed and the two battleships were authorized. The letter is still held in confidence, but since a copy of it was used on the floor of the House by a man who had never seen the original, it may not be a breach of confidence to tell this story.

I early learned that long speeches by the Member in charge of an appropriation bill do not help it along. A fair explanation of the items is the wise policy. When I was Chairman of the Appropria-

tions Committee I made it a rule to give a full and fair explanation of the bill and then watch the House to determine what effect the opposition was having, for there is always opposition from the minority, who regard it as a sacred duty to criticize the majority. I had an interesting experience in the Fifty-seventh Congress. The White House needed some repairs and President Roosevelt's family required more room. It was proposed to remove the executive offices from the President's residence and build an office just west of the White House so as to have it near the President and at the same time entirely separate the business and the domestic establishments. Congress authorized the repairs and also the construction of an Executive Office. It was the general impression that the whole business would cost in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars, but Mr. Roosevelt placed the work in the hands of a New York firm of architects who prepared plans which practically amounted to reconstructing the interior of the White House and adding two extensions. It was a more ambitious scheme than I had led the House to anticipate when the authorization was made, but the President approved the plans and the work was proceeded with at a cost of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. When I reported a deficiency bill with this six hundred and fifty thousand

dollars I started a sensational debate. I explained the bill as fairly and clearly as I could, knowing there would be much opposition. I sat down waiting an opportunity to ask for a vote. As the debate increased in personal abuse, John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, sprung a new line of attack by calling attention to the sale, at auction, of the sideboard presented to Mrs. Hayes by the W. C. T. U. as a testimonial of her prohibition of liquor at the White House table. Mr. Gaines gave the history of the sideboard, and then, in a dramatic manner, such as Gaines was master of, he demanded that I explain why the sideboard of the W. C. T. U. now rested in an Avenue saloon for the service of whiskey. The House was in an uproar and some of the Republicans who did not like Roosevelt, and were afraid of the temperance vote, were getting restive. The situation seemed to call for a diversion, and I, rising to reply to Gaines, tried to assume the same dramatic attitude as my interrogator and said very solemnly: "Mr. Chairman: We are told that good Abigail Adams was wont to hang the White House wash in the East Room to dry. Great God. What has become of that clothes line?"

The House broke into a roar of laughter and as it began to subside, I demanded a vote. The item was passed without division. That one minute bit

of buffoonery—you could not dignify it with the name of speech—created the diversion to get away from debate that had no place in considering an appropriation bill. It saved time and embarrassment to many Members who would have felt compelled to vote against the item if the debate had continued along the line of Mr. Gaines' criticism. A laugh turned the tide and passed the bill. It was not wit or humor. It was only a diversion to save a bill from serious discussion of a question that had as much place in the House as would a discussion of the Pope's Bull against the comet.

Speaking of Mrs. Hayes' W. C. T. U. sideboard reminds me that shortly after Mr. Hayes came into the White House, Secretary of State Evarts, who was a delightful host, diplomatically hinted to the President that at the State Dinner to the diplomatic corps wine ought to be served, and the President laughingly told him Mrs. Hayes had control of the domestic establishment, and he must exercise his diplomacy upon her. But Mrs. Hayes' temperance principles were too rigid to allow her to make any discriminations, and it became the custom for men invited to a White House dinner to fortify themselves for the ordeal somewhat as they do in these Volstead days and take a cocktail just before going to the White House. Later the confectioner who supplied the ices for the President's table dis-

covered that he could concoct an ice in an orange rind with a very good rum center, and orange ice soon became a favorite. I don't know whether Mrs. Hayes had any knowledge of the real construction of these ices but she had a sense of humor and I doubt if the discovery would have much disturbed her. She was an old-fashioned wife and mother and disciplined her children in an old-fashioned way, for I have heard her sons long afterward boast that they had been spanked in the White House. That is a distinction not many people may claim.

In the last year of his administration President Roosevelt became involved in a quarrel with the House of Representatives, and in my judgment he was to blame. The Committee on Appropriations, in 1908, amended the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill to limit the activity of the Secret Service. That service had like Topsy "just growed" and for years some of its operations had been without warrant of law. This had become so serious that the Chief of the Secret Service admitted to the Committee he was compelled to commit perjury every time he signed the payroll for his operatives. The law had always restricted the work of the Secret Service to the detection of counterfeiting. There was no authority for the protection of the President, but after the assassination of President

McKinley that was unofficially done, and eventually the law was changed to include it among the official duties of the Secret Service. The Chief of the Service asked to have removed all limitations on the appropriation of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars so that the money might be used in any way he and the Secretary of the Treasury considered for the best interests of the Government. The Committee on Appropriations declined to remove the limitation.

I knew nothing about the matter until I received a personal letter from the President in which he said: "Of course, the provision about the employment of the Secret Service men will work very great damage to the Government in its endeavor to prevent and punish crime. There is no more foolish outcry than this against spies; only criminals need fear our detectives." I did not then fully understand to what the President referred until it was explained to me by Mr. Tawney, Chairman of the Committee.

I was not consulted about President Roosevelt's last annual Message, nor was it submitted to me in advance of publication, as had been all of the former Messages of Mr. Roosevelt. I was as much surprised as any one when it was found that this Message contained an assault upon Congress, and especially upon the House of Representatives, be-

cause of the amendment limiting the activities of the Secret Service. The President's Message as it was read from the desk created a sensation. All the recommendations made in the Message were forgotten in the indignation produced by the criticism of the legislative department of the Government. It caused a storm on both sides of the Chamber, and members were ready and eager at once to pass a vote of censure and return the Message to the President with the announcement that the House of Representatives would not receive a message of that character from the President.

I have always thought that President Roosevelt was led into this serious error of judgment by listening to talebearers instead of continuing his policy of discussing legislative matters at first hand with those who had charge of legislation. Had he adhered to that policy he would not have had any friction with the House. The Chief of the Secret Service was not in my judgment a safe or reliable source of knowledge as to the motives that governed members of Congress. The agents of the Secret Service constructed for the edification of the President a fantastic story. They represented to him that the House was under the influence of the Speaker, who in turn was influenced by an article written by his Secretary before he became Secretary to the Speaker. It was as ridiculous as

taking seriously the opinions of the village gossip. But this affair illustrated better than anything that occurred during the Roosevelt Administration the danger of having the President surrounded by men attempting to poison his mind against those who represent a coordinate department of the Government. I hope we shall never have another such incident in this Government, for as I read history it was by such methods that some of the greatest mistakes were made by able and popular rulers in the past which led to demoralization, conflict, and their downfall.

When the reading of the President's message was concluded I called to the desk leaders on both sides of the Chamber, counselled moderation and suggested that the House could not afford to be precipitate or do an offensive thing because it believed that the President had been offensive and advised adjournment without taking any action. In further conference in the Speaker's Room it was decided a special committee should be appointed to consider the action to be taken. It was also agreed that no member of the Committee on Appropriations to whom the President had made personal reference, or any other member who had cause for personal feeling, should have anything to do with the decision.

Two days after the message had been received

Representative James Breck Perkins, of New York, rose to a question of privilege and offered a resolution calling attention to the offensive language used by the President and providing for a special committee to report to the House. Mr. Perkins was one of the President's warm personal friends, from his own state, and had always been identified with his supporters in New York. He was Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, a scholar and an author, and one of the most even-tempered men in the House. No better man could have been selected for such a delicate duty. The resolution was adopted unanimously. I at once appointed as the members of the committee, Mr. Perkins, as Chairman, Mr. Denby, of Michigan, Mr. Weeks, of Massachusetts, Republicans; and Mr. Williams, of Mississippi, and Mr. Lloyd, of Missouri, Democrats. The three Republican members were all warm personal friends of President Roosevelt and none of them had ever had any differences with him over legislation or patronage. Mr. Williams was the minority leader of the House and Mr. Lloyd was the Chairman of the Democratic caucus.

Mr. Perkins secured a unanimous report from his committee which was presented to the House in less than a week. The report requested the President to furnish the House with any information in his possession which would justify the lan-

guage used in his Message. The resolution was agreed to without division. President Roosevelt still had it in his power to make peace with the House. But he declined to do so. He was stubborn. While quick to demand an apology from others, it was his weakness never to be able to admit a wrong or retract a false accusation. I had no conferences with the President over the matter until after the adoption of the resolution, and I had no knowledge that the President desired to confer with me until after the opening of the House on December 17, when the Committee made its report. Just at 12 o'clock on that day, after I had taken the Chair and called the House to order, the President's Secretary called up the Speaker's Room by telephone and delivered a message from the President to the Speaker. The message was a peremptory command for the Speaker to come to the White House for a consultation with the President. It was to be at once. My Secretary who received this telephone message explained to the President's Secretary that the Speaker had taken the Chair, the House had been called to order, and the Special Committee was ready to report. The President's Secretary replied that his message should be delivered to the Speaker notwithstanding he was in the Chair, and to give him the further message that the President desired to see him before the re-

port of the Special Committee was taken up in the House.

When the Secretary to the Speaker brought the message to the Chair, Mr. Perkins was on his feet demanding recognition to present his report. That report was of the highest privilege. I held the gavel in the air for a moment as my Secretary delivered the President's telephone message, which was probably the only one of its kind ever sent by a President to the Speaker of the House. I was indignant, but the business in hand saved me from making any comment. I simply brought down the gavel and recognized Mr. Perkins. Then I told my Secretary to telephone the President's Secretary just what had occurred and to say that the Speaker would be pleased to call upon the President as soon as the report of the Committee was disposed of.

It may have been that the President's Secretary was more peremptory in telephoning his message than the President intended, but it would not have made any difference had the message been more polite. The President knew or should have known that the report was to be presented that morning. He knew that he could have seen the Speaker at any time in the week that had intervened or at an hour of that particular morning before 12 o'clock, but for some reason he had his Secretary call the Speaker's Room by telephone just at the hour when

he knew the Speaker must, under the Constitution, take the Chair. It looked like a test between respect for the President and duty. The Speaker had no hesitancy in making a choice.

After the adoption of the report of the Special Committee, I went to the White House. The President was in an ugly mood and we came nearer a personal quarrel than at any other time of our acquaintance. He was wroth with the House and he intimated that I was responsible for the whole trouble. He declared that he would send a Message to the House that would give the Members very little satisfaction, and he rather satirically expressed regret that in his Message he would be compelled to present evidence that would implicate men very close to the Speaker, in fact the Speaker's own Secretary. In language more forcible than polite, I told the President that I had not the slightest desire to interfere with his Constitutional prerogative to send any kind of a Message which he desired, but that the House would take care of its dignity and reputation in its own way. I added if he thought the Speaker could be intimidated by the threat to implicate his friends and his own Secretary in any manner whatever or however embarrassing the publicity might be, he had yet really to get acquainted with the Speaker of the House. The Speaker's Secretary would have to take care

of himself; the Speaker would perform his duty to the House without regard to either the President of the United States or the Secretary to the Speaker.

I had no idea what the President meant by this veiled threat of implicating my Secretary, and I did not wait to inquire. I was indignant that the President of the United States should for a moment think so little of me as to believe that I could be influenced in my official duty as Speaker of the House by threat of coercion. When I returned to the Capitol I called my Secretary into the private office and told him what the President had said. He was not surprised as he had received intimations from newspaper friends that he was to be given what he called honorable mention in the President's Message because of a newspaper article he had written while a Washington correspondent and before he accepted the position as Secretary to the Speaker. This made the President's conversation still more puzzling, for I could not believe that he had so lost his wits as to try to intimidate the House of Representatives because of a newspaper story published five years before the Congress was elected.

We did not receive the President's second Message until after the holiday recess, and I hoped that the good cheer of the holiday season might pervade

the White House to such an extent that he would take advantage of the overtures that had been made and explain to the House that his language had been misunderstood. But that was not Roosevelt's way. The Message came in on January 4th, and it was more offensive than the one to which the House had taken exception. Sure enough there was a reference to Mr. Busbey, Secretary to the Speaker, and the President intimated that Busbey had inspired the whole fight against the Secret Service. The President gave a long extract from a newspaper article published in 1903, or five years earlier. I had never seen this article before, had never discussed the matter with Mr. Busbey, did not know that he wrote any criticism of the Secret Service, and did not know what his views were. And I did not care.

Mr. Perkins, in his speech, alluding to this second Message, treated the reference to my Secretary with delightful sarcasm. In discussing the alleged hostility of the House Mr. Perkins said: "What is that evidence? Is it found in the records of the House? No. Is it found in the reports of speeches made upon the floor of this House? No. It is exhumed from the columns of a newspaper published years before the members of the Sixtieth Congress had even been elected. Your Committee does not believe that a statement made in 1903, even by a

newspaper reporter, is conclusive evidence of the motives which govern the votes of Congressmen in 1908."

The use of that old newspaper article by President Roosevelt was the weakest political move I ever knew him to make. I have always felt that the President must have left the preparation of that part of his Message to others, for he was too good a politician to make a deliberate attack upon Congress because of a newspaper article. But the President was angry at that time and influenced perhaps by men who had no political sense. It was remarked by many people that some of President Roosevelt's advisers were so deficient in political judgment that it was fortunate he had a weakness for doing things himself.

Some time after his controversy I asked Mr. Busbey who had really inspired that article. He promptly replied: "Roosevelt." I was astounded and asked him to explain. He said: "After the assassination of President McKinley, President Roosevelt was very much out of patience with the Secret Service and talked very freely with newspaper correspondents about the necessity for reorganizing. He said so far as he could learn the principal purpose of the Secret Service men in travelling with the President was to pose for their pictures as his protectors, but when President McKinley was shot

down a poor negro had to catch the assassin and then be pummelled by the Secret Service man for doing it. After President Roosevelt had his own accident in Massachusetts and was thrown from his carriage by collision with a trolley car, he was again very free in his criticism of the Secret Service and threatened to abolish that part of its duties which assumed to protect the President. Both President Roosevelt and Secretary Cortelyou, who was with him in the carriage, were satisfied that the Secret Service man on the box with the driver had been so interested in the crowd that he had failed to see the car that collided with their carriage. But since this Secret Service man lost his life in the accident by falling under the wheels of the car, the President said he could not find fault with a dead man. I had several conversations with him regarding the Secret Service and it was his criticism which induced me to look into the matter and write the article which he attributed to your inspiration."

So I was made the vicarious sacrifice for a newspaper article written by one of the President's ardent admirers who had listened to his criticisms of the Secret Service and been inspired to write those criticisms as his own. Because I appointed that man Secretary to the Speaker, the President used this old article to throw upon me the responsibility for the limitations put upon the Secret Service in an

Appropriation Bill. It looks like a sort of a double cross for the Speaker, but it is too funny to be taken seriously.

The House promptly referred the President's second Message to the same Committee and three days later the Committee recommended that the Message be laid upon the table. The House adopted the report by an almost unanimous vote. For the first time since the administration of Andrew Jackson the House of Representatives refused to accept a Message from the President.

It was a matter of keen regret to me that this friction should have arisen in the last year of President Roosevelt's Administration. I had sincere admiration for the President and, notwithstanding the cause for an open breach in our friendly relations, I continued to visit the White House and made it a point to congratulate him on the election of President Taft, and expressed the opinion that he had contributed more than all other influences to that happy result. People must not take too seriously the reports that President Roosevelt and I became personal enemies and political opponents because of that one clash. I hope I am incapable of such petty meanness.

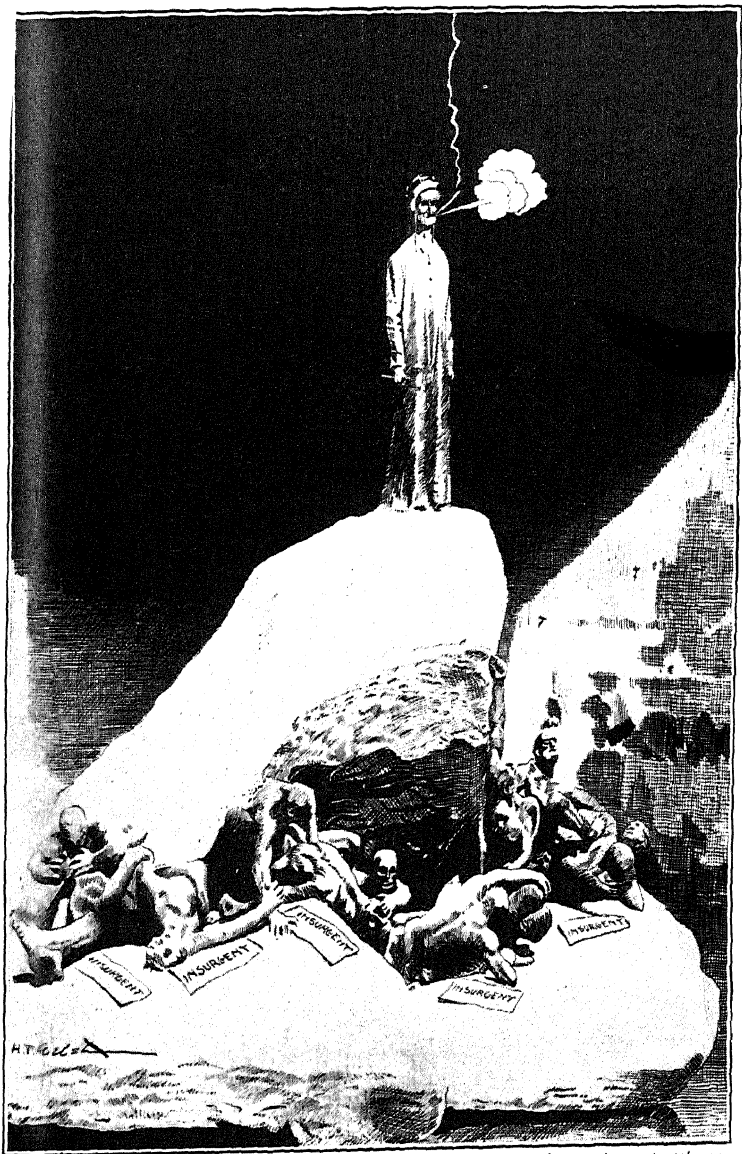
CHAPTER XII

THE BATTLE OF THE INSURGENTS

MY first acquaintance with the Committee on Rules from the inside began when Speaker Carlisle appointed Tom Reed and me the Republican members. Our only duties were to meet, vote against what the Democrats proposed, and oppose it in the House. Of course it didn't do us any good, because the Democrats had the majority, and in politics, as Reed remarked after one of these sessions, virtue is of less importance than a reliable majority. But our Republican colleagues would have felt defrauded if we hadn't fought, and the Democrats would have been deprived of their enjoyment. So we fought, and everyone was happy. In the next Congress I was on the majority side of the Committee with Reed and McKinley, and had to report the Special Rules to the House because Reed was in the Chair and McKinley was busy with the tariff bill. I had plenty to do on the floor in defending the Rules, but not in the Committee. The Democratic members would come to the Speaker's room and jokingly inquire the purpose of the meeting. Reed, in his drawl, would respond, "Another outrage," and read it. The Special Or-

der would be made, Reed, McKinley and I voted to report it, and the two Democrats voted adversely. That would be the end of the meeting.

A lot of sensational nonsense was printed about the meetings of the Committee when I, as Speaker, was its Chairman, and newspaper correspondents and magazine writers worked their imaginations to the limit, but the truth is our meetings were informal and delightful affairs, very different from the popular idea created by the press. Our proceedings were so perfunctory—practically always the vote was three Republicans for the Rule and two Democrats against it—that while Mr. Dalzell was putting the Rule in proper parliamentary language the rest of us had a delightful, gossipy visit. Representative Williams, of Mississippi, the senior Democratic member, was never more entertaining than when he attended a meeting of the Committee, and he always had a new story that he had kept to tell us after he had demanded to know the latest outrage. And even De Armond, of Missouri, the second Democratic member, who was always very serious on the floor, would unbend more in the Committee than anywhere else. It was the only place I ever heard De Armond tell a good story. Anyone entering the Speaker's room when the Committee was supposed to be in session, robbing the House of its rights and the people of their



From Harper's Weekly

THE SPEAKER OF THE LOWER HOUSE AS HE HOPES IT WILL BE

With apologies to A. CANOIANI, the Italian sculptor, whose statue, "Dante in Hell," was reproduced in *Harper's Weekly* for April 2, 1910.

liberties, would usually have found five men sitting there chatting about things remote from the subject before the Committee. These meetings were our best times for a visit, for we could close the door to the Speaker's room and talk without being interrupted by other Members.

An amusing thing happened once. It was the unwritten law that members of the Committee should not ask for a Rule for bills in which they were personally interested unless to meet an emergency. Mr. Williams, despite this informal agreement, wanted a Special Rule to secure a vote on his Bill to enlarge the Marine Hospital Station at New Orleans because of the yellow fever quarantine. The Texas Democrats were opposed to Mr. Williams' bill and prevented its coming to a vote under the standing rules. Mr. Williams consulted me and I agreed with him that it was an emergency and needed a Special Rule. Dalzell and Grosvenor also agreed, and I called a meeting of the Committee. Dalzell drew the Rule for Williams and it was put to a vote. All voted for it except De Armond. Solemnly he voted no, and painfully explained that since the minority leader had been seduced and was no longer able to recognize the outrage it devolved on the second minority Member to keep clear the record of the Democratic party. For the sake of consistency he would have to denounce the out-

rage, and he did. When the Rule was reported to the House by Mr. Williams, Mr. Dalzell played the only practical joke I ever knew him to be guilty of. Williams supposed that Dalzell and Grosvenor would of course support him on the floor as they had in the Committee, and after he had explained the necessity of the Rule he was dumbfounded to hear Mr. Dalzell proceed to assail it in unmeasured terms. Dalzell had not spoken for more than a minute before the whole House recognized that he was repeating word for word Mr. Williams' stereotyped introduction to a speech against all Special Rules reported from the Committee, and Mr. Williams joined in the laugh at his expense. Dalzell ended his speech as soon as the House saw the joke, and the Rule was adopted by an overwhelming majority, Republicans and Democrats, with the exception of those from Texas, voting for it.

Many of the Insurgents were honest and really believed they were the victims of the Speaker and a self-appointed cabal, but more were dishonest and disgruntled and loaded their failures on the Speaker. Members who introduced foolish or unconstitutional bills, not with the slightest hope that they would become laws but simply to cater to a demagogic or ignorant element in their districts, were able to tell their constituents the bills would have been passed had it not been for the opposition

of the Speaker, thus creating the belief that the Speaker was a "Czar" and controlled by the "interests." Cannonism was anything that dwelt in the imagination of people who did not like Cannon; it was the things in the minds of those people who undertook to make Cannon appear a very bad and improper person; it was the root of all evil when a member of the House ran full tilt on the rules which he voted to adopt and found they are harder than his soft head. Solemnly and with bell, book and candle Cannonism has been damned by Bryan, damned by La Follette, damned by Cummins, denounced by their satellites and consigned to perdition by the metropolitan press and the country weeklies. I have tried, but failed, to find the difference between Cannonism and Carlisleism, or Reedism, or Crispism, or Hendersonism, or the "ism" of any other Speaker who has presided over the House during the long years I have been a member. It will be the "ism" of every Speaker who succeeds Cannon, who will enforce the rules honestly and impartially, and holds his self-respect to be more precious than mere fleeting popularity. It is as easy to find a certain kind of popularity as it is to pick up pebbles on a stony beach, and the one is worth just about as much as the other.

The opening gun of the Insurgency battle was fired on Wednesday, March 16, 1910. It was one

of the most exciting and dramatic days in my service in Congress, and I doubt if any other Speaker had a similar experience. In the space of two days the Czar was dethroned; or, to stick to sober, matter-of-fact language without any frills, the Speakership was taken from me amid the rejoicings of my enemies, and it was then handed back to me. So if I was rebuked for being a Czar, perhaps also I have the right to flatter myself, without forfeiting my modesty, that my patriotic virtues were not ignored. Men do queer things when they allow their prejudices to cloud their brains. Mr. Norris, of Nebraska, nominally a Republican, introduced a resolution creating a new Committee on Rules. Instead of a Committee consisting of five members, appointed by the Speaker, of which he was the Chairman, the new Committee was to consist of fifteen members, elected by the House; and the Speaker was to be ineligible for membership. Theoretically the Republicans had a majority in the House, but a combination of Insurgents and Democrats would put us in the minority. You can see the purpose of Norris' resolution. It would have given the Democratic-Insurgent combination control of the Committee; the Speaker, instead of being the political director of his party in the House, would have become simply the presiding officer with authority only to put motions and de-

clare the result of votes; and the power to control the business of the House, to determine what legislation should be considered and how and when, would be lodged in the hands of the combination on the Committee, representing not a majority of the electorate but two opposing minority factions.

It was revolutionary. It was worse than that, it was the recognition of anarchy under the color of law. It would upset the tradition and precedents of our Government faithfully observed since the adoption of the Constitution, and it would overturn the rule of the majority, which is the principle upon which democracy must rest. Our leaders saw what was aimed at. To me it was obvious that if the House adopted the Norris Resolution I must at once relinquish the Speakership. Champ Clark, of Missouri, always my political opponent but long my personal friend, later to be crowned Czar and know the joys and sorrows of the Speakership, was the Democratic leader of the House. He has told in his *Quarter Century of American Politics* the story of that attempted *coup* to subvert a Republican majority by a Democratic minority and prevent a Republican Administration from carrying out the will of a majority of the voters of the country. Mind you, I have not one word of criticism of Mr. Clark. It was his duty to his party to resort to any legitimate tactics to

obstruct the majority. There were traitors in the ranks of his enemy, and he made use of them for his own advantage. The proceedings were revolutionary, and Champ Clark, honest man that he was, blunt and plain spoken, did not fear to avow the truth. In the course of the debate that followed he said: "We had made up our minds months ago to try to work this particular revolution that we are working here today, because, not to mince words, it is a revolution."

This bold declaration of the Democratic leader that a majority of the House of Representatives, as law-makers, was in a revolution against established law was a shock to some of his followers. They did not relish the word. It sounded too much like Mexican political reforms, and many Southern Members resented it. Mr. Clark made another admission that was equally uncomfortable to his followers when he declared that there was an alliance between the Democrats and Insurgents. The Insurgents had been claiming they were still good Republicans, and that they were simply trying to reform the rules. To be told by their new leader they were no longer good Republicans but excellent assistant Democrats, allied with revolutionaries, would need a good deal of explaining to their constituents. Insurgency the West would encourage, but not revolution that put the Demo-

crats in control. But the Insurgents wanted my scalp to take back to the West and put on exhibition to show what happens to a Reactionary when the Insurgent hosts take the warpath.

At the opening of Wednesday's session, after the routine business had been disposed of, Judge Crumpacker, Chairman of the Committee on Census, called up a joint resolution to provide for taking the census of 1910. This was the raising of the curtain on the farce that was to follow. If I was given to moralizing, I could spin you a fine yarn on the inconsistency of men and how bravely they ride roughshod over their own rules and regulations when these stand in their way, but the facts are enough to point the moral. Crumpacker was somewhat tinged with the vice of Insurgency until he became an Insurgent against Insurgency. Comical, you remark. Of course, but no one is more insistent upon his rights than the man who has no regard for the rights of the other fellow. Crumpacker claimed it was a mandate of the Constitution that the census be taken that year, and a mandate of the Constitution overrode any rule of the House. I think now, as I thought then, that logic was with Crumpacker; the Parliamentarian looked up the precedents and the rulings of former Speakers, which sustained Crumpacker, and I ruled in his favor, feeling in my bones there would be an

appeal from my decision. The House, that is the Democrats and the Insurgents, was in that happy frame of mind that whenever the Speaker showed his head somebody was bound to heave a brick at him to keep every one in good temper. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn promptly appealed from my ruling and the majority voted that I was wrong. So in a House supposed to have a Republican majority a Republican Speaker, in a parliamentary sense, was knocked down, kicked about and his face rubbed in the sand.

The next day Crumpacker renewed his demand for the resolution as a Constitutional right. That put his new found friends, his Democratic and Insurgent allies, in somewhat of a quandary. They must either reverse their action of the day before or refuse to provide for the census. Some members attempted to convince the House that if the Constitution didn't work on Wednesday (and that in effect the House had decided) it had also been put out of commission on Thursday. So far as I was concerned, I could afford to be indifferent. To me it did not seem to be in accordance with the respect due to the House or the dignity of the Speaker that, having made a ruling the day before and had it rejected by the House, I should within twenty-four hours rule on the same question and, in all probability, again have it declared without validity. I

declined to make a fresh ruling, but I decided to let the House determine the matter. This left no alternative to those who had voted to overrule the Speaker except now to vote to reverse their own action or to make it impossible to take the census. Efforts were made to have Crumpacker ask for unanimous consent, which would have been an easy escape from the dilemma, but to that he would not agree. To him it was a Constitutional privilege or nothing, and to that he stuck. There were learned arguments on both sides, and when at last after considerable debate a vote was taken it was once more decided that the rules were superior to the Constitution, and Crumpacker and his census resolution remained waterlogged. Then Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, saw a way to untie the knot. Making no mention of the Constitution, he offered a resolution that the census bill be declared "in order today," but the House had already voted that the bill could not be considered "today," so Underwood, in compliance with jocular suggestions offered from our side, changed "today" to "now," and in that form the resolution was adopted. Thus after two days of idle debate the wheels again turned.

Representative Norris, of Nebraska, who had contended in the debate that the rules prohibited any bill from being considered by the House until

after it had been reported by one of the Committees, now offered a resolution to create a new Committee on Rules. He admitted that his resolution was in defiance of the rules, as the resolution had never been properly introduced, or considered by any Committee, or reported to the House. He had, he said, opposed Crumpacker's plea of Constitutional privilege, but the majority having reversed its position and given the census bill a Constitutional privilege, he claimed the same privilege for his resolution. And in that, I must say, Norris was right. The House having made itself ridiculous in the space of two days and publicly declared that it was bound by no rules and had no regard for logic or consistency, why should it not continue to maintain the record? The fact is, the House for the time being had gone a little mad and was no longer governed by reason or established parliamentary procedure. Throughout the remainder of the day and the night and the following day the House discussed whether the Norris resolution was in order. It was St. Patrick's Day, and like many other observances of that anniversary, the transactions in the House were diverting to one not actively engaged in metaphorically throwing bricks. The Insurgents were bent on driving the snakes out of America as well as Ireland, and they were able to persuade themselves that the big snake that once

coiled itself about the fabled Laocoön and his sons occupied the Speaker's chair and had the whole government in its coils, crushing out the life and liberty of the American people.

The galleries had filled rapidly after the news went out that the Norris resolution was up for debate, and the corridors were soon choked with excited people. Senators came over to see the fun and to give advice or inquire as to the Speaker's plans. Letters and telegrams came by the hundreds and newspapers had sensational first-page stories. If I had not decided on a definite course of action I would have been disturbed by the advice to resign to save the party that came from opportunists of high and low degree. But I recalled that when Aaron laid his hands on the head of a live goat and confessed the iniquities of the Children of Israel, putting all their sins and transgressions on the head of the goat, it was by the hand of a fit man the scapegoat was sent out into the wilderness; and I wondered who would be the fit man to lead this new scapegoat out to the wilderness. Would it be the President or some of the Senators who were trying the old feat of walking a slack rope in a strong wind? I gave no heed to the suggestions that I resign to save the party which was already split by a handful of Insurgents going over to the Democrats. I had already made up my mind what

I would do, but the time for action had not yet come.

I had been in the Chair from noon to midnight and then went to the Speaker's Room to sign some papers. About two o'clock I strolled back into the House and went on the floor to chat with some of the Members. Cooper, of Wisconsin, from whom Insurgency oozed at every pore even when he was in a state of suspended animation, which was not often, was reciting in elaborate detail the woes of the Insurgents. One of the most picturesque of the tribe of Insurgents, he was in many respects a clever man, a good musician, a convincing talker and an amusing story teller, but he had little knowledge of legislative machinery and apparently no desire to learn. He was satisfied with his way of doing things, and was annoyed when everybody else did not agree with him. Cooper's most violent outbreaks were after I became Speaker, but I was not the cause of his fall from grace. It antedated my administration, going back to the time when Reed was Speaker. Mr. Cooper had been assigned to the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, and was the second Republican on the list when Chairman Hooker was appointed to the Federal Bench and resigned his seat in the House. Cooper assumed he would be appointed Chairman by Reed, but Reed left the Chairmanship to the

Members, who preferred Theodore Burton, of Ohio. Then and there Cooper became an Insurgent. We were always told Insurgency was a great moral issue; it was,—the issue of one Committee Chairmanship. On such momentous questions does the fate of parties hinge. Cooper will always be an Insurgent wherever he is, either in this life or the life to come, I imagine.

Cooper's account of the wrongs of Insurgency was a moving tale, and as I listened to the indignities these heroes had suffered at the hands of the Speaker, I confess my indignation boiled up and I said to myself that the Speaker must be a great villain and something really ought to be done about it. It was a pathetic story as Cooper, with burning eloquence bursting from an overcharged heart, told of the martyrdom of this little band of zealots. The name of each man was in turn pronounced and inscribed on the roll of saints. And then he told of the cruelty inflicted upon Representative Augustus D. Gardiner, of Massachusetts, familiarly known as "Gussie," the son-in-law of Senator Lodge. This dreadful Czar, all hoofs and horns and tail, had crushed Gardiner and removed him from his Chairmanship because he had dared to oppose the Speaker. I suppose I must have been infected by Mr. Cooper's recital of this modern slaughter of the innocents, at any rate it seemed an

opportune time to put a question, and I asked Mr. Cooper to allow me to interrupt him. Permission having been granted I requested Mr. Gardiner to be good enough to tell the House why he was not reappointed Chairman of the Committee. Instantly the House, which had been somewhat noisy, quieted down, the members intent on every word. Nobody knew what I was after, but everyone realized I had a card in reserve, because I had made a rather unusual play. It is not customary for the defendant's lawyer to take the prosecutor's witness and use him to support his case, but the lawyers of the House saw clearly this was what I proposed to do. Mr. Cooper was playing the part of the prosecuting attorney and had cited Mr. Gardiner as his witness, and I made Mr. Gardiner my witness. Obviously I expected he was going to help my case. It was just another dramatic touch to the theatrical scene, and members and the occupants of the galleries were curious to see how the plot would develop.

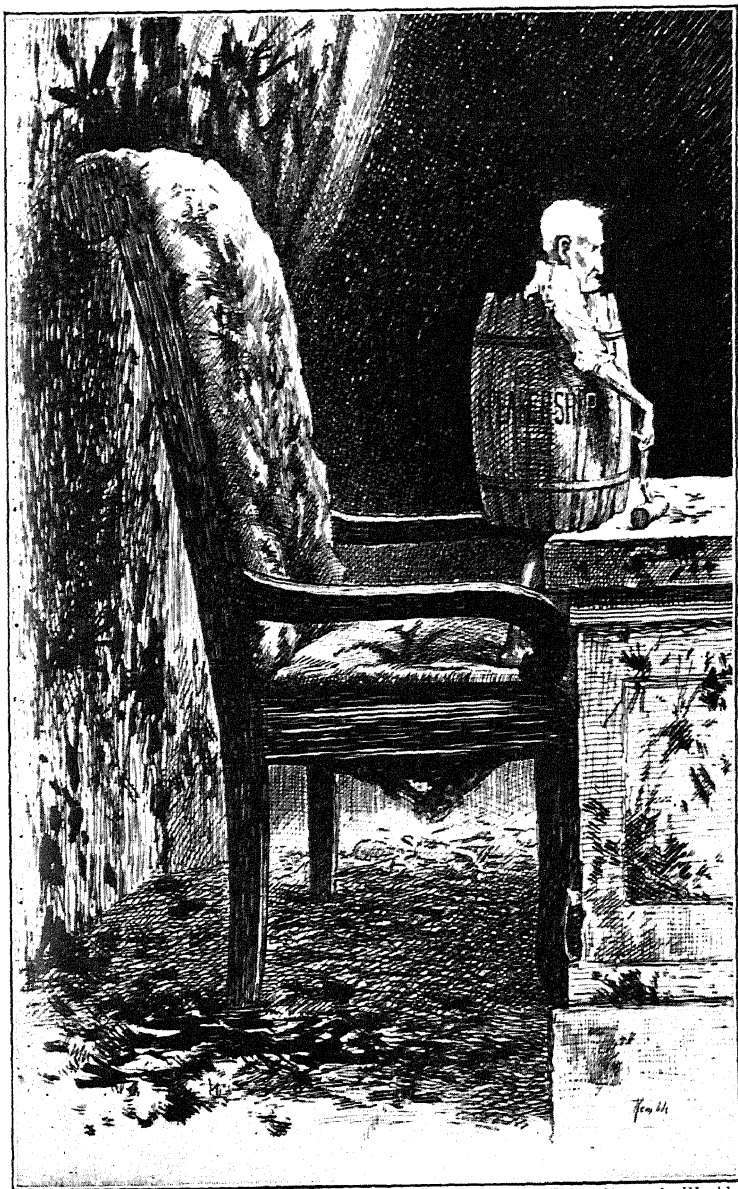
Smilingly Gardiner arose. He had the blond hair and blue eyes of the optimist, the rounded face and good-natured mouth of the humorist, but he also had a mouth that could shut with the snap of a steel trap, and eyes that could become hard and cold in their anger and blaze in their indignation. A good friend and rich in his sympathies, but quick

to flame into passion to rebuke a dishonorable or unworthy action. Quiet, composed, still with that humorous smile playing about his lips, in his nervous, quick and energetic manner, he proceeded to explain that having learned he was to be reappointed chairman of his old Committee, he had asked the Speaker to give him another assignment, because if he were honored with a Chairmanship after acting with the Insurgents, he would never be able to convince them that he had not sold out to the creator of all their woes, the wicked old Speaker. He would be compelled to insurge even at times against his own judgment, as proof to his Insurgent associates that he was loyal to their sacred cause and had not betrayed them for a handful of Congressional silver. It was all the vindication I needed.

When he finished and sat down, a great burst of applause swept over the House. But it was not for me. No, no, don't imagine that for a moment. It was the spontaneous tribute of courage. Gardiner had done a very fine thing, and the House was quick to recognize it and pay him homage. He might have disappeared from the House when I called upon him to testify; he might have been evasive or failed to remember, and in that case he would have made me ridiculous and created the impression I had tried to make use of him and he had properly exposed me. But of that Gardiner was

incapable. Whatever he did, whether in public or private life, was that of an honorable man, a man punctiliously honorable and honest in everything.

The House of Representatives, in some respects, I think, is the most peculiar assemblage in the world, and only a man who has had long experience there can fully know its idiosyncrasies. It is true we engage in fierce combat, we are often intense partisans, sometimes we are unfair, not infrequently unjust, brutal at times, and yet I venture to say that, taken as a whole, the House is sound at heart; nowhere else will you find such a ready appreciation of merit and character, in few gatherings of equal size is there so little jealousy and envy. The House must be considerate of the feelings of its Members; there is a certain courtesy that has to be observed; a man may be voted a bore or shunned as a pest, and yet he must be accorded the rights to which he is entitled by virtue of being a representative of the people. On the other hand, a man may be universally popular, a good fellow, amusing and yet with these engaging qualities never get far. The men who have led the House, whose names have become a splendid tradition to their successors, have gained prominence not through luck or by mere accident. They have had ability, at least in some degree; but more than that, they have had character. And that is why the



From Harper's Weekly

ONCE CLOTHED WITH POWER, NOW ALMOST BARE, HE'S LOST HIS
PULL, BUT SAVED HIS CHAIR

House, without regard to faction or party, honored Gardiner. He had shown character.

Gardiner was one of the finest men I have known in my public life. He was fearless, courageous and absolutely honest; intellectually honest, I mean, which is a quality not so common among public men as it ought to be. Gardiner was self-willed and a born rebel; had he lived at the time of the Revolution he would have taken his place in history with Sam Adams. As long as he remained a Member of the House he was an Insurgent; he rebelled against the rules of the Democratic House with the same enthusiasm he did against those of the Republican House; he rarely voted for caucus candidates, he refused to follow leaders, he opposed Roosevelt and Taft as vigorously as he did me. But he was a rebel on principle and not because he had a personal grievance, he harbored no malice; he and I remained good friends until he resigned his seat to enter the Army and meet his untimely death when he went to war against Germany. He was one of the men you could fight and yet admire, for he never struck below the belt and never whined over a fair blow from an adversary. When the revolution collapsed on the afternoon of March 19, "Gussie" Gardiner was one of the first members to congratulate me and commend my course. That was Gardiner, a hard and manly fighter with

a frank and friendly admission when he was beaten.

About half the members of the House are lawyers, and all of them have had a varying experience in campaigning. In both there develops a sixth sense; the successful lawyer intuitively knows when he has made his point with the jury and further argument would damage his case; the experienced campaigner can feel the reaction of his audiences, and he guides himself accordingly. A good speaker, whether in court or on the platform, must not make the mistake of so many young orators and mix the serious and the amusing. You may wring tears from the eyes of men and arouse their emotions and make them think, or you can throw them into laughter and send them away won by the ridiculous, but to attempt to scramble two antagonistic elements makes an omelette nobody wants. Cooper had stalked through our little play as the tragic muse, grim, dripping calamity, voicing catastrophe, and on that sustained note he might have made his impression, but when I brought Gardiner on the stage to play the part of comic relief, as actors call it, the House saw the joke and was more in a mood to grin than to weep. Gardiner's smiling but simple statement was so good-humored and convincing that it took the pathos out of Cooper's tragedy and the dramatic became anticlimax. Still Cooper maundered along, and

when he ran down other men relieved him and kept the dreary oratory of the all-night session going. We were ready to adjourn at any moment, but the Democrats and Insurgents would not allow us, and the only way we could revenge ourselves was to compel them to maintain a quorum. Many of the Republicans went home and to bed, leaving our foe to make the best of it, and when absent Members had to be rounded up to answer to their names, in some mysterious manner the Sergeant-at-Arms managed to find more Democrats and Insurgents than Republicans. This angered the opposition, and the Sergeant-at-Arms was called before the House to give an explanation, but being a seasoned old Republican sinner he gave the Members little satisfaction. Then to get even the Democrats moved to commission one of their special employees an Acting Sergeant-at-Arms so that he could rout out Republicans from their nice warm beds and drag them through the cold to the bar of the House. When the man came to me for warrants of arrest, I refused to issue them, because the whole performance was clearly illegal. The Sergeant-at-Arms is a duly elected officer of the House and gives a heavy bond for the proper performance of his duties, but if a handful of Members can appoint an "Acting" Sergeant-at-Arms and order him to arrest Members, no one would be safe from

illegal arrest and no one could be held responsible for unlawful actions. Yet my refusal to recognize this gross infraction of the law was a little later that same night denounced on the floor of the House as further evidence of my Czarlike assumption of power and intolerable and presumptuous arrogance. Thomas Jefferson ought to have lived and framed another Declaration of Independence.

About three o'clock in the morning I resumed the Chair and remained in it until seven when I went for a bath and breakfast. Returning to the Speaker's room at the capitol I found it crowded with Senators, Members of the House, newspaper men, personal and unofficial friends, all more or less excited and all anxious to know my plans. Soon after I entered the House, called the body to order and, after the formalities were over, announced that I was ready to rule on the question of whether it was the Constitutional privilege of a Member to offer a resolution for a change of the rules. I cited rulings and precedents of other Speakers, referring especially to an identical resolution offered by Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, on December 13, 1876, and overruled by that great Democratic Speaker, Samuel J. Randall. "There was criticism," I said in closing, "grave criticism of the rules in those days as there is today, but no man in that House thought of appealing from a decision so

consonant with reason. Planting himself upon the law made for the House by Mr. Speaker Randall, appealing from the passion of this day to the just reason of that day, the Chair sustains the point of order and holds that the resolution is not in order." When I finished a great wave of applause swept over the Chamber, many Democrats joining with the Republicans in approval of my ruling, but when the applause and confusion subsided Norris appealed from the decision of the Chair and with the aid of practically the entire Democratic side, together with forty-three Republicans, overruled the Speaker for the second time.

Norris was now master of the situation and he was too shrewd a politician not to take advantage of it. After a brief debate his resolution changing the composition of the Committee on Rules was adopted amid great confusion and then he moved the adjournment of the session. I recognized the motion, which was privileged, but asked him if he would withhold the motion for a moment to permit the Chair to make a statement. This he did and I proceeded to review the political situation, calling attention to the fact that the same rules had been in force in the House for many years under both Republican and Democratic Speakers and that for sixty years the Speakers had been members of the Committee on Rules, that there was

no coherent Republican majority in the House; that a new majority had been created which ought to have the courage of its convictions and logically meet the situation, and as it was the highest Constitutional privilege for an actual majority of the House to choose a new Speaker at any time, I was ready to entertain a motion to declare the office of Speaker vacant and for the House to proceed to the election of a new Speaker. I did not have to wait long for the motion, which was offered by Representative Burleson, of Texas, later Postmaster General in Wilson's cabinet. Norris still yielding, I declared the motion of Burleson in order, called the Republican floor leader, Mr. Payne, to the chair and walked out of the House.

There was great excitement on the floor of the House. Senators rushed in to advise their Members and the Democrats were busy conferring with one another but there was little time for discussion or consultation for the clerk was calling the roll, Republicans were responding with lusty "Noes," old line Democrats with "Ayes," and the whole House watching the Insurgents—all but nine of whom flocked back to the Republican ranks and voted "no." I was given more votes than at the beginning of Congress and when I went back to resume the Chair I received a demonstration from both sides such as the House has seldom witnessed. My

main purpose had not been to confuse my opponents and secure a dramatic victory. The House was admittedly in revolution. I refused to resign and become responsible for creating a worse condition than existed. The election of a new Speaker would, in my judgment, have precipitated another contest which I feared would continue to the end of the session and leave all pending legislation, including the appropriation bills, unfinished and the Government without the means of support. The Democrats and Insurgents had the votes to elect a new Speaker, but I did not believe they could hold together. The Insurgents did not dare vote for a Democrat for Speaker, and the Democrats did not dare to vote for an Insurgent and they would not vote for a regular Republican. I was willing to surrender the gavel to any Speaker who received the votes of a majority of the whole House, but I felt it was my duty to continue in office until a majority elected my successor.

Burleson did not know my plans nor did any other Member of the House. I have always supposed that he acted on the spur of the moment and on his own initiative but recently Representative Claude Kitchen, of North Carolina, afterwards the Democratic floor leader, told me that he and Burleson had a conversation the night before and, both fearing the Speaker might spring a surprise, they

prepared the motion which Burleson offered. I know nothing as to the correctness of that statement. I think I do know that no regular Republican had any part in it for the simple reason that I did not take any of them into my confidence, not that I did not have full confidence in them, but because it was my own responsibility and a multiplicity of counsel on such a matter often demoralizes rather than helps a situation.

The Insurgents secured a new Committee on Rules and the Speaker was not a member of it. But John Dalzell, who had long been a member of the old Committee on Rules, was made Chairman. The Republicans were all stalwarts, satisfied with the old Committee, and the minority members were all Democrats of the old school. There was not an Insurgent on the Committee. The new Committee had an increased membership, divided on party lines as before, and it functioned as had the old Committee. The one significant difference was a Committee room and a Committee clerk to add to the expenses of the House. Mr. Dalzell had been the working member and ruling spirit of the old Committee because of his parliamentary knowledge and experience in preparing Special Rules, and he continued to be the ruling spirit of the new Committee as well as its Chairman. If anything else was accomplished by the revolution I do not

remember. It seems to me, regarding the matter quite dispassionately, the Insurgents accomplished about as much as did that famous King of France who marched his forty thousand men up the hill and then marched them down again; doubtless to the profit of the shoemakers and the improvement of the sweet tempers of his soldiers. But Cannonism was dead, dead as a doornail, dead as a last year's birdnest, dead as a defeated presidential candidate—and is there anything deader than that?—dead as an exploded campaign sensation; but the rule of the majority lives and government is not the whim of a handful of men who don't know what they want and when they get it want something else. It's a damned good thing to remember in politics to stick to your party and never attempt to buy the favor of your enemies at the expense of your friends.

CHAPTER XIII

A DISTINGUISHED LOBBYIST

I REMEMBER old Peter Cartwright, the militant Methodist preacher of the West, who denounced the Yankees as barbarians because they ate lobsters and oysters instead of good ham and bacon, and who, when he visited New York, said he purchased a small axe to blaze the way from the hotel office to his room. So when I have read the books of Mark Twain and laughed over some of his characters there has been a dim recollection of something close akin to them I have known in real life. Tom Sawyer is the most natural boy I ever met between the covers of a book, and Colonel Mulberry Sellers is a daily visitor to the national capital. In fact, the last time I met Mark Twain he admitted that he was playing the part of Colonel Sellers and trying to make me see there were millions in it, for he had come to Washington to lobby for the copyright bill. He had no aversion to the term lobbyist, but recognized his temporary vocation while in the capital just as he recognized men in their various disguises all through his life.

He was an author asking protection for his work.

He took over a part of the enthusiasm of Colonel Sellers as he talked to Members of Congress about the great benefits of the copyright bill, and he showed some dissatisfaction, if not disgust, when he discovered that other people were taking advantage of his efforts and his influence. He came into the Speaker's Room one day, as he was accustomed to do every morning, and said, "See here, Uncle Joe, does every fellow who comes here get hitched up to a train he does not want to pull? I came down here to pull the copyright bill through Congress because I want the copyright on my literary work extended so that I can keep the benefits to myself and family and not let the pirates get it. I hitched my locomotive to that car, and just when the locomotive got under way it had to be halted to attach a new car, then another and another, until now the steam is getting low and the train is so long I don't know whether it will move or not. And I don't know that I want to pull it now with all sorts of cars attached which have no possible relation to the purpose I had in coming to Washington or the legislation I believe necessary for the protection of my literary work."

I told him he had had the usual experience of men who want to reform the world by legislation according to their own views. There are always people ready to help them. He had that under-

standing of human nature that made him quick to see the difficulties that surround legislative effort without making him suspicious that the other fellows' efforts were not just like his own—wisely selfish—but he insisted that there ought to be several classes of trains in legislation as there are on the railroads so that real inspiration and “canned goods” should not be hooked up together in the same train. I agreed with him, but those who were insisting on cooperating with him did not. They were all determined to get on the same train with so popular an engineer.

He had influence with Members of Congress and he was frank to admit his purpose. He came to lobby for a bill and was not ashamed to admit that he had an interest in the legislation he sought. There was no altruistic humbug about him. He wanted to go on the floor of the House to lobby, but those confounded “Cannon Rules” prohibited him, and they likewise so bound the Speaker that he could not recognize another Member to ask unanimous consent to admit Mark Twain or any other man to the floor. Mark studied those rules and discovered that the only exception made was to those who had received the thanks of Congress. So he wrote to me and, acting as his own messenger, came to my room one cold morning and laid the letter on my desk. It was as follows:

Dec. 7, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE JOSEPH:

Please get me the thanks of Congress—not next week, but right away! It is very necessary. Do accomplish this for your affectionate old friend—and right away! By persuasion if you can, by violence if you must. For it is imperatively necessary that I get on the floor for 2 or 3 hours and talk to the members, man by man, in behalf of the support, encouragement and protection of one of the nation's most valuable assets and industries—its literature. I have arguments with me—also a barrel. With liquid in it.

Get me a chance! Get me the thanks of Congress. Don't wait for the others—there isn't time—furnish them to me yourself, and let Congress ratify later. I have stayed away and let Congress alone for seventy-one years, and am entitled to the thanks. Congress knows this perfectly well; and I have long felt hurt that this quite proper and earned expression of gratitude has been merely felt by the House and never publicly uttered.

Send me an order on the Sergeant-at-Arms.

Quick!

When shall I come?

With love and a benediction,

MARK TWAIN.

After reading his letter I repeated what I said about the embarrassment of those rules not only as affecting him but also the Speaker, and he laughed as he said his joke must have been pretty clear for me to catch the point at the first reading. I called my messenger and said to Twain, "I am in full sympathy with you and will help you lobby. Neal

will take you to the Speaker's private room, which is larger, more comfortable, and more convenient than this one. That room and the messenger are yours while you stay, and if you don't break a quorum of the House it will be your own fault."

He installed himself and the messenger went on the floor whispering to Champ Clark, Adam Bede and others on both sides of the House, and in a few minutes there was not a quorum on the floor. They were all crowding into the Speaker's private room to see Mark Twain and promise him to vote for the copyright bill, for he allowed no admirer to escape. After the day's session Mark came to me to say that those confounded rules were not so bad after all and that he didn't object to a "Czar" who abdicated and allowed him to occupy the throne room.

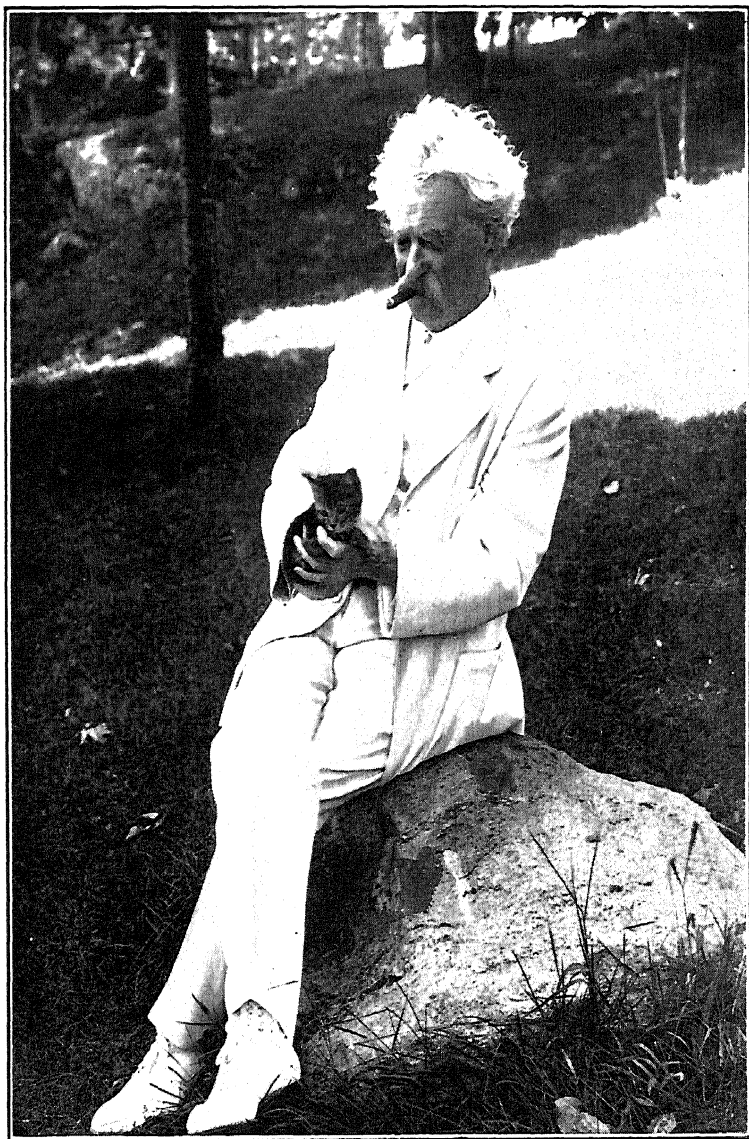
We sat together one night at a Gridiron dinner where there was lots of fun at the expense of public men and we laughed at the burlesque skits. On leaving he invited me to lunch with him the next day. I replied I would be glad to come, but I never ate lunch. "So much the better," said he, "neither do I. Come, and we'll let George Harvey eat the lunch while we talk." We sacrificed Harvey's stomach for an excuse to chat over old times. George Harvey complained we were selfish, but

Mark insisted we were true philosophers, and I agreed with him.

The old fashioned lobbyist no longer cuts any figure in Washington because for him we have substituted what may be called Politics by Propaganda. The way to secure legislation and escape all suspicion of ulterior motive, is to form an association and proclaim its object as moral. The next step is to organize a committee of highly respectable men and women to act as a figurehead and have the actual work done by paid agents, who profess great interest in their work, but whose real interest is in their salaries. These paid agents will then industriously haunt the corridors of the Capitol and tell Congress what certain citizens demand in the way of legislation, and what they think is good for other citizens to have, whether they want it or not. Propaganda has taken the place of politics of the old school where the representatives of parties gathered in convention and adopted platforms to be the foundation of the campaign for election. The propagandists care little for party conventions or party platforms. They wait for the Congress to meet and then bring their legislative proposals forward as nonpartisan and for the general welfare of the people. The reformers of today have backed off the stage Sam Ward, the prince of lobbyists fifty years ago. Few of the so-

called reforms that have been enacted into legislation in the last dozen years were much discussed in political campaigns or embodied in political platforms on which members of Congress were elected. Propagandists have made the bold assertion that they represent the demands of the great American people, and Congress has accepted the voice of Propaganda as the voice of God. Candidates for office and proposed laws are advertised in the same way as safety razors and face powders. I remember telling a little story at one of our conventions out home of the Yankee and his razors as applicable to our opponents. I heard the story sixty years ago, but it is pertinent in this connection. The razors he made were no good. The Yankee was asked what he made the razors for. "Made them to sell," the Yankee replied. So it is with the highly paid moral lobbyists of today. They have something to sell, and they don't give a hang whether it works or not.

If you accuse them of lobbying and using the disreputable tactics of the lobbyist they deny it, but nevertheless that is what they do. They brow-beat, bully and intimidate; they bribe by offering their support, not infrequently by promises of financial assistance; they threaten if they meet with resistance. You may say Members of Congress ought to have more courage and not surrender to



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

MARK TWAIN

The Most Popular Lobbyist

coercion, but every member of Congress seeks publicity and at the same time fears it. Without publicity he cannot hope to succeed; with too much, especially of the wrong sort, he is bound to fail. Great latitude is permitted the man who asserts he speaks not for himself but as the mouthpiece of society. You can openly confront your political rival or your political opponent, you can answer the Editor who slanders you or the disgruntled office seeker who abuses you, but it is much more difficult to refute the calumnies of the man who professes to want nothing, who has no interest to serve except the cause of morality or the good of the people. To me Politics by Propaganda is one of the greatest dangers we have to face. It is an invitation to hysteria and rash experiment. We are a people who like novelty and the short cut to perfection. We are always able to make ourselves believe that the social millennium is just one lap ahead and we can catch up with it if only Congress will enact some new fangled law or impose a new prohibition. When parties adopt a platform and commit themselves to a course of action they proceed with deliberation, they are governed by the combined wisdom of all their members, the extremists are restrained by the modernists, and the party goes steadily forward to do the work for which it was created. Party government is intelli-

gent responsibility. Politics by Propaganda is an appeal to emotion, and as meaningless and transient as most emotion. The clever scoundrel is less to be feared in Government than the well-meaning incompetent. The scoundrel knows there's a limit beyond which he dare not go; the man who means well but is foolish never knows where his folly may lead him.

It was Samuel Gompers who introduced the blacklist into lobbying and politics and he once boasted that he had blacklisted all the members of Congress who voted contrary to his wishes. I was blacklisted by Gompers and his association in 1906 when in a speech opposing the Pearre Injunction Bill I said: "I would rather quit public life at seventy, and quit it forever, than to retain public life at a sacrifice to my own self-respect. I will not vote for any law which will make fair for me and foul for another. The blacklist is the most cruel form of oppression ever devised by man for the infliction of suffering upon his weaker fellows." I have never been opposed to men or women organizing for their protection. We all do it. The churches understand that if they did not organize they would not be worth a song sung in a hurricane. We have destroyed slavery and class distinctions no longer legally exist, and yet we have demands for legislation which, if enacted, would

revive the old belief that was shot to death by the Civil War, that only some labor is free, and that the class distinction of labor is to be encouraged for the benefit of all of us. To that pernicious doctrine I will never subscribe.

Mr. Gompers' hostility led to an amusing incident. I was one of the men blacklisted by him and he not only went to my district in person but employed the whole machinery of the American Federation of Labor to accomplish my defeat. Mr. Gompers came to Danville on Labor Day in 1906 to make a speech, and while it was generally understood there should be no partisan politics in connection with the observance of that holiday, he made a bitter speech against me. It so happened that in the parade a liquor dealer had a sign which read "Drink Old Cannon Whiskey." Mr. Gompers inquired of some of the local labor leaders if I was responsible for the sign, and they jokingly replied that I not only manufactured the whiskey but gave it my own name. That was enough for Mr. Gompers, and he made his speech with that as a text, accusing me of corrupting youth for the purpose of robbing them, and that I had the Soldiers' Home located in my home city so that I could sell to the veterans the product of my stills. The speech was amusing to the people of Danville, including the union men who knew that Mr.

Gompers had aided rather than injured me by using gossip to attack me in a speech in my home city.

The Rev. P. A. Baker, President of the Anti-saloon League, took up Mr. Gompers' charge and became quite violent in his strictness; denouncing me as a man occupying one of the highest official positions in the country who had no higher sense of responsibility than to manufacture whiskey and give it my own name. Mr. Baker's home is in Columbus, Ohio, and it so happened that "Old Cannon Whiskey" is made in Kentucky for a firm in that city and has been since the days of the Civil War. Its label bears a picture of a cannon and its name came from the ordnance rather than from any individual. Not long after the speech of Mr. Gompers and Mr. Baker had been reported in the newspapers of the country, I received a formal letter from an attorney in Columbus, enclosing a copy of the trademark of Old Cannon Whiskey with the date of its register, and inquiring by what right I was using that label. He had been instructed by the distiller to begin legal proceedings against me for appropriating a registered trademark. The incident showed the intelligence and sense of responsibility of two distinguished leaders of great movements; that they were ready to use any malicious gossip which appeared damaging to the man

they opposed. Incidentally they made themselves ridiculous before their own followers in my home city. The only result, so far as I was concerned, was to brand both men as foolish if not vicious, and to aid my campaign instead of injuring it.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PRESIDENCY AT A BARGAIN PRICE

IN January, 1908, Mr. Herman Ridder, the owner of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, came to my room at the Capitol to discuss the efforts of the publishers to secure free print paper, pulp wood and wood pulp, the raw materials out of which paper is made, from Canada. This campaign had been going on for months. The newspaper proprietors asserted they were at the mercy of the paper trust which charged them exorbitant prices, and the only way to break this monopoly was to revise the tariff and make print paper and the raw materials free of duty. Republicans in both Houses considered it was inadvisable to discuss the tariff at that time because of existing political conditions, and the refusal of the Democrats in the House as well as in the Senate to allow the tariff to be revised in a single interest, made legislation impossible, and I so told Mr. Ridder.

Several bills to do what Mr. Ridder wanted had been introduced and referred to the Ways and Means Committee; the Republican members of the Committee decided it was unwise to attempt a revision of the tariff at the session immediately pre-

ceding the presidential election. Mr. Williams, the minority leader, made this a party issue. He pledged Democratic support, prepared a petition to discharge the Ways and Means Committee from further consideration of the subject, had a table placed in front of the Speaker's desk and appealed to twenty Republicans to sign. These, with the full Democratic membership, which had already signed, would make a majority. Not a single Republican signed the petition. The whole affair was looked upon as one of those bluffs sometimes played by politicians.

Mr. Ridder was not disheartened. He had great confidence in his powers of persuasion. He proposed to secure an agreement from Senators Aldrich and Culberson, the majority and minority managers, to allow the bill to go through the Senate without amendment. I wished him success, but doubted it. He came back a few days later with what seemed to me the astounding statement that everything had been happily arranged. He had seen Aldrich and Culberson and they had promised to let the bill go through the Senate without amendment, if I would put it through the House. Surprised, I made enquiries only to learn that Mr. Ridder had either misrepresented or misunderstood the attitude of both Senators. As I expected, they had agreed to nothing. It was not the week for

the lion and lamb to gambol merrily on the green.

I suggested to Mr. Ridder if there was a paper combine the publishers had their remedy in proceedings against the manufacturers under the Sherman anti-trust law, but this they did not accept. Some of the Republican members, fearing newspaper hostility, talked about holding a caucus to bring the Stevens Bill, which was the bill the publishers wanted passed, from the Ways and Means Committee into the House, and I assured them I would be governed by the action of the caucus, whatever it might be. But it was made evident a majority of Republicans could not be secured to pass the bill. In the following April the Associated Press held its general meeting and adopted a resolution asking Congress to "grant immediate relief from the exactions of combinations of paper makers." Congress was accused of employing dilatory tactics "to prolong present conditions and to carry over to another session of Congress every proposition designed for relief." This was pretty heavy pressure to put on Congress because these two organizations, the Associated Press and the American Newspaper Publishers Association, represented practically the entire newspaper press of the country. I had introduced a resolution, which the House adopted, for the appointment of a select committee to en-

quire into the cost of paper and wood pulp, and that was all I could do.

One beautiful morning early in May Mr. Ridder came to my house. He was as radiant as the sunshine outside, and when he entered the library, where I was going over my mail, he simply bubbled with enthusiasm. Without delay he proceeded to business, and in substance this is what he said:

"Uncle Joe, you know my position with the publishers and my influence with the newspapers of the whole country; I can and do speak for them. Now, you give us free print paper and we'll make you President of the United States. When the Stevens Bill becomes a law I'll give a grand banquet here in Washington to celebrate our victory. You will be the guest of honor and the publishers will be your hosts. That banquet will be in fact the convention to nominate the next President and you will be the nominee. The convention in Chicago will only be a ratification meeting. We will adopt resolutions in favor of your nomination and election as President. The newspapers in our association represent all political parties. We will all unite and we will make you President if you will only give us free print paper. What do you say?"

What could I say in reply to such an outburst of confidence as to what the great American press

intended to do for a humble citizen in exchange for the small boon of free print paper? I was disposed to treat him as a humorist, but my caller was not in a joking mood. He was on a business errand, and that he might properly impress me he proceeded to repeat the plan with greater detail. As an additional proof of his good faith, he assured me that my secretary should be in charge of the plans for the banquet, he should help to prepare the resolutions, and edit the Associated Press report before it was sent out. I confess I was puzzled for a moment as to the attitude I should take. Then I said, "My dear sir, there is an old story printed in a very old book, about a very superior gentleman who possessed great power and greater confidence in his power in this wicked world, meeting a plain man of simple tastes but who was suspected of having rather close relations with the Supreme Power. The gentleman with influence and confidence took the plain man of simple tastes up into a high mountain, pointed out to him all the beautiful valleys lying below and said: 'All these will I give you if you will only fall down and worship me.' But when he said this he knew that the other man knew that he did not own a single foot of that land."

Still my caller did not seem to comprehend. He did not catch the point of the story, so there was

nothing for me to do except bluntly to rebuke him. I said: "Mr. Ridder, you ought to forget what you have said, and I will try to. I do not care to compromise with my self-respect by even remembering that such language was addressed to me. Good day." He left me without apparent anger or sense of shame, and still seemed to think he had made a fair and honorable proposal to exchange the highest office in the United States for a bill in the interest of a special class. A few hours later he entered the Speaker's room at the Capitol in a towering rage, and before several other callers declared that if he did not secure the legislation demanded he would support Mr. Bryan for President and contribute one hundred thousand dollars toward his election. He would turn the press of the country against the Republican party. This was my last interview with Mr. Ridder.

I often thought it over and don't know exactly what to make of it. Of one thing I am quite certain, and that is the American Newspaper Publishers Association and the Associated Press, taking these two great organizations as a whole, had given Mr. Ridder no commission to come to Washington and offer me the Presidency in exchange for my treachery. What I think probable is that a few publishers and editors, knowing little of Congressmen or public affairs, but believing what ignorant

scandal-mongers have often printed, that Congress is a corrupt body and its members can be bought, had said to Ridder: "Go to Washington and see if you can do business with Cannon. You probably can't get him with money, because from all accounts he's one of the few men who can't be bought, but of course, like every other politician, he wants to be President, and you might use that as bait." Then Ridder, who was a man of luxuriant imagination, or some other man with an equally vivid fancy but stunted conscience, startled the crowd by explaining: "Boys, here's the game, we'll tell the old man we'll make him President, we'll tell him we control the press of the whole country and anything we say goes, and the damned old fool'll eat it up." Then they all laughed and thought it a good joke and told Ridder to go ahead and see whether I would bite. I don't think any of them ever intended Ridder should be as crude as he was, but Ridder got excited, considered himself a deep student of human nature, and had sized me up as a weak old man who could be fooled by any preposterous promise, and made the proposition. Naturally when I rejected it and rebuked him he was angry and was resolved to get even, but I could never see that the incident ever did me any real injury. The newspapers held me responsible for their having to pay more for news-

print than they thought they ought to pay. I was heavily muckraked. Impetus was given to the campaign against "Cannonism," I was a convenient man of straw to tilt against. Except for such minor inconveniences I don't know that I have any great complaint.

Three years later, on April 19, 1911, I made a speech in the House on Canadian Reciprocity. A representative of the publishers, Mr. Herman Ridder, I told the House, came to see me demanding something be done, which was impossible. "There was some nasty talk, to which I will not refer and it is not necessary to do so; but I have been hammered from that time to this, though I believe they have let up on me now, inasmuch as I am no longer the Speaker, and I am enjoying a little season of rest. It is all right. I am seventy-five years old, and, whatever they do, when I appear at the gate of either of the places where men go hereafter, whether I go where they wear asbestos halos or those of muslin, I will walk with my head erect and say, 'I retain my own self-respect.' I am not going far into the matter here. I am going to run over the personal part of it as rapidly as possible. Many things happened about that time, and threats were made that if the Republican Party did not promptly put print paper upon the free list that great and good man who headed the

Publishers' Association, Mr. Herman Ridder, would support Mr. Bryan for the Presidency and contribute one hundred thousand dollars to his election. We did not pass that bill, and when the time came Mr. Ridder was made treasurer of the Democratic national committee, and I guess he gave you boys on the Democratic side fifty thousand dollars, did he not? The newspapers say so, and I have never seen it denied."

To another editor connected with a paper in Minnesota who offered the support of the free and independent press on a condition, I sent the following letter:

Dear Sir,

The Speaker has received your letter with reference to the amendment to be offered to the Post Office Appropriation Bill providing for the discontinuance of the practice of printing business addresses on envelopes by the Government. The Speaker has received a great many similar letters, but yours seems to be the most direct in its appeal to the Speaker to use a power which he does not possess under the Rules, and could not attempt without becoming, in fact, an autocrat.

You say, "if you will exercise that great power with which you have been credited to save the measure from defeat on a point of order, I have no doubt the editors will greatly appreciate the favor, and will not view this act as critically as though it were done in some cause in which they were not interested."

This seems to be a very frank confession that the

editors do not view with alarm any exercise of power, whether just or unjust, whether under the Rules or in defiance of them, so long as that power may be used for their benefit. The Speaker appreciates your frankness, and is sorry to have to inform you that the Post Office Bill is before the Committee of the Whole House, and if a point of order were made against the amendment you desire, the ruling must be made by the Chairman of the Committee of the whole House and not by the Speaker.

Representative Lawrence, of Massachusetts, is the Chairman of the Committee of the Whole while the Post Office Bill is under consideration, and it will be his duty to rule on this question should a point of order be made against it. I have no idea how Mr. Lawrence would rule, but I think I can assure you that he will, as a good parliamentarian and honest man, and a man who regards his oath of office as sacred, follow the rules and precedents of the House as they have developed in more than a hundred years; that he will not follow his own personal inclinations, nor those of the Speaker. And I might say he would be guided neither by the desire to secure the favor nor the displeasure of the editors of Minnesota or any other part of the country.

CHAPTER XV

CHEAP POSTAGE AND PUBLICITY

WHEN I was elected to Congress in 1872 publications went through the mails without prepayment and the duty of collecting postage from the subscribers was put on the thirty-three thousand postmasters of the country. There was no way the Post Office Department could tell whether the postage had been collected. It was such a pica-yune business, this collecting five or six cents a quarter from patrons of the postoffice, that even honest postmasters would not give proper attention to it, and report to the Department. There may have been some dishonesty but there was more carelessness, and a system that encouraged careless handling of Government accounts was a bad system. Apart from the necessity for changing the system was another reason to appeal to me. I had all my life felt the need for the better distribution of information and knowledge. I had as a boy ridden ten and even twenty miles to secure a newspaper for the neighborhood that it might have the news. I had experienced the hunger for books that no one can understand in this day. I had been intimate with

the struggling country editor whose work was labor of love; I had felt that the circulation of the magazines of fifty years ago was a distinct extension of education and culture; that they had brought to the people the best literature of their day, and it was the proper function of the Post Office Department to aid in bringing this literature to the people without making revenue the first consideration.

The bill I introduced, which subsequently became law with slight amendment, made the pound the unit of payment, provided that the publications should be weighed in bulk at the office of mailing, and the postage prepaid by the publisher. The rates were reduced and this caused the bill to be objected to on the ground that the Government was losing money on second class matter, but I contended that the prepayment of postage would bring in a greater revenue.

We are continually told that history repeats itself, and just as now many publishers think I am opposed to their interests, so at the beginning of my Congressional life I had to meet their opposition. They brought pressure to bear to defeat my bill and complained it was a great injustice to them. They did not like having the cost of the postage transferred from the subscriber to the publisher. They said they could not increase the price

of their publications to the subscribers, and if they paid the postage they would lose money. I was satisfied that when the subscribers were relieved of the petty annoyance of paying postage every quarter they would not object to having the postage added to the subscription price. It has worked out that way. The publishers, as we all know, have not lost money, on the contrary, they have built up enormous mail circulations and made great fortunes. The people have also gained. They are no longer isolated, cut off from the best reading matter, out of touch with current thought. The Post Office Department is like a great root spreading many feet under ground and nourishing the mighty oak. It is the tap root of civilization. There is not a hamlet, even half a dozen little houses far removed from the village or the town, to which the rural free delivery carrier does not go. And on his back is his pack of knowledge. The daily newspaper from the large city, the weekly magazine, the monthly review; the more pretentious books to amuse or instruct are in the humble carrier's pack; the little settlement may be remote from the road and strife of the metropolis, knowing it only by repute, but the post office enables men to travel far and wide. It costs the Government money, the Government loses money on every piece of printed matter it transports, but

it is because the Government recognizes the educational value of the press that the percentage of illiteracy in the United States is lower than in any other country and our standard of civilization is higher than elsewhere.

I believe we had better publicity forty years ago when the party press was the rule and the so-called independent press the exception, than we have now. The correspondents in the press gallery then felt their responsibility for reporting the proceedings of Congress. Then men representing papers in sympathy with the party in power were alert to present the record their party was making so that the people would know its accomplishments, and those representing the opposition party were eager to expose any failures on the part of the Administration. The press correspondents performed their functions in government just as did the Members of Congress. The men in the press gallery now are perhaps as able and conscientious as their predecessors, but there has gone much of the serious discussion of legislative matters. It has given way to what is considered more entertaining reading. The cut of a Congressman's whiskers or his clothes is a better subject for a human interest story than what he says in debate. The gossip of what might have been done or what should have been done takes the place of what has been done. From the

newspaper point of view, I can understand, nothing is news that is not unusual or out of the ordinary run of events. When I was elected Speaker I gave instructions to my messenger that the Speaker's Room was to be open to the newspaper correspondents. I did not think there would be much news in the Speaker's Room, but I wanted to remove the air of secrecy and mystery that always surrounds any place where newspaper men cannot go. I sometimes think that this effort to allow the newspapers access to everything in the Speaker's Room was not an entire success, for there were many curious calls and many freak letters coming to the Speaker, all of which furnished the correspondents with "human interest stories" and contributed to the modern development of news rather than to legislative publicity.

I remember one day in 1910 there were six or seven very important subjects under consideration at the Capitol. Senator Lodge's committee on the high cost of living began its hearings; the Agricultural Committee of the House had the conservation question before it with testimony from experts; the Judiciary Committee took up propositions to amend the Sherman anti-trust law; Senator Bailey delivered what was said by Senators to be one of the greatest Constitutional arguments ever made in the Senate; the special committee on

the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation heard important testimony; the House passed the naval bill carrying appropriations of one hundred and thirty million dollars, and the Senate debated the postal savings bank bill. I thought it a great day for news and expected to read reports of each of these proceedings in the morning paper. But I found next morning that all these things which I had regarded as important had been subordinated to a postcard received by the Speaker the day before. The postcard purported to be from a group of young ladies in Ohio requesting the Speaker to open a matrimonial bureau and secure husbands for them as the best way to reduce the high cost of living.

The Puritans cut off the ears of my Quaker ancestors who came to Boston in an early day, and that is probably the reason I was not born in New England. The Puritans had another custom with which I have some sympathy. They introduced the ducking stool for malicious gossips. If that custom had continued down to the present day just think what New England would have lost in the way of modern newspapers! Or if the new development by the editors had been persisted in, the Charles River embankment might today be decorated with ducking stools and every morning there might be presented the spectacle of pub-

lishers, editors, correspondents and reporters ready for their morning baths at public expense. It is a singular commentary on our intellectual development that in an era when women are entering so many of the fields of endeavor long monopolized by men and are competing with them in serious work, those to whom we look as publicists and teachers—the editors and publishers—should have monopolized the one function which from the earliest times was supposed to belong to old ladies who had nothing else to do but meddle with the affairs of others and gossip about them.

Years ago at the Gridiron Club I said to its members I would leave to them the stories concerning myself, and I would never contradict a story or an interview. They gave me no reason to complain. They were not only my friends, but they were intelligent and experienced men, knowing as much about public affairs as I did, and at least they did not make me appear an ass or ignoramus. But that license was soon appropriated by others, and I have been represented as saying and doing so many fantastic things that I often wonder what sort of a man I really am.

A good many interviews remind me of one in a Venezuelan newspaper. Several years ago I was in Caracas and while attending a reception at the President's palace an *attaché* of President Castro,

who spoke a little English and acted as interpreter, informed me that the reporters desired to meet me and secure an interview. He kindly offered to act as interpreter so that the reporters would not misrepresent what I should say. The reporters were introduced, they were bright fellows, and through the interpreter told me many interesting things about Venezuela, President Castro, the Government and the revolution. They knew their own country and government and could talk about them with intelligence. The next morning the papers had extended interviews with Speaker Cannon, "the Director General of North America," and one of them was enterprising enough to print it in English. It was so ridiculous as to be very funny. Mark Twain never did anything better in his humorous pictures of American politics than did this Venezuelan reporter in his serious effort to interpret what I said about the Government of the United States, its policies, and President Roosevelt. The interpreter had translated my English into Spanish and the reporter had then translated it back into English, with the result that I was represented as the Director General of North America, and a Venezuelan revolution was a conservative Government as compared with the United States in peace.

That effort of a reporter to interview a man who

could not understand a word of his questions and who could not understand a word of the answers delivered through an interpreter who had a very indefinite and insufficient knowledge of the English language and the United States, was not much more ridiculous than some of the interviews I have read in American newspapers. Take for instance, an interview on the Rules of the House written by a young man who had never attempted anything more ambitious than reporting a society function or a dog fight until he came into the Speaker's Room one day and overheard a group of old correspondents, Members, and the Speaker, chaffing about the rules and some of the amusing contests over them. The young reporter listened to this ridiculous chaff and the next morning he had an interview with Speaker Cannon on the rules of the House that quite rivaled the effort of the Venezuelan reporter.

I have sometimes heard newspaper men boast that they had to prepare interviews with public men with very little assistance from their subject. I can well believe this, judging from some of my own experiences, and I have come to look upon interviews as the product of the reporter rather than the man interviewed. In looking over the great number of published interviews credited to me I can find very little of myself, very few of my



From The New York Herald

MOSES "THE GREAT LAW GIVER" IN ACTION



From The New York Herald

NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR
SPEAKER CANNON



From The New York Herald

THE SPIRIT OF 1906

thoughts or expressions, and a great deal that I have seen from time to time credited to other people. In fact, I have come to look upon my name as simply a convenient vehicle to carry anything that may be found in an encyclopedia of eccentricities attributed to public men in the last hundred years. I have paid little attention to these alleged interviews and stories touching myself, but the license to credit men in public life with the thoughts and fancies of reporters has in recent years, in some cases, been carried to a dangerous extreme.

I once said to McKinley that it was easier for a politician to get along with a reputation as a sinner than with a reputation as a saint. I had been accused of being a profane man who played cards and showed other evil tendencies, while McKinley had a reputation for being thoroughly good and kind and gentle, who never swore or took a drink or played a game of cards. He admitted there was much force in my argument, after his campaign for Governor of Ohio. He had numerous annoyances and many embarrassments because of his public reputation, and he charged it to the newspaper men. He couldn't talk plainly to people because of his gentleness, and he could not take a glass of beer without shocking some of the temperance people who had endorsed him as a strict

prohibitionist and teetotaller. He had to be gentleness itself to maintain the character the press had given him. On the other hand, I could do much as I pleased without unduly shocking anybody, for little was expected from me. If I showed ordinary gentility and some familiarity with social customs or with the Bible and other good literature, I simply caused surprise at my improvement or I could throw the responsibility on the newspapers for having misrepresented, if not having slandered me. McKinley admitted that I had the best of the argument and that it was wiser for a politician to have a reputation as a sinner than to be too much of a saint.

CHAPTER XVI

SOME STIRRING SCENES AND PERSONAL ESTIMATES

THE House of Representatives is very human. It is a responsive audience; it can be moved to tears and give itself up to laughter, but its mood is merely of the moment. The clamor of party bitterness can be hushed or laughed at under the magic of the skilled orator, and when his voice no longer charms or amuses, passion again rages. It is a curious assemblage, this House of ours. We saw a striking illustration of this in 1885, when the bill was passed restoring Grant to his old rank of General. The Democrats had unseated a good many Republicans—among others McKinley—and one of the contests still undecided was that of James Wilson, of Iowa, familiarly known as "Tama Jim." When the Democrats unseated McKinley they did not know they were electing him President; and the first selection McKinley made for his Cabinet was Tama Jim to be Secretary of Agriculture, who served under three Presidents, a longer service than any man in our history.

The report of the Committee declaring that

Wilson had not been legally elected was not called up for action until February 28, four days before the final adjournment of Congress. The Republicans determined to fight the report, and if necessary filibuster. There was really nothing in the fight except politics. Wilson had served his term, his Democratic opponent would have only a few days as a Congressman, and the not unimportant item of the back salary, which would be paid him for having done nothing; but both sides wanted a fight to wind up the session in good style. It was the Saturday before adjournment and the inauguration of President Grover Cleveland, the first Democratic President since the Civil War. We started the filibuster on old-fashioned lines. The roll was called on motions to adjourn, and that was all the business we did. We adjourned, as usual over Sunday, but renewed the filibuster on Monday morning, March 2, when we had a recruit from a most unexpected quarter. Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, one of the most prominent members on the Democratic side, offered a resolution that the House should refuse to take any part in the inaugural ceremonies. A bombshell indeed. A Democratic President about to be sworn into office and the Democrats remaining away. What had Mr. Cleveland done even before he had become President? Mills, always a vigorous speaker, was

furious. The Senate Committee on arrangements had assigned seats to the House of Representatives at the rear of the platform. This was an insult to the dignity of the House, and Mills announced he would not consent to sit with the bootblacks and the servants while Senators were in the place of honor. Of course, we sympathized with Mills and shared with him the slight put upon us by the Senate, but really we were delighted. Thanks to Mills, precious time was being used up, which was exactly what we wanted. We agreed with our Democratic friends that it was a dirty trick. When a scrapping Democrat proposed that the Capitol police should be immediately mobilized—just what they were to do no one ever knew—we egged him on like naughty boys trying to make a pup fight. Finally the Democrats saw they were making themselves ridiculous, Mills' resolution was voted down, and we turned to the more serious business of again calling the roll.

Late Tuesday night Samuel J. Randall, the Democratic floor leader, moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill giving Grant the rank of General. The Speaker held the motion to be out of order. Randall next moved to displace the election case, but this also was ruled out. The fight continued to grow uglier hour after hour, and on the morning of March 4, when Members should have been

preparing to attend the ceremonies of inducting a new President into office, the Chamber was filled with as angry a lot of men as I ever saw without calling it a mob. It looked like a deadlock until the hour of final adjournment. About an hour before adjournment Randall again moved to take up the Grant bill. Bennett of North Carolina, who had the election case in charge, jokingly said he would consent to the passage of the Grant bill after the election contest had been voted on.

Agile as a cat, Tama Jim sprang to the top of his desk and began to wave his long arms in an effort to secure recognition. When the confusion had partially subsided Wilson shouted out that if the House would put Grant upon the retired list he was willing to be sacrificed. Instantly the House was stunned into silence by this unexpected declaration. The galleries were crowded with visitors come to the inauguration ceremonies, and among them were many old soldiers, men who had fought with Grant and those who had fought against him; and the former Confederates had the same feeling for the dying commander as his own men. The piercing rebel yell mingled with the applause of Northern men in the galleries and on the floor. Without another word, without even a roll call, Frederick, Wilson's opponent, was declared elected. As Frederick was being sworn in

Wilson slowly walked up the main aisle, the galleries and the Members again cheering him, and left the House. Instead of the Congress ending in disorder, a spirit of bitterness and some of the great appropriations bills hanging in the air, good feeling prevailed, a wave of patriotism and sympathy swept aside partisanship, and all legislation was properly completed.

Strictly speaking, Grant was never legally restored to his rank and never legally commissioned. It simply shows, as Tom Reed once said to me, "There are times when to obey the law is to make an ass of the law." As soon as the bill was passed by the House it was rushed over to the Senate, the Clerk of the House having hard work to worm his way through the corridors, thronged with former soldiers and others who were still excitedly applauding the House for having honored their hero. It was now past twelve o'clock. There was no longer a House of Representatives, the Senate of the Forty-eighth Congress had passed out of existence, the term of the President had expired. If you want to be a strict constitutionalist, there was at that precise moment no Government. There are times when Congress can be so punctilious that failure to dot an i or cross a t is sufficient ground to make one House reject the legislation of the other; and there are times when one

House might leave out all the t's and i's and pretty nearly the whole alphabet and no one would care. Twelve o'clock had come and gone, but in both Houses the clocks had been set back, and officially noon had not arrived, no matter what the heavens might say.

As soon as the Secretary of the Senate received the bill he presented it to the presiding officer, who signed it and sent it to Mr. Arthur, by grace of the clocks still President of the United States. In the President's Room, across the corridor from the Senate Chamber, Mr. Arthur was waiting. He immediately signed the bill and simultaneously sent his last message to the Senate, nominating Grant to be General. There was another great burst of applause when the message was read, Senators on the floor as well as the occupants of the galleries joining. Mr. Edmunds, who was presiding, was a stickler for the rules and a strict observance of the proprieties of the Senate, but he did not consider it necessary to give the usual admonition that manifestations of approval from the galleries were not permitted by the rules of the Senate. After all, what are rules between friends?

If everything had been done in order a motion would have been made to refer the nomination to the Committee on Military Affairs, but without waiting for a motion, the Chair himself proposed—

again violating all rules and precedents—that the nomination be considered in open session. This was done and the confirmation unanimously approved. The commission had already been made out and signed by the horological President, and as soon as word reached him of the confirmation he immediately dispatched it by special messenger to gladden the last hours of the great commander.

Representative Charles Boutelle, of Maine, an intense admirer of General Grant, had followed the bill from the House to the Senate and thence to the President. As the gavel was about to fall and the Speaker was beginning to inform the members that the moment of final adjournment had come, the main central doors were flung open, Boutelle hurtled through them as if he had been picked up by a cyclone, and it seemed as if without touching the floor he landed more than half way down the aisle. The Speaker, with his gavel held suspended, blandly enquired: "For what purpose does the gentleman rise?" Breathless from his exertion Boutelle was just able to gasp out that the Senate had confirmed Grant and he was now restored to his former rank. Once more the House rocked with cheers. Everybody looked round for Tama Jim, the man who had made this possible, but he was nowhere to be seen. His spirit, however, still ruled the House. I suppose the Speaker

did adjourn the House, or perhaps it just adjourned itself, but Republicans and Democrats in brotherly love, the bitterness of the past forgotten, linked arms and made their way through the choked corridors to the platform on the East front, where they meekly took the places assigned to them in the rear, even Roger Q. Mills, as amiable as everyone else, forgetting his annoyance and his ruffled dignity at having to sit with "the boot-blacks of the Senate."

Another scene, no less dramatic, was when Blaine, in June, 1876, in the words of Robert G. Ingersoll, "tore from the throat of treason the tongue of slander," and exposed the vile conspiracy of the Mulligan Letters. It was only a week before the meeting of the Republican National Convention in Cincinnati, with Blaine one of the leading candidates. No man in our politics was more loved or more hated. To his admirers he was "The Plumed Knight," his honor untarnished; to his opponents he was the sum of all iniquity. His enemies resorted to every disgraceful trick to destroy him. They tried to make the country believe Blaine was dishonest and that he had used his power as Speaker to promote legislation in which he had a pecuniary interest. He demanded an investigation and was exonerated.

The Committee on Judiciary had been in-

structed to investigate the affairs of the Union Pacific Railroad, and it was gossip that evidence to involve Blaine had been secured through the Mulligan letters. These had been written by Blaine to Warren Fisher of Boston, stolen by James Mulligan, a man in his employment, and brought to Washington to be laid before the Committee, but in some mysterious way Blaine secured their possession. This was the situation when on Monday, June 5, in the presence of a full House and crowded galleries, he got up to speak. He asserted that the Committee under the guise of investigating the Pacific railroads was really investigating him, and while he had no objection to that, the honest thing would be for the Committee to investigate him by name. Next he told of the history of the Mulligan letters. He admitted he had the letters and the Committee had tried to secure them, but the correspondence was his, and he challenged the right of the Committee or the House to say what should be done with his private correspondence. Then occurred the most dramatic incident in Congress. Nothing like it, I think, ever happened before, certainly nothing like it has happened since. Suddenly without a word to lead up to the climax, he opened his desk, brought out a package and, holding it high above his head for every one to see, and in a voice which rang through the Chamber,

said he was not ashamed to have the letters read, and invited "the confidence of forty-four million of my countrymen, while I read these letters from this desk."

It was so surprising, so totally unexpected, that for a moment no one knew what it meant. Blaine had been represented in the press as doing everything to prevent the letters reaching the public, of having with tears in his eyes implored the Committee not to ruin him; he had gone down on his knees before Mulligan and swore he would commit suicide if the letters were published. For a moment the Republicans were as astounded as the Democrats. The pause was only long enough to mark the proper dramatic emphasis. Confidence in their leader, admiration for his boldness and strategy, brought the Republicans to their feet, a cheering, shouting, half hysterical mass, in which the galleries joined. For a few minutes the House was Bedlam. The Democrats sat mute, scowling and bewildered. The man they singled out for humiliation was about to read the evidence on which they relied to break him.

When order was restored Blaine began to read. There were not more than a dozen of these letters, and as a sensation they were not worth the paper upon which they were written. They solely concerned Blaine's private business affairs, and were

of interest only to him and Fisher. But Blaine had still another situation to stage, in its way, almost as startling. As he finished reading the last letter and handed the package to the official reporter he walked down the centre aisle, and standing in the well with all eyes upon him, he turned to Proctor Knott and asked if he had sent a telegram to Josiah Caldwell to appear as a witness before his Committee. Knott said he did not know Caldwell's address, and he also walked down the aisle close enough to Blaine almost to touch him. Thus the two men stood facing each other.

Blaine asked Knott if he had received a telegram from Caldwell; Knott began "I will explain," but Blaine cut him short and demanded a plain yes or no. Knott asked Blaine how he knew about the dispatch, and Blaine came back sharply, "When did you get it? I want the gentleman from Kentucky to tell this House when he received that dispatch." Knott, confused, hesitated; Blaine, putting his hand in his pocket, sprung his second surprise of the day. He pulled out a little slip of paper. It was a copy of Caldwell's dispatch from London, received by Knott five days before, which he had kept to himself. Knott had to make some explanation, and he told the House Caldwell cabled he had read the testimony to Thomas A. Scott vindicating Blaine, and his own knowledge

corroborated that of Scott. Before making Caldwell's dispatch public, Knott said, it was thought advisable to secure confirmation from Caldwell, but his address was unknown and the Committee was trying to secure it. Blaine's triumph was complete. Again the Republicans cheered their champion until they were hoarse.

I have participated in many exciting contests in the House in the last half century, but that was the most dramatic of all. Those two men, both handsome and impressive in bearing, with voices trained to make speech most effective, face to face in the arena of the greatest legislative body in the world, supported by their partisans and surrounded by a company of the most distinguished men of the time, impressed me like a revival of the tournaments at King Arthur's court. I confess that I was not an impartial witness, for I was a partisan then and something of a hero worshipper. But I never knew a live man who was strictly impartial. I have heard men say they were impartial, but I knew they were fooling themselves. A dead man may be impartial, not a live one. Certainly nobody in the House on that afternoon even tried to appear impartial. We were as lusty in our partisanship as a lot of men at a prize fight.

I wouldn't give three whoops for a man whose heart did not beat faster, whose eyes did not take

fire, whose spirit did not swell, who would not be moved to laughter or to tears by a song from the heart, by a woman's pleading, by noble oratory or noble acting, by the carols of birds and the voices of young children, by any human action through which the spirit in one spoke to the spirit in others. I cheered Blaine that day until my voice frazzled to a squeak and weakness made me inarticulate.

Grover Cleveland was an honest man and courageous, sincere, with the interests of the country at heart as he conceived them, but as a President he was not a success. He disrupted his party. His was a personal administration. A stubborn man, he demanded that his party do as he demanded instead of consulting them. That is always a mistake. No President can play a lone hand. If he wants to give the country an effective administration he must encourage team work.

Mr. Cleveland was elected on a tariff reform platform. In his inaugural address he stressed the importance of immediate revision of the tariff, but in the following August he called Congress in extra session, not to repeal the McKinley law, but to repeal the Sherman Silver Law. It was to the latter Mr. Cleveland attributed the acute business depression then existing. We Republicans knew better. We ascribed it to the fear of a low tariff which

would enable foreigners to invade our markets and bring about a reduction in wages.

He broke with his party on Silver, and was directly responsible for making the Democrats the free silver party. The President was accused of having fallen into the hands of his political opponents and advocating Republican rather than Democratic policies. That, of course, was nonsense; there never was a better Democrat than Cleveland, but he was as tolerant as Jackson in having his own way and seemed to think his opponents had no feelings. It is true the Republicans helped Cleveland to secure the repeal of the Sherman Act, but we were not playing politics. We believed the Sherman law was a menace to the country and we were glad to have it out of the way. My purpose is not to discuss the tariff, but simply to call attention to the mistake Mr. Cleveland made in trying to turn his party about face. That is a difficult thing for a President to attempt. Democrats were agreed on the necessity for tariff revision and split on the money question. Mr. Cleveland did what every Republican had tried to guard against. He divided Democrats on geographic lines. The East was for gold and the West for silver. By the time the next Democratic convention met in 1896 the division was clearly marked. The opponents of free silver

were merely a handful. Cleveland was practically read out of his party.

The Republican convention, held two weeks earlier, nominated McKinley on a gold platform. The Eastern Republicans demanded a gold plank as the price of their support; the great majority of the Western Republicans, excepting those from the Silver States, were more interested in McKinley and Protection than they were in silver. Senator Platt, of New York, convinced Mark Hanna of the wisdom of that policy, and, after a sharp struggle, it was adopted. Then occurred a dramatic incident, perhaps the most dramatic incident ever witnessed in a Republican convention. The great hall was packed when up rose the venerable and gaunt form of Senator Teller, of Colorado. The crisis of the convention had come. It was in an atmosphere of tense excitement that he slowly walked to the front of the platform. He was received with a storm of cheers. He had inspired in the silver men of the West a faith that was almost akin to religious fervor; even his opponents, who agreed with him on everything else except the coinage of silver, could not but respect his sincerity and the depth of his convictions. To Teller this was not a question of politics or economics. To him it was a matter of conscience; as he viewed it, opportunity was presented for the debtor class to

escape from the greed and financial slavery imposed upon them by their creditors, "the Wall Street bankers," as the West phrased it. A life-long Republican, a sincere believer in the principles of his party, the old man was forced to choose between his party and his conscience. He did not falter.

His speech was not eloquent—Teller was never a great orator—and his emotion made his words limp and hesitant, but no one who sat there that day will ever forget. The words have long been lost to me, but the impression remains, as vivid and moving as if it were yesterday. He knew that he was outnumbered, that he was in a hopeless minority, and the majority, hostile and ruthless, was determined to put a gold plank in the platform regardless of the feelings of the silver Republicans of the West, but to Teller that was all the greater reason for him to make his final plea and admonish his associates of their folly. It was his duty. He warned them of their danger and urged them to remember that if they did what they threatened, he and other men sitting as delegates in the convention would be compelled to vacate their seats and renounce the Republican party. It was a moving appeal. In national conventions, as a rule, the effect of a speech is to create passion or arouse excitement. There was some cheering when Teller

in concluding pleaded that he be allowed to remain with his friends and party associates, but not at the price of his honor; but the effect produced on most men by the impassioned plea was a feeling of vague uneasiness and disquiet. They asked themselves whether he was a prophet wiser than his fellows; whether the evils he predicted would follow.

The gold plank was adopted. When the result of the vote had been announced Teller arose. He was joined by Senator Dubois, of Idaho, and a few others, and led by Teller, tears streaming down his cheeks, the little band walked slowly out of the hall. At first a few faint hisses were heard and then a little sporadic applause, but almost at once, as if an order had been issued, all demonstration ceased. The emotion of a great crowd, nervously overwrought, is a curious thing, but in a crowd of Americans there is always a feeling of respect for the defeated who has made a gallant fight. Teller and his followers had buried their hopes; it was not the moment either to cheer or to revile. It was a solemn occasion, and as befitting its solemnity, they were to be allowed to depart in silence.

Cleveland's repudiation by his party completely changed Democratic principles. The party threw off its old conservative tendencies and fathered the radicalism of the Grangers, the Populists and other

dissatisfied elements anxious to try rash and visionary experiments. No man in public life since the Civil War, except Andrew Jackson, had done so much to change political conditions as did Mr. Cleveland when he challenged his party after his second inauguration. While in office his great qualities were not appreciated; it was only after he retired, and especially since his death, that the country took the real measure of the man and conceded that he was one of the outstanding Presidents.

I once had some reputation for trying to economize in Government expenditures and appropriations. I must, however, acknowledge that President Coolidge did more in that line in one year than I did in the ten years I was Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. With a budget law authorizing the President to make the budget through his Bureau of the Budget and one Committee on Appropriations in the House authorized to report appropriation bills, President Coolidge was able to cut the expenditures by a billion dollars the first year of his Administration and he proposes to cut deeper and deeper while he continues in office.

The Fifty-first Congress, when I was Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, appropriated

a billion dollars for the two years, or half a billion dollars annually. Through the press and in the political campaign that followed, we were denounced as having created a billion dollar Congress; Speaker Reed retorted that this was a billion dollar country. That billion dollars in 1890 seemed to be a tremendous amount of money for Government expenditures, but it now looks pica-yunish as compared with appropriations of the Sixty-fifth and Sixty-sixth Congresses covering the expenses of this Government in the World War. Those two Congresses appropriated more than forty billion dollars—more than our total wealth when I was elected to Congress, more than all the expenditures of the Government from its beginning down to the year 1917, three times as much as all the gold produced in the world from the time Columbus discovered America down to the present.

We had a public debt of nearly a billion dollars before we entered the war. At the beginning of President Harding's administration we had a public debt of more than twenty-five billion dollars, with an annual interest charge of more than a billion. The Harding and Coolidge administrations cut off three billions of the debt in three years and one hundred and twenty million dollars a year in interest. The annual expenditures the last year of

the Wilson Administration were more than five billion dollars; we were paying for the war. In President Coolidge's second year the annual expenditure was three billion dollars; we were saving after the war. Harding and Coolidge whittled down the expenditure and enabled Congress to whittle down the appropriations, and Coolidge is still whittling. As an economist, he has the record not only for this country but for the world. I hope the President's success in economy will lead the American people to learn something about living within their incomes and saving something for an emergency.

President Harding showed good judgment when he selected Charles G. Dawes as the first Director of the Budget. I have known Dawes for nearly thirty years; knew his father before him, who served in Congress with me more than forty years ago; knew his brothers and know his family. The General has good blood as well as good training and experience. He can play the political game, but always plays it on the square. In the preliminary campaign in Illinois in 1896 I did not know that Charlie Dawes had become a citizen of Illinois until I discovered that he had committed the state to McKinley against Senator Cullom, who was our favorite son. He had located in Illinois quietly and canvassed the situation and when the State Re-

publican Convention met the poll was for McKinley. Charlie Dawes had done that. When McKinley appointed him Comptroller of the Currency some of the older heads wagged uneasily. He was too young to control all the national banks, but he made good and was soon recognized as an authority on finance as well as on banking.

After the death of McKinley he resigned as Comptroller and again demonstrated his practical knowledge by establishing a bank of his own in Chicago which soon took a commanding place in the banking world; when war came, without a thought of these great interests under his control, he passed them on to others while he joined Pershing in France. There, coordinating the purchase of supplies and other expenditures for the army, he saved billions for the Government. He saw the economic necessity of cutting red tape and he did it, and thereby helped Pershing to get his men to the front.

As an advocate of the national budget, I was one of those who recommended Dawes to President Harding as Director of that new economic machine and he made it work from the start, holding the executive departments to their necessities instead of allowing the gratification of their desires. He lopped off nearly a billion dollars of expenditures in the first year, and then again re-

signed. General Dawes was a victim of an investigation by a Democratic committee that went to France to inquire how he spent the money and whether he kept strictly within the law, but in Paris the committee discovered that Dawes was one of the most popular men in all France and they did not care to put him on the grill. They waited until he came back to Chicago and then they called him to Washington to explain. His explanations were so emphatic and so clear to the man in the street, although at times not strictly parliamentary, that he became the whole show and the committee quit in disgust and never made a report. As a politician and a business man Dawes has shown extraordinary common sense and he has also had experience as well as ability. As Vice-President, Dawes, like Roosevelt, may be rather lost as Presiding Officer over the Senate, but I predict that he will keep the Senators in a quandary as to what he may do next.

Among my friends I do not remember one who more impressed me with his devotion to the effort to better mankind than the late Cardinal Gibbons, whose home was in Baltimore and who often came to Washington and had a comprehensive understanding of political as well as of religious questions. I attended many of the Thanksgiving breakfasts at St. Patrick's church house in Wash-



From The New York Herald

POOR UNCLE JONAH



From The New York Herald

A TENACIOUS JONAH



From The Independent

CANNON REPROVES CARRANZA

ington when the Cardinal was the host and the President, members of the Cabinet and Congress were guests, and I sometimes met the Cardinal to talk over questions pending in Congress. Immigration was one in which we were both interested. I think we both regarded the restricting of immigration by literacy tests as wrong and not likely to improve the character of immigration. I discussed this with Cardinal Gibbons and with President Roosevelt and sometimes the three of us exchanged views.

CHAPTER XVII

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

THE Maine delegation in the House was a small but powerful one when I took my seat. It had only four members, and it was always noted for its ability. It is extraordinary that a little State like Maine should have sent to the House Blaine, Hale, Frye, Reed, Dingley, Boutelle and Littlefield. These Maine men placed their stamp upon more legislation of national importance than any other like number of men from one State in the history of the Government. Hale and Frye were opposites in temperament and methods of work. Frye was one of the finished orators in Congress and ranked with the most pleasing speakers in either Senate or House. He was gentle in his manner and made friends and kept them. Hale was just the opposite. He never made a set speech in his life, he did not cultivate the art phrase, but throughout his career in Congress he was ever alert and kept himself informed as to every stage of all important legislation. He was an indefatigable worker in committee and always in his place on the floor, observing the legislative wheel as it turned out laws.

I had many tilts with Hale in conference on important appropriation bills when I was at the head of the Committee on Appropriations of the House, and while I found that he was tenacious and at times arbitrary in manner, I also found that he had the ability to defend his position, and he was probably no more stubborn in his position than I was in mine. Like all Senators he became impressed with the idea that the Senate was of a little higher dignity and less called upon to yield than the House. For the Senate I have always had great respect and admiration. As an institution it serves a great and honorable function, but in some respects it is unrepresentative of the people, owing to its composition and rules. Take a tariff bill, for instance. There it becomes a disturbing element. In the Senate, legislation, to a large extent, goes by unanimous consent. Nevada, with a handful of people and very few manufacturing interests, has as many votes as the great State of New York with its millions of people and widely diversified industries. The sparsely populated State of Wyoming has but a single member in the House and two representatives in the Senate; Pennsylvania, an Empire within itself, also has but two. The Senate is not representative of the wealth of the country; the House is.

When in 1893 the Wilson Bill was going through

the Senate Mr. Quay found that the provisions of the iron and steel schedule were not satisfactory to Pennsylvania. He determined that it should be made satisfactory, and one day when the bill was proceeding quietly on its way Mr. Quay took the floor for debate. He talked all the rest of that day. The next day he took the floor again, and it was observed that as soon as he read a sheet of manuscript the pile was replenished by his secretary. It was evident to those in charge of the bill that Mr. Quay was holding it up, determined to delay, if not to prevent, its passage. There was no way, under the peculiar rules of the Senate, to take him off the floor or limit his time; he could go on as long as his physical strength endured; he did not have to confine himself to a discussion of the schedule or the tariff in general, but he could talk about anything under the sun. The Senate had to make terms with Mr. Quay and he got what he wanted.

One reason the Maine members left their mark on Congress was that they were all strict party men; they never diverged by a hair's breadth from the principles of the party or entertained any fantastic notions that they were better than their party. Individuals are ephemeral. Today they are in positions of trust, tomorrow they may be in retirement, in their graves, in disgrace. But party is like a rope of many strands, wherein the

strength of one adds to the strength of the whole. Party is a past with a record. It is the present and the future. It is something so definite and tangible that the voter can deal with it. Its acts are an open byway. Its motives cannot be concealed. It is not subject to sudden and unexpected changes of policy or sudden and unexpected aberrations. It is an institution, and from its traditions and faith it speaks.

Dingley was an able man and a methodical worker. I served with him on the Committee on Appropriations and followed his lead when he became Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means because he had a better knowledge of the details of the tariff than any other man. While Mr. Dingley was very serious about his work and sincere, he was shrewd enough to have many of the items in the Dingley bill fathered by other members, especially when they might attract undesirable attention coming from the Chairman of the Committee. Maine had a good many interests to be protected, for it is still one of the greatest lumber states and also has large agricultural interests. Mr. Dingley cleverly induced Western members of the Committee to father a number of the items in the timber and agricultural schedules because there was a general impression they applied particularly to Western products. He put

forward the Western men in defense of his bill and some of the strongest protectionist arguments were made by Hopkins, of Illinois; Tawney, of Minnesota; Dolliver, of Iowa, and other Westerners who were members of the Committee. Yet no Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means ever had his own way in making a tariff bill more than did Mr. Dingley. He did not advertise himself as a leader, but he led just the same and more successfully than if he had occupied the floor to the exclusion of others and had accepted responsibility for all the items. He invited cooperation and secured it.

In the summer of 1897, while Congress was in extra session to revise the tariff, some of our enterprising people in Chicago conceived the idea of having "a business man's tariff" with business men constructing its framework. Moses P. Handy, who had been the Chief of the Publicity Bureau for the World's Fair in Chicago, was still engaged in promoting Chicago enterprise through publicity, and he suggested this idea of a business man's tariff. One Saturday Handy and half a dozen others met at luncheon and the suggestion was at once developed by the organization of the "Business Men's League of America." The men at the table became the League and it was resolved that the tariff should be revised in a thoroughly



From Harper's Weekly

TRAINING THE CABINET BIRDS

The Instructor—"Now, Then, All Together: 'It Is the Best Tariff the Country Has Ever Had'"

businesslike method under the advice of the League. A committee was appointed to go to Washington and lay the plans of the League before Congress. Mr. Handy, Fred W. Peck and some others were the self-constituted committee to represent the League in Washington, and they took the train for the East the next morning, arriving in Washington about noon on Monday. They went from the train direct to the Capitol to round up the Illinois members. Their business was too pressing for them to wait until they could go to the hotel and remove the travel stains. The Dingley bill had passed the House several months before the organization of the "Business Men's League of America" and had also passed the Senate with numerous amendments. The bill was in conference, and Mr. Dingley was guarding the secret of the Conference Committee so closely that not even the other members of the Ways and Means Committee could learn from him what items had been agreed to and what were still in disagreement.

Our Chicago friends wanted to know all about the details of the conference. They first called up Senators Cullom and Mason, but neither was a member of the Finance Committee of the Senate. The Senators sent them to my Committee Room and I didn't know and hadn't tried to find out what the conferees had agreed upon. I took them over

to the Ways and Means Committee and calling out Representative Hopkins, the Illinois member of the Committee, turned them over to him. They told Hopkins the purpose of their visit. They wanted to see the work of the conferees at once so that they could tell whether it was a business man's tariff. Hopkins was not much of a joker, but the proposition was so novel that he took them into the Committee Room and introduced them to Mr. Dingley. The spokesman for the League said he understood the bill was in conference and before it was agreed upon Mr. Dingley should allow the League representatives to take the bill to their hotel and go over it carefully. They would mark their approval or their disapproval on each item and make suggestions as to how all these details should be worked out in a business man's tariff.

The amusing thing was, these Chicago men, some of the best business men in the country, were in dead earnest. They were absolutely sincere in their proposition, and like so many other keen business men, absolutely ignorant of the ways of legislation; and there was the funny part of the whole affair. The Ways and Means Committee had held hearings all through the previous winter, representatives of every industry in the United States had appeared and given their views. The Committee had spent weeks on the preparation of the

bill, and the Senate Committee on Finance still more weeks in the preparation of amendments. Yet a persuasive publicity agent had been able to induce these captains of industry to come to Washington and seriously lay their proposal before Mr. Dingley. The old man was as serious as were the Chicago men and he indignantly repudiated the unheard of and impossible suggestion. The only man who saw the joke was Hopkins, and he suffered the usual fate of the man who butts in. Handy and his friends were angry because Mr. Dingley would not submit to them the conference secrets and let them decide what should be done; Mr. Dingley was indignant with Hopkins for trifling with him and arranging the interview.

Mr. Dingley died in 1899, and Mr. Hitt, a *bon vivant* with a sense of humor, insisted that his death was due to high living. This was at first an astounding suggestion, because there was no man in Washington more temperate in his habits or more given to simple food. Mr. Hitt, however, said that in this simple life lay the explanation. Dingley lived in Washington as he did up in a small town in Maine, taking a very plain breakfast, a luncheon of bread and milk, and a frugal meal for dinner. He did not know the taste of terrapin and grouse and canvasback, and had no more idea of the effect of champagne than he had of absinthe. As a mat-

ter of fact he was a strict prohibitionist and never touched liquor in any form. He lived this abstemious life until he became Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and the responsible leader of the House in revising the tariff. Then he had to accept invitations to banquets and public dinners of various kinds. He went and ate what was placed before him, paying no attention. He was absorbed in his work. He ate merely as necessity demanded and what was on his plate. He could not tell what he had eaten. He never knew, and as Mr. Hitt says, he may have been the victim of high living, an unconscious victim who had no more idea of enjoying a fine dinner than he had of flying.

An incident at a small dinner is typical of Tom Reed's ready wit and Dingley's inability to see a joke. It was a dinner given by a Maine man to Reed, Dingley and a few others. Now Reed liked a glass of wine at his dinner for, in the words of St. Paul, "his stomach's sake," but our host being from Maine, he could not offer drink to his guests. In those days half way through dinner there was always served what was known as a Roman punch, which was simply a water ice flavored with whiskey, rum or a cordial. When the Roman punch came on Reed fell upon it avidly, but Dingley, sitting across the table, tasted it gingerly, again

approached it cautiously, then laid his spoon down and said in his mournful voice with his sorrowful countenance—and Dingley always looked like a man who had just lost his best and dearest friend:

“Tom, there’s rum in that,” and his words and tone were a reproach to move the deepest sinner.

Reed leisurely finished his punch and turning to the table drawled out:

“That’s the difference between Nelson and me. He knows rum the moment he tastes it; I had to finish mine before I discovered it.”

The table roared, but Dingley never cracked a smile or said a word.

Boutelle was a picturesque character. He was bluff, hearty, big. To him the Civil War was not quite over and he thought it was for the spiritual good of the Southern Democrats—it was beyond his comprehension how any decent Northerner could be that despised thing, a Democrat—to wave the Bloody Shirt, and in particularly exuberant moments ram it down their throats. Apart from politics Boutelle was kind, gentle and charitable; he would put himself to a great deal of trouble and inconvenience to do a man a good turn—even a Democrat; or to relieve the distress of an unfortunate. He had gone to sea as a boy—I have no doubt ran away from home in storybook fashion—worked his way up to be a captain; served in the

United States Navy during the Civil War, and at the conclusion of peace he deserted the sea to become the editor of a small paper he owned. As master mariner and editor he had the precise training to make an opinionated man sure his judgment was final and to regard every man who differed with him either knave or fool.

I have been told there are some captains who look with contempt upon a calm sea as fit only for children and old women and are never happy unless there is a storm and they can show their skill. When Boutelle got up to speak one instinctively thought of the sailor. His desk was his quarter-deck. He knew the storm was coming, and he enjoyed it. Big, bluff and with a voice that carried to every corner of the house, he seemed to take positive delight in making the Democrats squirm. They stood it as long as possible, then some member would break loose. Boutelle was happy. He was for many years Chairman of the Naval Committee of the House, and when he brought his bill to the floor there was no lack of entertainment for the galleries. He went into the work of passing a naval bill with a marling spike, and he did not stop using it until the bill was passed. He could get into more controversies in shorter time and with more zeal than any other man I ever knew. And yet he was a good legislator and he succeeded

because he always had the Maine men with their different kinds of influence to help him, and the House respected him for his professional knowledge and patriotism.

Charles E. Littlefield, who succeeded Dingley, burst on the House like a meteor. He came with industry and volubility so developed that when he jumped into debate there was a sensation. His like had rarely been seen in the House. He could talk so fast that the official reporters were in danger of losing their jobs, and with his torrent of words there was a full accompaniment of ideas and arguments. He soon became known as a perfect engine for work. He added to these qualities courage, which is often wanting among legislators. Littlefield had the courage to stand up against Samuel Gompers and other labor leaders in the Committee on Judiciary when many Members in far less danger than he were willing to surrender. The labor leaders served notice on Littlefield they would blacklist him, and they kept their word. In 1906 they sent money and workers and speakers into his district to employ every method of bulldozing, blacklisting and boycotting known to the most desperate agitators, but they did not defeat him nor did they cause him to change his attitude toward their legislation. I went to Maine in the last week of the campaign and I never saw

a more disreputable fight made against any one. As I was also on Mr. Gompers' blacklist I could enter Littlefield's campaign in the same spirit as he did, and I was as free there to defend my policies touching labor legislation as I was in my own district in Illinois. The triumph of Littlefield in September did more to check the boycott of Members of Congress and give them courage than anything else in the campaign. Had Littlefield been defeated in September, I believe we would have lost the House in November.

The House of Representatives is no place for cowards or for men who lose their self-respect because some assassin of characters selects them for his victims; and I am thankful that I have known few such timid men in the House in the years of my service. Sometimes the dear people will say it with flowers, but flowers will be wrapped about a brick. If he is at all sensitive he will have a hell of a time. We are always being accused of a liking for compromise—the sin of cowards, the unthinking say with fine scorn, but remember this, no important legislation can ever be had without compromise.

In the closing hours of the Fifty-seventh Congress when we were in conference on the General Deficiency bill we became deadlocked on an item of forty-seven thousand dollars. It had been pre-

sented by Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, as a claim against the Federal Government arising out of the War of 1812, and to offset claims of the Government against the State. The auditors of the Treasury Department, after a careful investigation, found that Uncle Sam owed South Carolina exactly thirty-four cents. But you know how they do business in the Senate, and Tillman knew it, too. Practically nothing can be done except by unanimous consent. So Tillman got his item in the bill, and then when he learned the House conferees refused to accept it, coolly told Allison and Hale, the Senate managers, it was a case of his money or an extra session. He would either get his appropriation or filibuster until adjournment and force an extra session. About midnight on March 3, I told the Senate conferees there would be no more discussion; the House would not agree to the appropriation, and the Senate must accept the responsibility for what might follow. About 3 o'clock in the morning of March 4th Senator Allison came over to my Committee room to make a final appeal. He admitted everything I charged against the vicious method of legislation that permitted one Senator to hold Congress by the throat, but he begged that I would yield because the expense of any extra session would be far greater than Tillman's forty-seven thousand dollars. After con-

sulting the other House conferees I told Allison that in reporting an agreement I would explain to the House what had happened. I then went on the floor and made the report of the conferees. I told the House why we had been held there all night and why the conferees had at last agreed to yield to legislative blackmail to prevent an extra session. I used plain language and called it legislative blackmail. I did go outside the rules in my criticism of the Senate which permitted that kind of blackmail.

What I said that morning created something of a sensation in the Senate. It had a long solemn session which was very much like an old-fashioned Methodist experience meeting. Senators expressed their regret that a Member of the House should have transgressed propriety and the rules of parliamentary decorum and made an indecent assault upon the Senate, "the greatest and most dignified legislative body in the world." It was rather amusing to me to hear Allison and Hale regret my rudeness and gravely assure the Senate there had been no compulsion on the Senate conferees to induce them to stand for this item; the Senator from South Carolina had not once approached the Committee room during the conference, nor had any other Senator employed threats in the conference room. It was more amusing, however, to watch the faces

of Allison and Hale when Senator Tillman thanked them for their assurances of the correctness of his methods and then declared, "The Palmetto State was left out in the cold. I simply shut my jaw down on the proposition that I would have that money or I would have an extra session; and I was in position under the rules of the Senate to enforce it, thank God!" In this one sentence, Tillman disposed of the explanations of Allison and Hale and admitted the correctness of my statement.

I was a member of a Special Committee appointed by Speaker Carlisle in 1885 to investigate conditions on the Indian reservations. Our chairman was Judge Holman, of Indiana, for many years known as the Watch Dog of the Treasury. He was as careful in little things as in big, in dollars as he was in millions. He kept an eye on the expenditures of the disbursing officer who was with us, and would not let us ride in Pullman cars in the daytime. The Pullman was a sleeping car and the Judge would honor the requisitions for berths at night, but in the day time we had to ride in the day coach or pay our own Pullman fares. When we stopped at a hotel he was very cautious about the expense and demanded a room without a bath, but there the other members of the Committee drew the line and insisted that while studying the Indians we might at least stick to civilizing

customs, just as an object lesson in kindergarten training, and we insisted upon baths. Judge Holman groaned every time he had to approve one of these extravagant vouchers.

William R. Morrison, one of my Democratic colleagues from Illinois, was known to the country as "Horizontal Bill" because as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee he introduced a bill providing for a horizontal reduction of the tariff. He didn't get very far with it, but the name stuck. Morrison did not like some of his Democratic associates, one of them being William M. Springer, of Springfield, of my State, who had a weakness for breaking into the lime light regardless of the inconvenience he caused other Members. While serving his last year in the House Morrison was taken seriously ill and his colleagues from Illinois were much concerned. We visited him and tried to cheer him up as best we could. One evening when I called at his hotel I found him discouraged and apparently without hope of recovery. I chatted for a while and he broke in with: "I suppose if I die the House will take some notice of the fact and some of you will say something about me and my service. That will be all right and my family will appreciate it." After a moment's silence, he added, "But Joe, if Bill Springer starts an oration I want you to move to adjourn." I aft-

erwards thought that last remark turned Morrison back to recovery for he did get better after that talk and I did not have to go to parliamentary extremes to prevent Springer from taking a conspicuous part in memorial services for Horizontal Bill. He got well and lived for many years of honorable and useful service as Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

When William H. Moody, of Massachusetts, came to the House in 1895 he wanted to know, and his bump of enquiry was at times embarrassing. That spirit of wanting to know impressed me and I asked Speaker Reed to appoint Moody a member of the Committee on Appropriations. I thought he would be a valuable member, and he was: he was energetic as well as intelligent. When he left the House to become Secretary of the Navy in 1902, we continued our intimate relations. He displayed the same energy and intelligence in the Cabinet he had shown in the House, and that was also true when he went on the Supreme Court. It was a personal sorrow when he was stricken down in his robust health, unable to perform his official duties. The last time I saw Justice Moody was in the summer of 1911, when I was in Massachusetts with Representative Weeks. Accompanied by Representative McCall we went to call upon him. We found the Justice in an invalid chair unable

to lift his hand to his mouth, helpless as a child, but his intellect was as keen as ever and he was better informed on the political and business conditions of the country than we who were direct from Washington. We talked politics, medicine and religion, and I never saw more brilliancy of mind in the man than in that hour. As we were about to leave he told his nurse he wished to drink a toast. A bottle of wine was brought in, his glass had to be lifted to his lips by the nurse, but before taking his sip he said: "Here's a toast to you, my good friends. May you live on to be a hundred, Uncle Joe, and be the same youthful spirit that I have ever known you. To you, Sam and John, long health and happiness; and to me, speedy dissolution." Then he drank the toast.

I could not drink it. I was unable to say anything for a moment, but after a pause tried to cheer him up. He knew his condition and his wish was an earnest prayer for release from his suffering. He did not need our consolation. He was not despondent. We, his guests, in sound health, were the despondent ones in that room. He it was who turned the conversation to other things when he saw the impression his toast had made upon us. His was the philosophy of a man facing the inevitable. He had fought disease with the same courage he had fought for right principles in govern-

ment, but after consulting the best medical men of the country he knew that his work was done, his fight finished, and he had only to wait for the end.

I left that cottage in Haverhill both glad and sorry I had gone to see my friend. I realized that he was never more calmly judicial in Congress, in the Cabinet, or on the Supreme Court bench than he was when he looked death in the face and serenely, cheerfully welcomed its embrace without a murmur and without forgetting the courtesies to others or that fine feeling he had for his friends. It was like Moody. He had all his life wanted to know about material things; when he realized that his work was done he wanted to know the unknowable—and speedily.

We had a revival meeting out in the Wabash country when I was a boy, and the old Hardshell Baptist preacher, in the fervor of his exhortation, declared that infant damnation was the law of the Almighty, when an old lady jumped to her feet and shouted, "I thank my God that's a lie." I feel like following the example of that old lady when I hear some of our modern exhorters denouncing men in public life and declaring that the whole body politic is corrupt.

I think it could be demonstrated that men prominent in public life have as a rule held to

higher ideals than the average citizenship that they represent. Still, we have sensational gossip about Congress, and Congress investigates to uncover its own corruption without any other evidence than idle gossip. You can't make man honest by legislation. Law is not alone in the Statutes. It is in the spirit of the people. Greater than laws, greater than written constitutions, is a just, an intelligent and a righteous public sentiment that moulds and controls all things under our civilization. It is often believed by the public that members of Congress are indirectly bribed by being given tips on sure things in the stock market. Well, I've had some experience in that line. Yes, I have had opportunities to make money since I came to Washington; I can look back and see how I could have made half a dozen fortunes by accepting offers to let me in on the ground floor, and I can also see how I might have lost a dozen fortunes by accepting similar offers. In the long run, by taking all the friendly promoters at their word, I would have been bankrupt at least twice to my winning a stake once. I guess a statesman is considered an easy mark.

Soon after I came to Washington, a man from Colorado reached Washington with a wonderful discovery. He was a metallurgist, a chemist, a scientist, and a genius. He had found what the

world had been searching for more than a thousand years. It was a process by which base metal could be converted into gold. He was not a common fakir, but a highly educated man and a scientist of standing. The scientists who gather about the Smithsonian Institute were convinced that at last an American had turned the trick. I met a learned Justice of the Supreme Court who had looked into the invention and shared the enthusiasm of the scientists. He assured me that a man who had a thousand dollars to invest would become a millionaire in a few years. The learned Justice regretted that he did not have the thousand dollars, but he was ready to advise any other man more fortunately situated to get in on the ground floor and let the future take care of him and his family. I had been a man of frugal ways and had saved a thousand dollars. I had the money in bank and I took the advice of the jurist and the scientists and got in on the ground floor. The scientists and other less scientific dreamers, including myself, are no longer looking for millions but would be quite happy to get back our thousands.

A few years later I was on Newspaper Row, on Fourteenth Street, where the newspaper men had their offices, and I met Uriah Painter, one of the veteran Washington correspondents. He was also a good business man. Painter asked me if I had

ever seen a telephone and I confessed that I had not. We went into his office and he walked over to a little box on the wall. He put a little instrument to his ear, rang a bell and spoke into the box. He said, "Hello, Puss, how are you? I want you to speak to Mr. Cannon, who is here in my office." He handed me the receiver and putting it to my ear, as I had seen him do, I heard Mrs. Painter's voice distinctly. It was amazing. Then he told her to play on the piano and I heard the music. It was magic. I was very much interested, and Mr. Painter told me about the young Scotchman Bell, how they were organizing a company and insisted the men who invested their money could not lose. He said if I had a thousand dollars to invest, I would be sure to double, perhaps quadruple my money in a few years; I might even make ten thousand by getting in on the ground floor. I had been much impressed by hearing a human voice that I recognized came out of that little piece of metal, when I knew that the speaker was several blocks away; but I was even more impressed by the proposition to get in on the ground floor. I remembered my experience with the wonderful discovery to make gold out of any old thing, and I said, "Nay, nay, Brother Painter, I've tried these get-rich-quick inventions and I am done."

Not long afterwards I went down to the office

of the Superintendent of Railway Mails to get a young man appointed to that service. The Superintendent, Theodore Vail, was a bright young fellow, accommodating and always ready to help me when he could. That morning Mr. Vail was not there. His assistant told me that poor Vail had suddenly become moonstruck and resigned to be the manager of a telephone company that had been foisted on the market. Vail had saved up about four thousand dollars, and in a crazy moment he had blown it all in on telephone stock and resigned from the Government service. Worse than that, he had persuaded every friend in the office who had a dollar to let him have it for investment. We all liked Vail and were much concerned about his sudden madness, for he was a good Superintendent of Railway Mails and we thought he had a future in the service. We condemned him for the reckless use of his influence over other young men in the service who had saved a little money, and we did not know what would become of them when the magic bubble burst and the telephone stock went like that of the company that was to make gold out of junk.

Some years later, I was in Boston and met Theodore Vail. He was round and jolly and looked prosperous. He was the President of the American Telephone Company and the Western Union

Telegraph Company. I asked a mutual friend how much Vail was worth, and he said at least twenty-five million. All those fool friends who had let Vail have their savings thirty years ago had made money. They accepted the offer to get in on the ground floor on telephone stock and I refused. I had been a member of Congress and Vail and his friends had been poor devils working in the treadmill. I had the same opportunity as Vail but I guessed on the wrong card.

I ought to have acquired wisdom, for I was older when another friend showed me a wonderful machine for setting type. It seemed almost human as it picked out the little matrices, dropped them into a box and another arm poured molten type metal into the box and out dropped a solid line of type. It was called the Mergenthaler type setting machine and was as wonderful as the telephone. My friend said they were organizing a company to put the machine on the market, and if I had a thousand dollars to invest he would get me in on the ground floor. Wonderful as the invention seemed, I could not forget my feelings in getting in on the ground floor to scoop up gold from scrap iron and having the floor fall in with my thousand dollars. So I again said that while the Mergenthaler machine was a wonderfully clever toy to

catch gudgeons, I would keep my thousand dollars in bank and my check book in my pocket.

The only sure thing that was really sure I turned down. The summer after I ceased to be Speaker, I was offered one hundred thousand dollars to go on the Chautauqua circuit. I was to go across the continent from Boston to San Francisco and exhibit myself fifty times, speaking on any subject I selected from fifteen minutes to two hours at each meeting. Although I did not accept the offer, I was at one time almost tempted. One of my friends, the most convincing public speaker I ever knew, pointed out the damage being done at that time by the Chautauqua in engaging speakers who advocated revolutionary doctrines. It was the evolution of the old camp meeting into the modern vaudeville show, with the pretence of being educational and the hysteria that comes from a religious atmosphere. He and other men like him had gone on the Chautauqua circuit to combat the mischief, and he thought I should join them and do my part. However, never having made a public speech for money, this idea of being part of a barn-storming aggregation did not appeal to me, and the only sure thing I let go.

CHAPTER XVIII

RETROSPECT

I FEEL that I have lived in the years of the greatest progress toward higher civilization the world has ever known. If all that has been done for mankind in those years should be blotted out life would be harder, and to the youth now coming forward to take up the burdens and the responsibilities in America it would be almost unendurable. It would deprive probably one half of the people of their occupations. It would extinguish all the electric lights and take away the work of engineers and men engaged with them in handling this great and mysterious power wrested from nature. It would silence all our telephones and the click of the telegraph. It would stop the sewing machine and still the song of the reaper and the mower. It would return men to the back-breaking drudgery of the scythe, the sickle and the cradle. It would close the great asylums for our unfortunates and rob humanity of some of the greatest discoveries for the subjugation of disease. In a word, it would wipe from the pages of history the most beneficent and useful inventions the world has known and we should be back in

what, to the people of today, would be considered an age of barbarism and almost savagery.

I congratulate myself that I have seen a greater advancement in civilization than did all the men from the days of Moses to the days of Washington, and that I have lived among the men who took the lead in this progress, for the inspiration and the energy which have accomplished so much have been in this country where invention has been encouraged more than anywhere else in the world, and where the spirit of freedom has supplied the faith and the means to develop new ideas.

When the reaper was invented there were pessimists who saw in this labor-saving machine a purpose to rob labor of its just opportunity, but it has widened the scope of the agriculturist and today millions of acres of wheat are grown where formerly they were counted in hundreds. We have harnessed the elements to become the servants of man, and they have added to his diversified industry, giving him greater opportunity and more leisure and relieving him of much painful drudgery. This has broadened his ideas and given him a wider view. Invention has guarded the lives of the workers and taken away, as much as possible, the dangers incidental to their occupations. The air brake, the pneumatic coupler, and other similar devices have lessened the danger to life and limb in

transportation. Inspection, proper supervision, and a hundred inventions have made more endurable the life and health of the miner, the factory employee, and the public at large.

At the same time we have a broader conception of the duty we owe our fellow man. We no longer turn our back on suffering and disease. We have made wonderful progress in science, in medicine, in surgery. My little boy died before he was a year old, choked to death with diphtheria. We had no antitoxin for diphtheria then. Today we try to cure, to care for, to ameliorate the condition of the sick and the unfortunate. We believe every child entitled to an education and a fair chance in life. We condemn cunning and knavery, and while laws may be imperfect we endeavor to administer them with impartiality.

We have abolished slavery and imprisonment for debt, reduced the number of capital crimes, improved prisons, softened the treatment of criminals, and in everything concerning man become more humane and considerate. We have taken women and children under our especial care and tried to protect them from brutal exploitation. As I look back on the years that have passed since I first saw the light in the hills of North Carolina, I am thankful that my life has been cast in pleasant places, and that men have been constantly

striving to reach higher ideals. For that reason it seems a crime to me to wail about our future, to accept the absurd ideas of a few malicious theorists and to have doubts about the present and future of our country.

We have become more tolerant in everything and reached a much higher ethical standard. We do not interfere in the religion and rights of other people. We can worship the Deity according to our own conception of him and no two individuals who ever lived worshipped the same god. Each man's conception of Deity is different. If we have erred at all and allowed our tolerance to become too catholic it has been in the gentleness with which we have treated the preacher of pessimism, the man who tries to bring back the days of ignorance and array man against man, and class against class. This is the one crime against civilization which ought not to be condoned because it seeks to undo all that has been done.

When I think of the persecution of my ancestors, both in England and New England, how they suffered because of their faith and the way they made it real in their lives, I can realize how far we have gone on the long road toward the teachings of the Master, who was the greatest political teacher the world has ever known. In this country we have followed his teachings to the end that men,

not things, are the source of our governing power. It is the voice of the people at the fireside that rules. It is the people who rule themselves and govern the nation.

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